Oct. 6, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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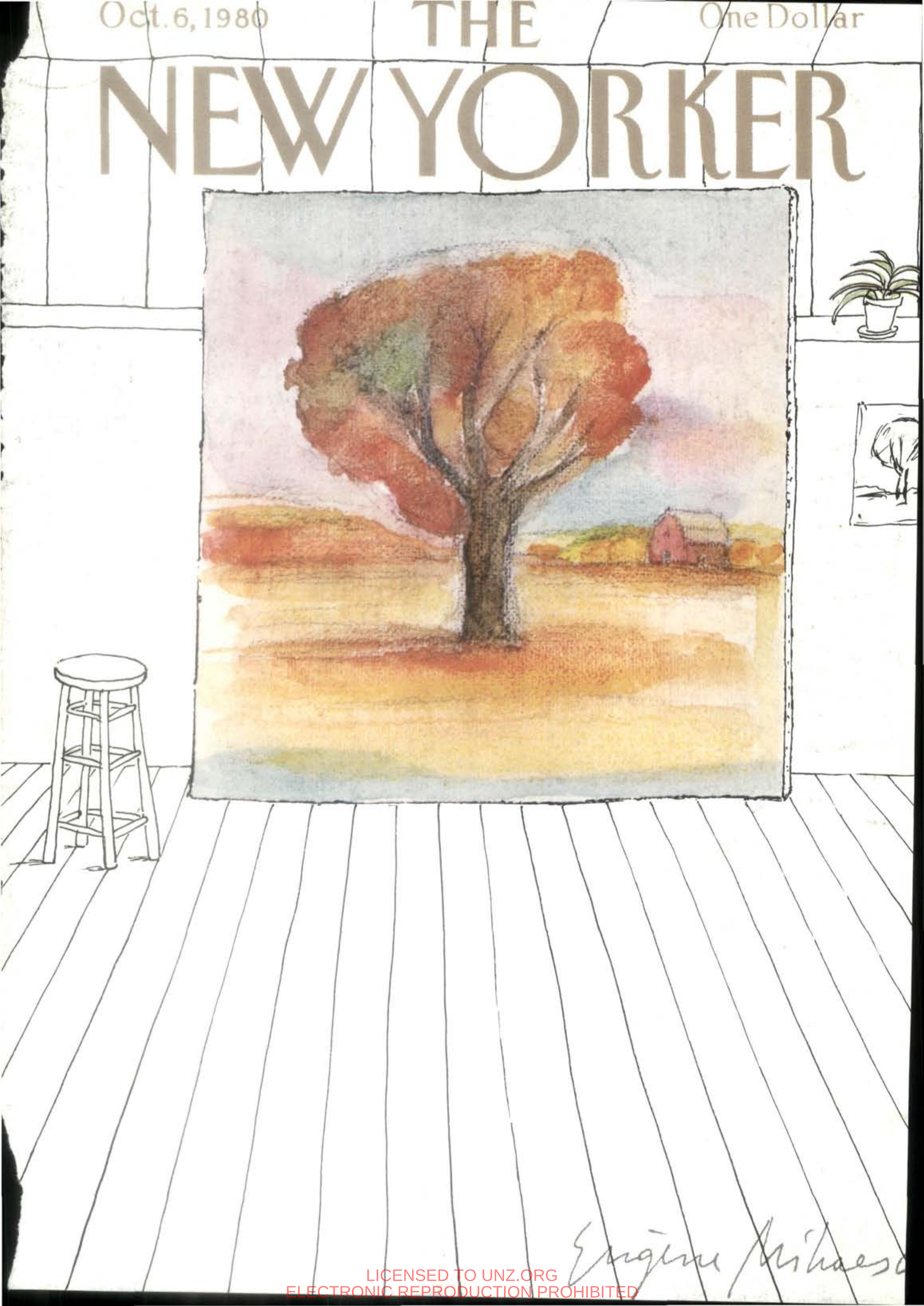

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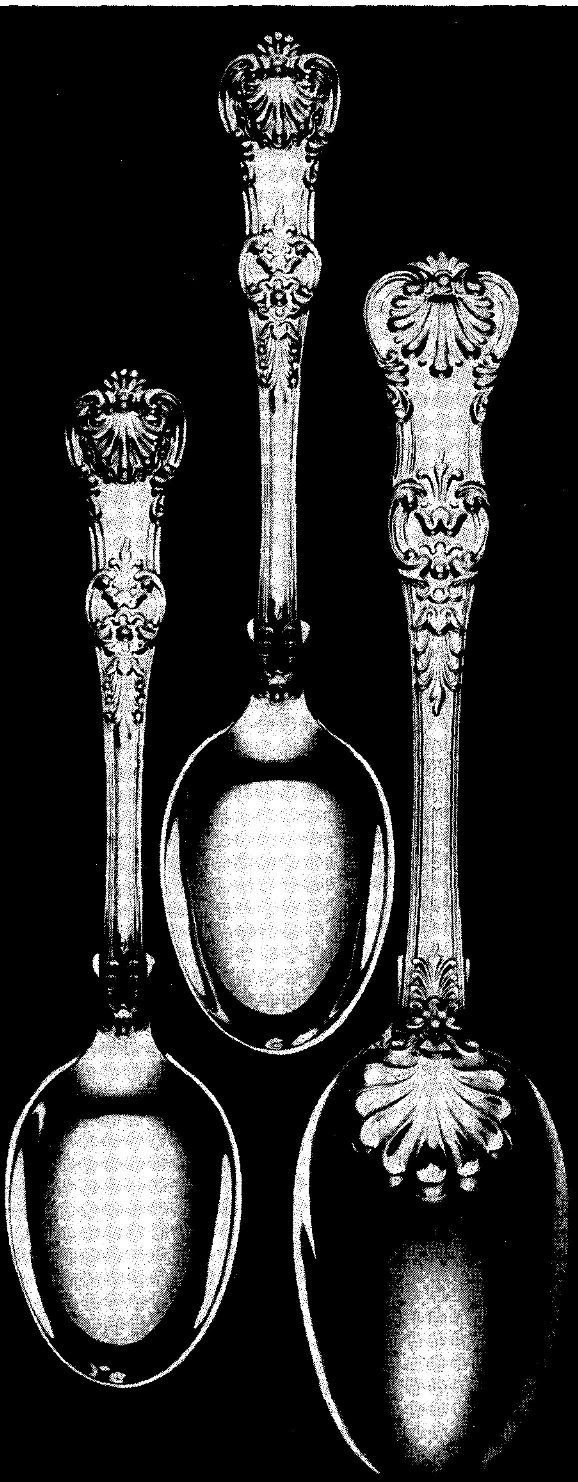

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—A comedy by David Rimmer. Directed by Joan Micklin Silver. Opens on Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 6:45. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Bacchae—Irene Papas and Philip Bosco head the cast of Euripides' tragedy (in a translation by Michael Cacoyannis, who also directed). Previews Wednesday, Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Casualties—A play by Karolyn Nelke. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—A play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Division Street—A comedy by Steve Tesich, with John Lithgow, Keene Curtis, Anthony Holland, Joe Regalbuto, Christine Lahti, Justin Lord, Murphy Cross, and Theresa Merritt. Directed by Tom Moore. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 7. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bernard Shaw's **the devil's disciple** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Insideoutsideandallaround Shelley Berman—A one-man show. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. Starting Monday, Oct. 6, Bernice Massi will replace Miss Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Rudolf Friml's **the vagabond king** opens Wednesday, Oct. 1, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

A Matter of Opinion—A musical with book and lyrics by Mary Elizabeth Hauer, and music

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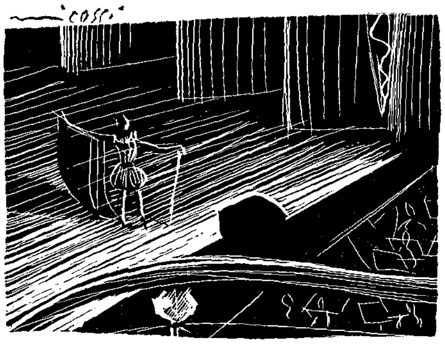

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by Harold Danko and John Jacobson. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn *that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort.* With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Passione—Albert Innaurato makes comedies out of the dark and the light of Italian-American life as he sees it being conducted in a section of South Philadelphia that most of us would take care to keep at a considerable distance. An able cast makes this noisy phantasmagoria entertaining, if not very believable. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Suicide—A comedy by Nikolai Erdman, with Derek Jacobi, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, John Heffernan, Angela Pietropinto, and Laura Esterman. Jonas Jurašas directed. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except *Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at* 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Summer—Hugh Leonard's tale of three couples at two picnics—six years apart—on a hill above Dublin. Mr. Leonard, as he did in "Da," subtly *combines wry humor and sympathy* that is never sentimental, and the performance, under Brian Murray's direction, is all any dramatist could wish for. Swoosie Kurtz, Mia Dillon, Pauline Flanagan, James Greene, and Thomas A. Carlin are among the good actors. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Debra Mooney as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we *hope will be lasting love.* This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Variations on the Same Theme: *Journeys Among the Dead*—A play by Eugene Ionesco written for performance at the Guggenheim Museum. (The auditorium has been completely redesigned by the artist Agam to accommodate it.) Opens on Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 860-1330.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has turned the Gospel According to St. Matthew into a scenario for a Southern revivalist passion play. Well-acted and well-sung, but boxing with God is a *figure of speech not much in tune with the* New Testament. (6/16/80) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect *show based on the performing career of* Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Betty Hutton as an alcoholic scold. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 8, Alice Ghostley will return to her role as the scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th *St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.* Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Sat*urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, *and Sundays at 3.) . . . EVITA: A sentimental* musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,496 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a re*freshing view of sex and do not.* (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY:** Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Karen Valentine and Keith Baxter as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 18.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village *Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292.* Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Bull riding, bronco riding, calf roping, steer wrestling, and all the other activities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 3, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1 and 5:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a *re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies* and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

DANCE

Makarova and Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement by Natalia Makarova and her new company, which will run *through Sunday, Nov. 2—Tuesday through* Sunday, Oct. 7-12: Act II of "Paquita," "Sonata No. 5 Pas de Deux," and "Vendetta." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 19—Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Porcelain Dialogues," "New Duet," "Chimera," and "The City." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, and Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Proximities," "Déjà Vu," "Index . . . (to necessary neuroses)," and "Junk

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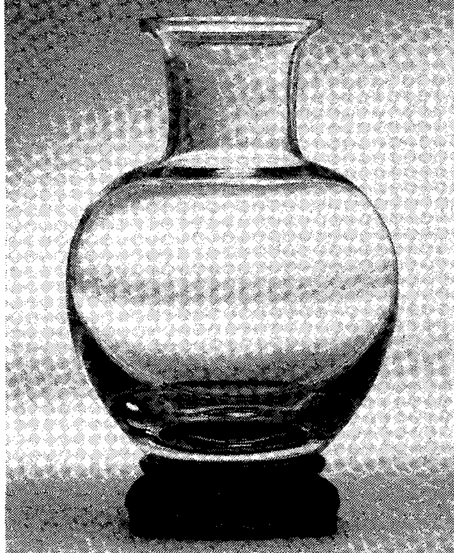

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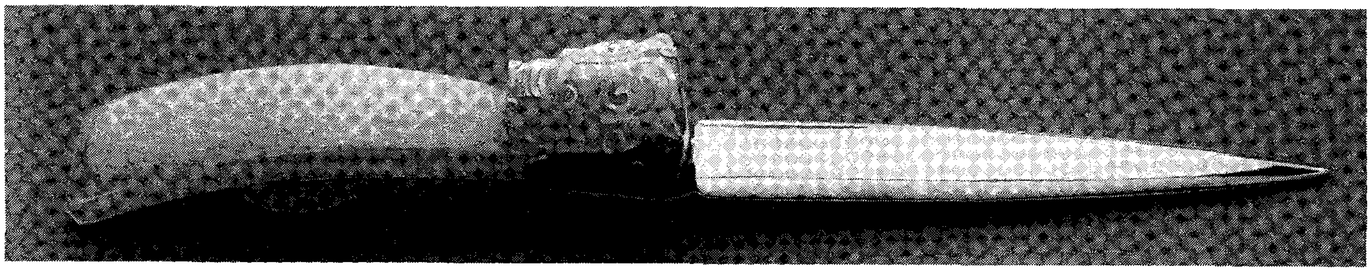

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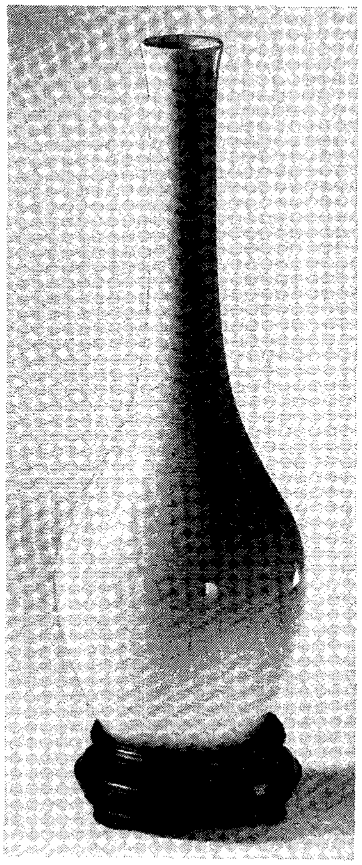

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dances." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2. . . . **BEVERLY BROWN / ROGER TOLLE: THEATRE FOR BODIES AND VOICES:** Wednesday, Oct. 8, and Friday, Oct. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

BATTERY DANCE COMPANY—Presenting "The Art of Fugue," a three-act dance, with accompaniment by a harpsichord and taped music. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4, at 8. For tickets, call 889-0122.)

JEAN ERDMAN—With her company, presenting "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30 and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes (the management has brought in over the past few years Elvis Costello, Peter Serkin, Philip Glass, and the late Bill Evans), and in the promptness of its show times. **OREGON,** the lyrical East-West-improvisation quartet, performs on Wednesday, Oct. 1; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, **JOHN HAMMOND** will sing and play guitar and harmonica in the style of Mississippi Delta bluesmen of the thirties; Wednesday, Oct. 8, will be given over to Spider, a rock quintet; on Thursday, Oct. 9, folkies John Renbourne, Jack Hardy, and Jacqui McShee will join forces; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, have been allotted to two rock groups, John Cougar & the Zone and Ellen Shipley's band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** works with **JIMMY ROWSER,** his regular bassist, through Saturday, Oct. 4; on Monday, Oct. 6, pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** will take over with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

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CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBY SCOTT**—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Oct. 1, drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON** and his dissonance-and-blues group **THE DECODING SOCIETY;** Thursday, Oct. 2, the Intensions, Michael Guthrie band, and the Parts; Friday, Oct. 3, the Rudies and the Sirens; and Saturday, Oct. 4, the Rudies and Ex-Husbands. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that extols Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Debonaire, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** who is also a very good pianist, sings from an exceedingly large repertoire of American pop music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assistance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Sundays and Mondays from eight-thirty now belong to ragtime pianist Terry Waldo. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The traditional-jazz house band will be led by cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** through Saturday, Oct. 4; after that, they're on their own again. Sets Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Sunday, Oct. 5, will belong to cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ,** tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** bassist **PHIL FLANAGAN,** and drummer **CONNIE KAY.** Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged below-stairs jazz room. Saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** heads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 5; on Tuesday, Oct. 7, singer **HELEN MERRILL** will team up with a quintet led by baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS.** Music nightly, except Mondays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, an overhanging second-story balcony from which one can survey the club, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this SoHo club. Singer Stella Marrs and her backing crew are present on Wednesday, Oct. 1; hard-bopping saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** leads a trio Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 2-5; and on Tuesday, Oct. 7, Lana Cantrell will begin singing. On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Music every night after ten. Dining.

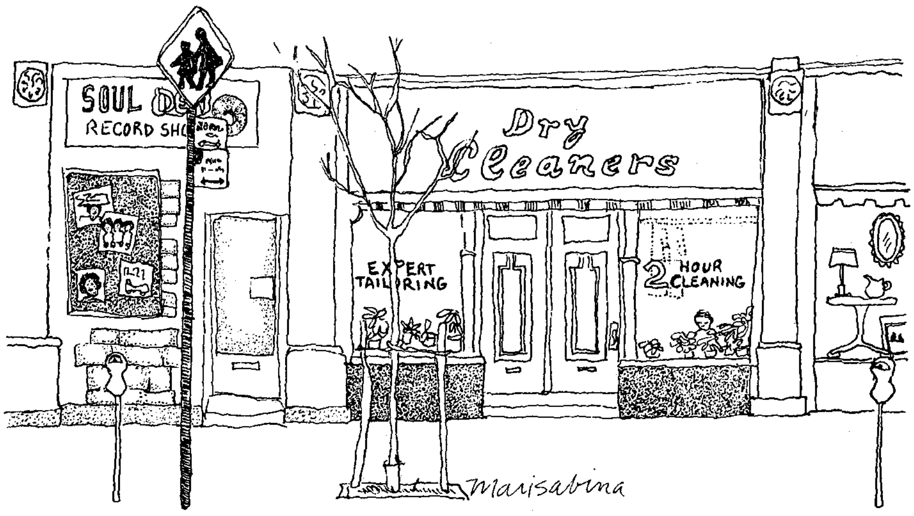
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Mondays, guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** works with a trio; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio is present; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten. And on Sundays, from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

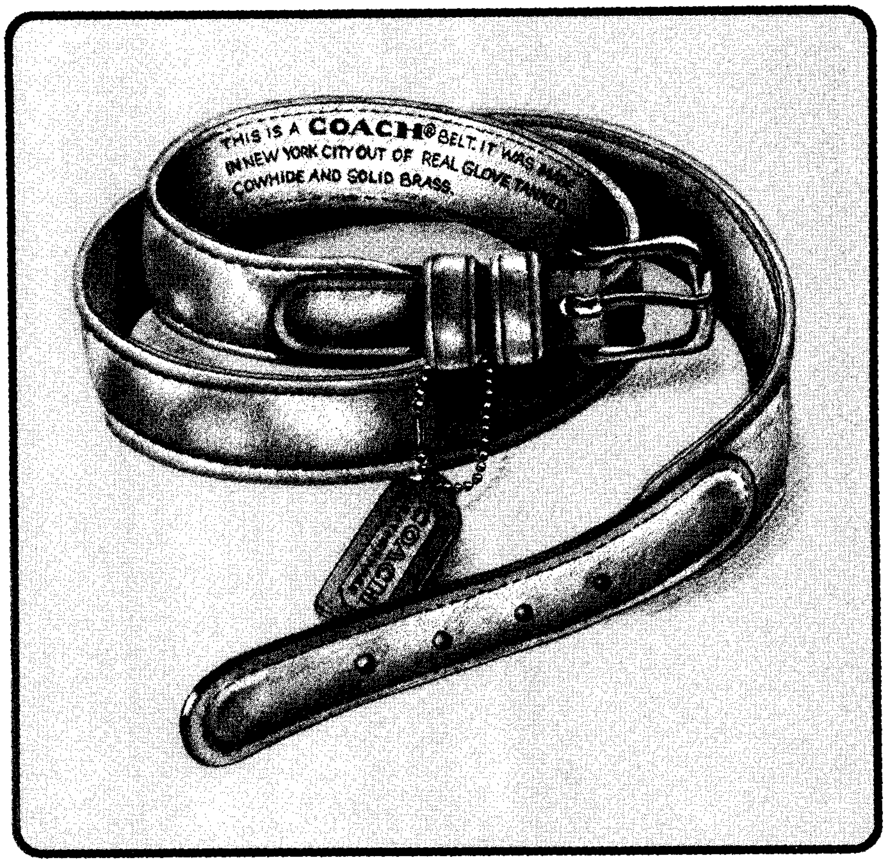
HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got the fulfilling stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** right in the middle of the dining room, playing everything he can think of in a stride style. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall play some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 1, Suicide and Dark Day; Thursday, Oct. 2, Strange Party and Cosmopolitans; Friday, Oct. 3, Go Go's and Swinging Madisons; Saturday, Oct. 4, the Know and Student Teachers; and Tuesday, Oct. 7, the Nails and the Cor-Vairs. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON** will be leading a quintet Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER'S** quintet will be on hand. On Sundays, percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO**—his axes include the berimbau, the cuica, the caxixi, and the reco-reco—will perform with his Brazilian band, Amazon. Music Fridays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine; and if you hang around really late on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, you might catch a set by trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN**, who will begin co-piloting a quintet at about three in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, led by legendary trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE**, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. The top-notch piano-bass duos include **ROLAND HANNA** and **SAM JONES** through Saturday, Oct. 4; and **FRED HERSCH** and **SAM JONES** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 7. Sundays and Mondays are the property of **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY**. Music nightly from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The lineup includes country singer Johnny Paycheck on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2; Kinky Friedman on Sunday, Oct. 5; blues and country singer, guitarist, and fiddler **GATEMOUTH BROWN** and swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN** on Monday, Oct. 6; Blues Image, a pop-blues quintet, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8; and country singer Charly McClain on Thursday, Oct. 9. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**CARMEN MC RAE** has moved in to sing with a backing trio. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Oct. 1, 4/4, Cor-Vairs, and Splits; Thursday, Oct. 2, Manhattan Project and Fan Heater; Friday, Oct. 3, the Heros and Tiger Beats; Saturday, Oct. 4, the Fast and Helen Wheels Band; Sunday, Oct. 5, Copernicus, Belle Star, and the Call; Monday, Oct. 6, Seadogs and Manny Claire Klein; and Tuesday, Oct. 7, Butch Lust & Disgrace and the Enerjetics. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Saxophonist **TEO MACERO**, whom a lot of people remember as Miles Davis' record producer, is leading five other saxophonists, a rhythm section, and a vocalist in performances of Duke Ellington music. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club—rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, a powerful, stunning alto-sax soloist, leads a quintet Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, **SAM & DAVE**, the high-pitched, frenetic, soul-brother singers who usually dress in pink or apricot polyester tuxedos, will be here, and the place will most likely be very crowded. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

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OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Oct. 1, belongs to folkies Livingston Taylor and Christine Lavin; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4, **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE**, the wonderful rural bluesmen who have sung, played, hooted, and chuckled together for some forty years, will sing, play, hoot, and chuckle; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, **TOM PAXTON** will share the stage with Christine Lavin. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

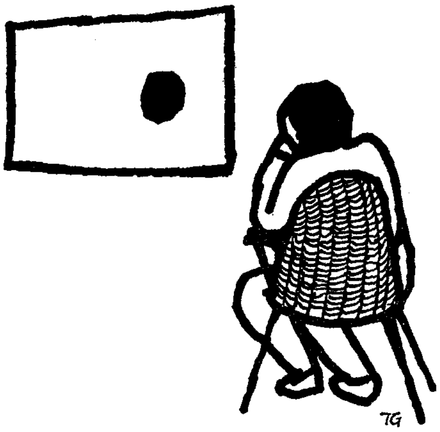
PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible dance music through Sunday, Oct. 5; on Tuesday, Oct. 7, trumpeter **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet will return. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties: Wednesday, Oct. 1, Heartbreakers and the **DRIFTERS**; Friday, Oct. 3, the Boy Friends and the Tremblers (with ex-Herman's Hermit Peter Noone); Saturday, Oct. 4, the Modettes; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 6-7, **CARLY SIMON** (whose shows will start at eight and eleven); Wednesday, Oct. 8, Split Enz and the **COASTERS**; Thursday, Oct. 9, the English Beat; and Saturday, Oct. 11, Mitch Ryder. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the sleek, strikingly beautiful King Cole Room, a revue, "It's Delightful . . . It's De-Lovely . . . It's Cole Porter," with a singing and dancing cast—James Naughton, Virginia Sandifur, Carol Swarbrick, and Roy Bricosmith—is under way. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture windows that face west, is a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too: drummer **LOUIS HAYES** is currently leading a vigorous hard-bop quartet that features **FRANK STROZIER** on alto saxophone and flute. They play every night, but Sunday, from ten. Dining.



SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. The standouts on the schedule: the **PERSUASIONS**, the a-cappella street-corner-soul quintet, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4; **DOUBLE IMAGE**, a quintet led by vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS**, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8; and saxophonist **JOE FARRELL'S** group Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 9-12. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. Right now, the players are **BOB DOROUGH** and **BILL TAKAS**, and they work Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Saxophonist **BUNKY GREEN** is collaborating with pianist **CHARLES EUBANKS**, bassist **RUFUS REID**, and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** through Saturday, Oct. 4; on Sunday, Oct. 5, **CHRIS CONNOR** will sing; Monday, Oct. 6, will belong to four-string, tenor-guitar soloist **TINY GRIMES**; and on Tuesday, Oct. 7, alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** will move in with a quartet. Sets from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides. Drummer **ROY BROOKS** heads up his group from nine-thirty through Saturday, Oct. 4; Sundays from eight belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio; and Mondays from nine-thirty to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A recently re-remodelled club. It's even sparser than before, with no more banquettes, just tables and chairs and blues bands—what more could one ask? The lineup: Big Youth, a reggae singer from Jamaica, through Friday, Oct. 3; Chicago-blues slide guitarist **J. B. HUTTO** Saturday, Oct. 4; blues masters **JOHNNY SHINES** and **ROBERT (JUNIOR) LOCKWOOD** Sunday, Oct. 5; and blues guitarist **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11. Shows usually begin at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Rob Stoner Wednesday, Oct. 1; Luke Fredricks and Avedon Thursday, Oct. 2; **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Rousers Friday, Oct. 3; 2 Yous and Noise R Us Saturday, Oct. 4; and Alan Mann and Bounce Tuesday, Oct. 7. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting **JIM HALL**, the hallowed guitarist, and his trio through Sunday, Oct. 5. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 7-12, will be claimed by pianist **HANK JONES**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and drummer **AL FOSTER**. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to another self-sufficient keyboardist. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** guides a combo through Saturday, Oct. 4; on Sunday, Oct. 5, **JAZZ À CORDES** will

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play some convincing thirties-style hot jazz; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 6-7, have been reserved for bebopper pianist Joe Albany and his New Yorkers; and on Wednesday, Oct. 8, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will bring in his band, the Jazz Sultans. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Paul Simon—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Joan Armatrading—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.

"Battle of the Big Bands"—Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, and tap dancers Bubba Gaines and Honi Coles. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Bully Wee Band—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.

Barry Harris—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 9. (A slide show precedes the concert at 7:30.)

Steve Lacy Quintet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 3, at 9, and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 9 and 11:30.

Leon Thomas—With Mario Rivera and the Salsa Refugees. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Friday, Oct. 3, at 10:30 and 12:30.)

Al DiMeola, Jan Hammer, and **Larry Coryell**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

John Prine & Rick Danko—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Noel Pointer—With Dave Valentin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Lionel Hampton—With his orchestra and Wild Bill Davis. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Clark Terry—With the Leonard Goines quintet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Cecil Taylor—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 9 and 11:30.

Stéphane Grappelli Quartet and **David Grisman Quintet**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.

Kenny Rankin—With Ben Sidran. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Friday, Oct. 3: Mo-dettes. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4: Split Enz. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows at 11.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Oct. 1: Jam session headed by Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2: Mitch Frohman and the New York Salsa/Jazz All-Stars. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4: Gary Bartz quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5: Wade Barnes and the Unit Structures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9: Peter Yellin quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11: David (Fathead) Newman quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Oct. 2: Walter Zuber Armstrong. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3: Sheila Dhar. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4: Mario Falcao. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9: Neighbors. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10: Phill Niblock. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11: Wayne Horvitz. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30.)

Jazz Films—"Last of the Blue Devils," with Count Basie. (Village Gate. Fridays, Oct. 3 and 10, at 10 and midnight, and Saturdays, Oct. 4 and 11, at midnight.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Joachim Berthold—Bronze figures, matrixes of figures, and pieces in which figures seem to be pulling themselves out of matrixes. Through Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Marcelo Bonevardi—Large, precisely crafted constructions by an artist who draws on the concepts of Joseph Cornell, except that Bonevardi makes everything himself—nothing found. Through Oct. 19. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Louise Bourgeois—Marble and bronze sculptures, nearly all of them either egg-shaped or phallic in form, in a show that covers her work between 1955 and 1970. Through Oct. 25. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings, done mostly in the forties and fifties, in which houses segue into people, breasts into clouds, trees into abstractions. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Harvey Breverman—Two male figures, seen in different settings but always from the back, serve as subjects in all these curious paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Paintings of the twenties. Through Oct. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) Another small show of his works is at the Whitney Museum.

Peter Dean / Marty J. Kalb—Paintings of fantastic figures and landscapes. / Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Minuscule abstract paintings based on nature. Through Oct. 18. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Sidney Gordin—Abstract drawings of the forties and painted-metal geometric sculptures completed in the fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions. Through Oct. 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ron Isaacs—Realistic-looking arrangements of leaves and twigs, plus equally real-looking leather jackets, all made of painted plywood. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

György Kepes—Recent works—oil and sand on canvas. Through Nov. 1. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Vitaly Komar and Aleksandr Melamid—Joint works by these Russian dissidents, who have now spent two years in this country and are turning their satiric brushes on Western foibles. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Fay Lansner—Pastels and charcoals from the years 1948 through 1950 by a pupil of Hofmann and Léger. Through Oct. 15. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Katherine Porter—Abstract works on paper covering a ten-year period. Through Tuesday, Oct. 7. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Michael Price—Bronzes: nine life-size figures and three busts. Through Oct. 18. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bob Stanley—Carnival sideshow banners seem to have inspired this punk-school painter's works, which advertise medical research (man at microscope, magnified myoglobin and hemoglobin) and Florida (alligators and palms), among other subjects. Through Oct. 18. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Collages by Catherine Warren and Robert Nickle, folded-paper works by Maureen Connor, and other offerings. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **cordier & eckstrom,** 417 E. 75th St.: Works by gallery artists, among them Anton van Dalen, Margaret Israel, Varujan Boghosian, and Romare Bearden. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: A single work apiece (paintings, drawings, sculptures) by twenty-one Americans, including Sharon Gold, Richard Francisco, and Thornton Willis. Through Oct. 23. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Abstract geometric paintings by Fritz Glarner, Carl Holty, and Albert Swinden. Through Oct. 25. . . . **knoedler,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Motherwell, Olitski, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. The museum, which collects European art exclusively, has loaned such twentieth-century works as Paul Klee's "Earth Spirits," Max Beckmann's "Self-Portrait in Tuxedo," and Ernst Barlach's "The Avenger." Through Oct. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Joan Danziger—The artist's own mythical bestiary is presented in sculptural pieces (resinated fabric over a framework), mostly large and freestanding. Typical is a horizontal female figure with an animal mask being borne along by a squad of some twenty penguins. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd—Oil paintings that bring a sort of formal order to the jumbled woods of Maine; glimpses of the artist's homestead are also offered—backyard sheds, laundry on the line, stacked firewood. Through Oct. 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Sculptures of women in exotic woods, bronze, and various stones, including volcanic rock, plus colored drawings. Through Friday, Oct. 3. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Michael Graves—Preliminary sketches, finished drawings, and models for a current architectural project (the Portland Public Office Building), as well as two recent murals, and designs for furniture and a rug. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Manuel Hughes—Tightly controlled pastels on dark-gray paper. Through Oct. 18. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gary Kahn—Vertical sculptural pieces composed of elegantly balanced blocks, like a Cubist totem pole. Except for two large Corten-steel works, they are done in wood painted black. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis (1899-1979)—Small crayon drawings and oils of Grecian hillsides studded with churches and inviting villages. Through Oct. 21. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Abstract metal sculptures.

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Through Oct. 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Semi-abstract paintings whose medium is photographic emulsion on linen. Through Thursday, Oct. 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Brice Marden—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Edward Mayer / Mary Frank—A huge environmental sculpture made of stacked raw wooden laths. A narrow path leads through it, and visitors are free to explore. / New monotypes, ranging in theme from the skeletons of prehistoric beasts, rampant, to serene Oriental landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ed McGowin—Models for outdoor sculptures, accompanied by working drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Jacqueline Monnier—Bright-colored kite forms done in painted nylon or paper, plus hanging streamers suggesting kite tails. Also, motorized reels on which endless rolls of crêpe paper turn. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas / Don Bachardy—New abstract paintings. / Watercolor portraits. Through Oct. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Yuko Nii—Paintings of undulating, strangely lighted sand dunes picked out in a Pointillist technique. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Cast-steel columns seven to ten feet tall. Starts Thursday, Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thomas A. Rose—Paintings in which a sort of architectural form is created on a black ground by the addition of strips of wood and wire screening. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Italo Scanga—Fifteen freestanding stick figures, made of painted tree branches and found objects. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Segal—The controversial sculpture "Gay Liberation," and other new figure pieces in bronze and plaster. Through Nov. 1. (Janis, in new quarters at 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dorothy Tabak—Collage paintings composed of dyed cheesecloth, hand-painted paper, old canvases, and found materials. Through Oct. 18. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

William Tillyer—Abstract collages and watercolors based on architectural elements. Through Oct. 25. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Frank Metz, Lionel Gilbert, Jean Zaleski, and others. Through Oct. 18. . . . **Frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: German portrait drawings that date from the late nineteenth century to the thirties by Corinth, Klimt, Modersohn-Becker, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **Gruenebaum**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the fifties by Sonia Gechtoff, Reuben Nakian, James Brooks, George Spaventa, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **Markel**, 50 W. 57th St.: Twenty-odd artists are represented in a show of works in which commercial glitter is an element—among them Frank Stella (who seems to have legitimatized its use), William Weegee, Toby Buonogurio, and Cliff Petterson. Through Tuesday, Oct. 7. . . . **Sutton**, 29 W. 57th St.: Huge drawings by Latin-American artists—a mascaraed eye, six feet long, by Rodolfo Abularach; flamboyant blossoms by Juan Gòmez-Quiroz; and collages ten feet high by Maria Luisa Pacheco. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—A galaxy of bright-colored abstract objects made of cast papier-mâché and hung on the white walls of the gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Reconstructions of abstract murals the artist did for the W.P.A. Through Nov. 1. (Washburn, in a downtown location at 113 Greene St.)

Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, and Enzo Cucchi—Three maverick Italian painters who seem to be in violent revolt against their cultural heritage. Their paintings have a deliberate ugliness and bawdiness, as well as unusual vigor and strength. Through Oct. 18. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

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Cris Cristofaro—Constructions consisting of layers of abstract painting on canvas interspersed with layers of cut-out, painted steel. They are based on—and have the spirit of—paper collages. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Constance Dodge—Works on the wall, for the most part, in which realistic figures built up from layered paper fragments are combined with found objects. Through Oct. 16. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

John Formicola—Wall pieces made up of variously colored strips of canvas, vinyl, string, and paper, stitched or tied together. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Compositions involving colorful blobs of acrylic. Through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Craig Langager—Sculptural pieces in which life-size, vaguely deerlike animals are seen in implausible settings—standing on a metal glider swing, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Pat Lasch—Architectural-looking rag-paper sculptures decorated like pieces of pastry, a technique the artist learned from her father, a confectioner. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Louis (Cork) Marcheschi—Abstract compositions made up of neon tubing glowing against a canvas background in a deep frame. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Matt Mullican—Posterlike paintings and cotton hangings that reduce big ideas to their essence: death is a skull, of course, and culture an academic building façade. Through Thursday, Oct. 9. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Ray Parker—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Judy Pfaff / Kim MacConnel—A colorful chaos of an environment entitled "Deep Water," which occupies an entire large gallery and evokes underwater life. / Watercolors of sporting scenes (fishing, sailing, bullfighting, baseball) in which the main figures are partially cut out and folded so that they stand up, like figures in old-fashioned valentines. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier / Kathleen Seltzer—Three plaster representations of classical ruins, one a nine-foot-square base with a hundred small columns (most of them broken) rising from it. / Black-and-white photographs that seem to be sly parodies of fashion photography. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Edward Ruscha / Peter Young—Long, narrow paintings (most of them about twenty inches high and thirteen feet long) showing a dark, distant horizon and a fiery sunset, with enigmatic messages lettered on them. / Tiny, bright-colored abstract patterns (about half an inch square) are repeated to cover canvases over five feet square. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Sam Wiener / Lance Richbourg—"Splendors of the Sohites" is the title of an exhibition that parodies some of the grander ones at the Met. It is housed in a walk-through, graffiti-laden dumpster, and it consists of archeological finds lately exhumed in SoHo—sardine cans, broken dolls, tail pipes, hubcaps. The final touch of the spoof is an adjoining gift shop. / Historic moments in baseball (Honus Wagner lining one out, Ty Cobb stealing third, Yogi Berra tagging a runner at home plate), documented in oil on canvas by the son and namesake of the old Boston Braves outfielder of half a century ago. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Susan Zises—Constructions that reflect the artist's absorption in period furniture, especially chairs. A Federal mantelpiece, an Adirondack chair, and a heartland-America interior are among the works. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **Castelli**, 142 Greene St.: The current show is dominated by a huge Frank Stella painting, a bright-red elongated oval with a horizontal blue strip across the middle. Through Oct. 18. . . . **The Drawing Center**, 137 Greene St.: In a show of works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Richard has drawings of suburban interiors and exteriors colored with felt-tip pens and gouache; and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercolors of flowers. Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including a carved-wood sculpture of a fish on a plate by Fumio Yoshimura and a self-portrait by Juan Gonzalez. Through Thursday, Oct. 9.

OTHER GALLERIES

Walter Gay (1856-1937)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by an American expatriate artist who had a varied career but is best known for his interiors of elegant Parisian homes. Through Nov. 1. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Charles White (1918-79)—A loan show of forty works by the black figurative artist. Through Dec. 5. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Friday, 10 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—About sixty color prints taken over the last four decades. Also black-and-white beach scenes. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Julian B. Hyman—Color photographs of patterns formed by city landscapes. Through Oct. 18. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

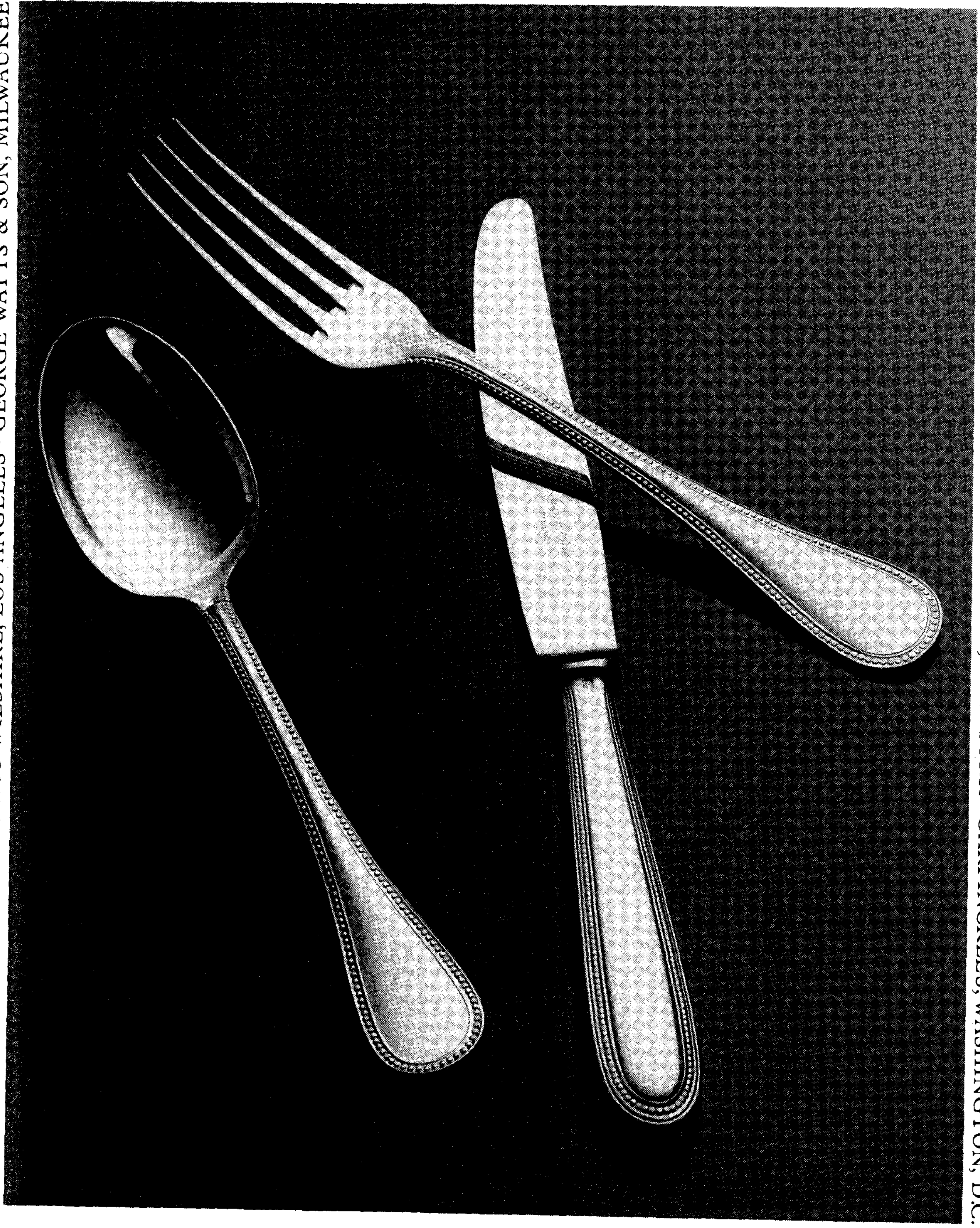
Wendell MacRae—More than three hundred vintage prints (half are mounted on the wall; the rest are in bins) provide a view of the city during the thirties. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—An album of photographs of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon taken between 1871-73—probably the first ever made. Thirty-four of the prints are by Mr. O'Sullivan, and fifteen by William Bell. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Polaroids. Through Oct. 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Dan Weiner (1915-59)—Documentary photographs (mostly city scenes) taken during the last decade of the artist's life. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

La Maison Bonfils—A show of turn-of-the-century photographs has been mounted at the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jewish Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Starts Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The art galleries are closed to traffic for the next three weeks or so. Evening programs in the film library continue; see page 25.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large three-dimensional aluminum mural and other works by Yaacov Agam, designer of the Ionesco production here, "Variations on the Same Theme" (see page 4). Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the celebrated works are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Nov. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). Among the souvenir photographs are views of Jerusalem, Cairo, and the Dead Sea, and portraits of Bedouins. . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 2. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual show of paintings, this year by twenty-three contemporary artists, sponsored by the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which will purchase some of the works as gifts to museums. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Six first-solo shows. The artists: Donald Baechler, Arch Connelly, Nancy Dwyer, James Goss, James Holl, and Tom Koken. Through Oct. 18.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—An installation devised by nearly a dozen artists who work in the Chicago area. Through Oct. 18.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Robert Moran (an informal shadow-puppet show), Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, at 8:30; Charles Atlas (videotape), Sunday and Monday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:30; a videotape-and-sound work by John Sanborn and Kit Fitzgerald, through Saturday, Oct. 11.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Political images in photographs is the theme for nearly a dozen of the exhibitions in this former school building. Through Nov. 9.

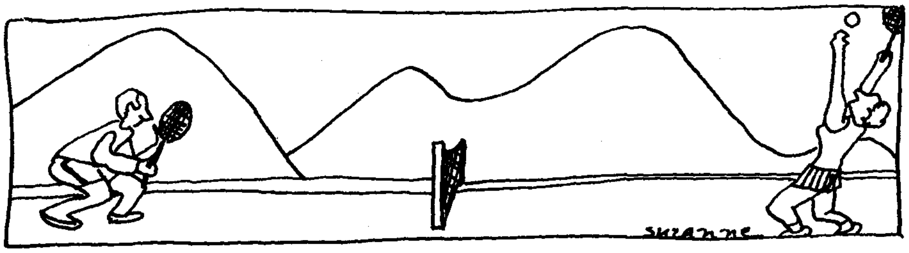
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 1: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christos, Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Ralph Bassett; conducted by Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 2: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Justino Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Kays, Ralph Bassett, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 3: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christos, Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Ralph Bassett; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 4: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Justino Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Kays, Ralph Bassett, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 4: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Carol Gutknecht, Vinson Cole, Richard Fredricks, Robert Hale, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 5: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, Dominic Cossa, and John Seabury; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Kathleen Hegierski, Joseph Evans, and David Arnold; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 7: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Justino Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Kays, Ralph Bassett, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 9: The première of "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," by Stanley Silverman, with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," by Thomas Pasatieri, with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," by Jan Bach, with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Justino Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Kays, Ralph Bassett, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 11: "Silverlake" (in English), with Kathleen Hegierski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Lankston, William Neill, and Jack Harrold; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, June Anderson, Vinson Cole, Frederick Burchinal, Robert Hale, and Robert McFarland; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting a performance of Rimski-Korsakov's "The Snow Maiden," in English; staged by Gary Filsinger. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

National Chinese Opera Theatre—A program of traditional Peking theatre by a company of sixty-five from Taiwan. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Oct. 10, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7:30, performances of Mahler's Third Symphony (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30, a varied program (all with Shlomo Mintz, violin, and Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8, a nonsubscription concert in honor of Andre Kostelanetz, with Aaron Copland, narrator; Leona Mitchell, soprano; and Donnie Ray Albert, bass-baritone.

Tonkuenstler Orchestra of Vienna—Franz Allers conducting two performances of a program of Viennese music, with Elizabeth Hynes, soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Jay Rothman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one with Bruce Berg and Linda Quan, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Lawrence Schubert—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2:30.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—Lily Dumont and Mark Birmingham, piano; Elizabeth Szlek-Consoli, flute; Bernard Yannotta, clarinet; Kim Laskowski, bassoon; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Music New to New York—A program that includes the première of a work by Daniel Perlongo, with Harry Sparnaay, clarinet. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Madison Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Robert Secrist—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Nina Lelchuk—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

League–ISCM—The first in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one devoted to works by Donald Grantham, Timothy Imlay, John Melby, Vincent Persichetti, and David Schiff. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Magda Tagliaferro—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, in the first in a series of three chamber-music recitals, this one with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Eugenia Zukerman—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

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Steven Kimbrough—Baritone. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Automobile Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 4-5, at 2. . . . **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 7. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Wednesday, Oct. 8.

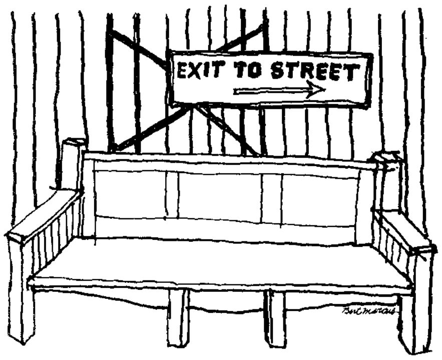
Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Milwaukee. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:05.). . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana. (Rutgers University Athletic Center, Piscataway, N.J. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:05. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 4:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Albany State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Air Force, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 11:** Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Yale, at Chestnut Hill, at 6. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Alabama, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 5: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Monday, Oct. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Athenia Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 1; the Man o' War, Friday, Oct. 3; the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 4; the Frizette, Sunday, Oct. 5; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 10; and the Beldame, Saturday, Oct. 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.). . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Rutgers, Thursday, Oct. 2. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.



Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Yachting—The fourteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Battery Park to a point off 59th St. (or 125th St., if there's enough wind). The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 11 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 12).

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Marilyn Hacker and Mary Oliver reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—Stephen Jay Gould on the "Adaptation and Design of Organisms." (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Friday, Oct. 10, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, with dealers from more than a dozen states and from Great Britain. In addition to furniture, there will be displays of art glass, pottery, and silver. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 4, through Sunday, Oct. 12. Weekdays, noon to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor show. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Starts Saturday, Oct. 4. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76 St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2: Books, including botanical material from the collection of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, together with autograph letters. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, at 2: Contemporary paintings and prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 2: Two sales of Old Master paintings from the estate of Helen Janssen Wetzel and from the New-York Historical Society. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 3. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 3, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 10: Printed books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 10: Lalique glass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, following the 2 o'clock sale: Modern furniture belonging to Anthony deLorenzo.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 9, and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 14 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, OCT. 12:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 19:** Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, at San Diego. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 26:** Giants vs. Denver Broncos, at Giants Stadium. . . . **MONDAY, OCT. 27:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 2:** Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 9:** Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 4-9.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Oct. 15-Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Oct. 20-Dec. 31.

Running—The New York City Marathon, starting at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge Plaza, and ending at the Tavern-on-the-Green, Oct. 26.

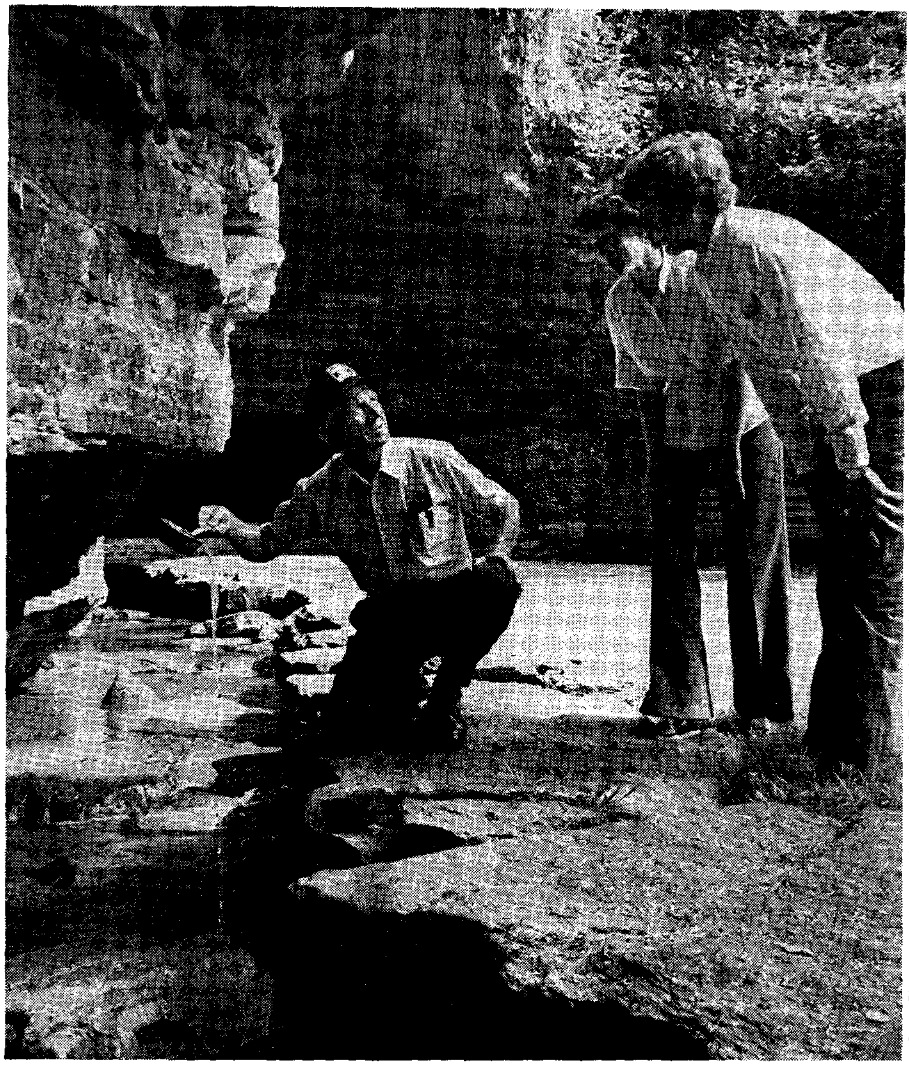
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 30-Dec. 31.

Music—At **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 9. . . . ¶ Steven Kimbrough, baritone, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 2. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Philharmonia Orchestra of London, Oct. 12-13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 14 and Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 15-16. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Slovenian Philharmonic of Yugoslavia, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Oct. 22, 24, and 25. . . . ¶ Charles Rosen, piano, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 27-29. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ I Musici, Nov. 6 and 13. . . . ¶ Minnesota Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 7-8. . . . ¶ Academy of St. Martin in-the-Fields, Nov. 10. . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Ann Schein, piano, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Polish Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 19-21 and Oct. 31 and Nov. 2 and Nov. 9-11. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Oct. 30 and Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Clarion Concerts, Nov. 5. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Gérard Souzay, baritone, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Eastman Trio, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ David Golub, piano, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 9 and 13. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Aston Magna, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Orpheus, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman and the Brandenburg Collegium, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 8-9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical "Brigadoon," with Martin Vidnovic, Meg Bussert, and John Curry at the head of the cast. . . . ¶ A one-man musical entertainment, "Banjo Dancing; or, The 48th Annual Squitter's Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention & Banjo Contest and How I Lost." Stephen Wade (who will star) and Milton Kramer conceived it. . . . ¶ The musical "Tintypes," which played Off Broadway last season, will reopen on Broadway with the same cast. The show is a collaboration of Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. . . . ¶ A new production of Lanford Wilson's play "The 5th of July" (the first in the Talley-family cycle of plays) will star Christopher Reeve. . . . ¶ George C. Scott will have the role of a C.I.A. psychiatrist and Trish Van Devere that of his patient in a thriller, "Tricks of the Trade," by Sidney Michaels. . . . ¶ Hugh Leonard has written a play, "A Life," that develops the character of the Irish civil servant Drumm in his play "Da." Roy Dotrice will portray Drumm. Pat Hingle, Helen Stenborg, and Aideen O'Kelly are also in the cast. . . . ¶ "Lunch Hour," a new comedy by Jean Kerr, will have Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and Jon De Vries taking direction from Mike Nichols. . . . ¶ A Jule Styne-Herb Gardner musical, "One Night Stand," with Jack Weston, Charles Kimbrough, Kate Mostel, and Catherine Cox; John Dexter will direct.

Dance—The Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 28-Nov. 9. . . . ¶ The New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 12-Feb. 15.

Other Dates—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Fall Antiques Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Oct. 30-Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Tuesday, Nov. 11.



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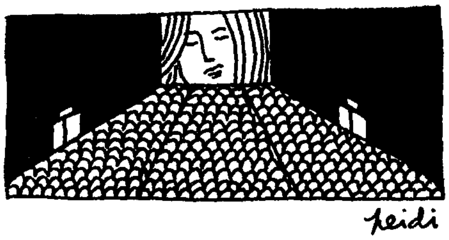
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.) "The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Oct. 6.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014) "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292) Through Oct. 2: "The Exterminator" and "Taxi Driver." Oct. 3-9: "Dressed to Kill" and "Hardcore." From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660) Through Oct. 2: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." From Oct. 3: "Sam Marlowe Private Eye."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160) "Stardust Memories."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652) Through Oct. 2: "The Empire Strikes Back." From Oct. 3: "Oh, God! Book II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) Through Oct. 2: "Airplane!" From Oct. 3: "Coast to Coast."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020) "In God We Trust."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411) Through Oct. 9: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession." From Oct. 10: "Private Benjamin."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320) Through Oct. 9: "The Arabian Nights." From Oct. 10: "Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420) Through Oct. 9: "My Bodyguard." From Oct. 10: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420) Through Oct. 2: "The Blue Lagoon." From Oct. 3: "Terror Train."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) "Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) Oct. 1: "The Getting of Wisdom." Oct. 2: Theatre closed. From Oct. 3: "The Elephant Man."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630) "Willie & Phil."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022) "Gloria."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774) Through Oct. 2: "The Tin Drum." From Oct. 3: "Sam Marlowe Private Eye."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670) Through Oct. 2: "Mother's Day." From Oct. 3: "Somewhere in Time."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720) Through Oct. 2: "Fame." From Oct. 3: "One-Trick Pony."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622) Through Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill." From Oct. 3: "Oh, God! Book II."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339) "Hopscotch."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339) "Divine Madness."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302) "La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313) "Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304) Through Oct. 2: "Rough Cut." Oct. 3-9: "Dressed to Kill." From Oct. 10: "Airplane!"

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180) Through Oct. 2: "My Bodyguard." From Oct. 3: "Somewhere in Time."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100) Through Oct. 9: "Mother's Day." From Oct. 10: "Song of the South."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607) Through Oct. 2: "When a Stranger Calls." From Oct. 3: "Terror Train."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607) Through Oct. 2: "The Exterminator." From Oct. 3: "Coast to Coast."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144) Through Oct. 2: "He Knows You're Alone." Oct. 3-9: To be announced. From Oct. 10: "Why Would I Lie?"

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900) Theatre 1: Through Oct. 9: "Without Warning." From Oct. 10: "The Fog" and "Phantasm." Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "In God We Trust." From Oct. 10: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037) Through Oct. 2: "The Arabian Nights." From Oct. 3: "Somewhere in Time."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) "The Great Santini."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) "Willie & Phil."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800) Theatre 1: "The Tin Drum." Theatre 2: Through Oct. 9: "Practice Makes Perfect." From Oct. 10: "Airplane!" Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "Dressed to Kill." From Oct. 10: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith." Theatre 4: Through Oct. 2: "Come Have Coffee with Us." From Oct. 3: "The Getting of Wisdom."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406) "The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600) "Raise the Titanic."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715) "Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360) "Return of the Secaucus 7."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123) "Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) Through Oct. 9: "Make Room for Tomorrow." From Oct. 10: "Bye Bye Brazil."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959) "The Tempest."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) Through Oct. 2: "Used Cars." From Oct. 3: "Sam Marlowe Private Eye."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040) "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040) "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745) "The Great Santini."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190) Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Without Warning." From Oct. 3: "Terror Train." Theatre 2: "My Bodyguard." Theatre 3: Through Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill." From Oct. 3: "Willie & Phil." Theatre 4: Through Oct. 2: "When a Stranger Calls." From Oct. 3: "Oh, God! Book II."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900) "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900) "Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128) Through Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill" and "The Amityville Horror." Oct. 3-9: To be announced. From Oct. 10: "Airplane!" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795) Theatre 1: "Divine Madness." (†) Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†) Theatre 3: "Willie & Phil." (†) Theatre 4: "Fame." (†) Theatre 5: Through Oct. 2: "Xanadu." From Oct. 3: "Somewhere in Time." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408) Through Oct. 9: "Airplane!" (†) From Oct. 10: "Song of the South." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262) Theatre 2: Through Oct. 2: "Herbie Goes Bananas" and "Lady and the Tramp." From Oct. 3: "Dressed to Kill." (†) Theatre 3: Through Oct. 9: "My Bodyguard." (†) From Oct. 10: "Airplane!" (†) Theatre 4: Through Oct. 9: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†) From Oct. 10: A week-long, two-a-day program (free) of Egyptian films, with English subtitles.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636) Through Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill." (†) From Oct. 3: "Terror Train." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320) Through Oct. 9: "Mother's Day." (†) From Oct. 10: "Private Benjamin." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340) "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060) Through Oct. 2: "When a Stranger Calls." (†) From Oct. 3: "Coast to Coast." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070) "Hopscotch." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950) Through Oct. 9: "He Knows You're Alone." (†) From Oct. 10: "The Fog" (†) and "Phantasm." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633) "In God We Trust." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366) Through Oct. 9: "Without Warning." (†) From Oct. 10: "Why Would I Lie?" (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369) Through Oct. 2: "The Exterminator." (†) From Oct. 3: "In God We Trust." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560) Oct. 1: "The Wanderers" (1979), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Ken Wahl; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin. Oct. 2: "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979), directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan; and "Play Misty for Me" (1971), directed by Clint Eastwood, with Eastwood and Jessica Walter. Oct. 3: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978), directed by Steve Rash, with Gary Busey; and "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, with The Band. Oct. 4: "Lightning Swords of Death" (1972) and "Sword of Vengeance" (1973), both films in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi. Oct. 5-6: "American Gigolo" (†) and "Cruising." (†) Oct. 7: "Last Days of the Samurai" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Hiromichi Horikawa; and "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-

Saks Fifth Avenue

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurowasa.

Oct. 8: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

Oct. 9: "Heaven Can Wait" (†); and "The End" (1978), directed by Burt Reynolds, with Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field.

Oct. 10: "Outrageous!" (†); and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Oct. 11: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Oct. 1: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "A Man's Castle" (1933), directed by Frank Borzage, with Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, Majorie Rambeau, and Walter Connolly.

Oct. 2: "Padre Padrone" (1977), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; and "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti.

Oct. 3: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, and Michael York.

Oct. 4: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, and Gérard Depardieu.

Oct. 5: "Gypsy" (†); and "A Little Night Music" (1978), directed by Harold Prince, with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold.

Oct. 6: "The Last of Sheila" (1973), directed by Herbert Ross, with Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Coburn, Joan Hackett, and James Mason; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." (†)

Oct. 7: "The Landlord" (1970), directed by Hal Ashby, with Beau Bridges, Lee Grant, Diana Sands, and Pearl Bailey; "Doc" (1971), directed by Frank Perry, with Stacy Keach, Faye Dunaway, and Harris Yulin; "Hearts of the West" (1975), directed by Howard Zieff, with Jeff Bridges, Andy Griffith, Donald Pleasence, and Blythe Danner; "Studs Lonigan" (1960), directed by Irving Lerner, with Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson, and Frank Gorshin; "The Angel Levine" (1970), directed by Jan Kadar, with Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte, and Ida Kaminska; and "The Revolutionary" (1970), directed by Paul Williams, with Jon Voight.

Oct. 8: "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by Francois Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux; and "A Little Romance." (†)

Oct. 9: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "Rules of the Game." (†)

Oct. 10: "Taxi Driver" (†); and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.

Oct. 11: "Fellini's Casanova." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 2: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980), directed by Michael Apted, with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and "Norma Rae" (1979), directed by Martin Ritt, with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.

Oct. 3-4: "Tunnelvision" (1976), directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel, with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor; and "The Groove Tube" (1974), directed by Ken Shapiro, with Shapiro and Chevy Chase.

Oct. 5-6: "Apocalypse Now" (1979), directed by Francis Coppola, with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.

Oct. 7: "The Pink Panther" (1964), directed by Blake Edwards, with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner, and Capucine; and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964), directed by Blake Edwards, with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.

Oct. 8-9: "Babylon Pink" and "The Legend of Lady Blue."

Oct. 10-11: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Union City" (1980), directed by Mark Reichert, with Dennis Lipscomb and Deborah Harry.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Oct. 2: "Bright Eyes" (1934), directed by David Butler, with Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and James Dunn; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.

Oct. 3-5: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, and Agnes Moorehead.

Oct. 6-7: "State Fair" (†) and "The Big Store." (†)

Oct. 8-9: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939), directed by Sam Wood, with Robert Donat and Greer Garson.

From Oct. 10: "The Good Earth." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 1: "The Buccaneer" (1958), directed by Anthony Quinn, with Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom, and Charles Boyer; and "Thunder in the Sun" (1959), directed by Russell Rouse, with Susan Hayward and Jacques Bergerac.

Oct. 2-4: "The Harvey Girls" (1946), directed by George Sidney, with Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Angela Lansbury, and Ray Bolger; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), directed by Stanley Donen, with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Jeff Richards, and Russ Tamblyn.

Oct. 5-6: "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1939), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Mickey Rooney and Walter Connolly; and "Judge Priest." (†)

Oct. 7-8: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (†); and "Jesse James" (1939), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and Randolph Scott.

Oct. 9-10: "Raintree County" (1957), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 1: "The Seventh Bullet" (1977), in Russian, directed by Ali Khamrayev; and "The White Ship" (1977), in Russian, directed by Bolotbek Shamshiev.

Oct. 2: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Wedding in White" (1973), directed by William Fruet, with Donald Pleasence and Carol Kane.

Oct. 3-4: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, and Nancy Allen; and "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, and Yvonne Furneaux.

Oct. 5: "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978), in Latin, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress.

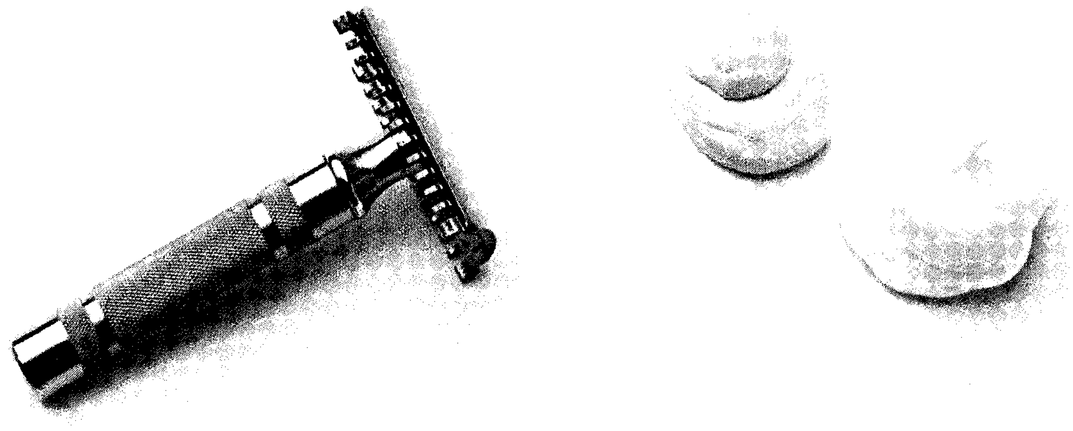
Oct. 6: A program of cartoons by Walter Lantz and a program of cartoons by animators who worked at the studio of John Randolph Bray.

Oct. 7: "Pépé le Moko" (†); and "Human Cargo" (1955), in French, directed by Pierre Chevalier, with Micheline Presle and Raymond Pellegrin.

Oct. 8: "Hamlet." (†)

Oct. 9: "Sunset Boulevard" (†); and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards.

Oct. 10-11: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in



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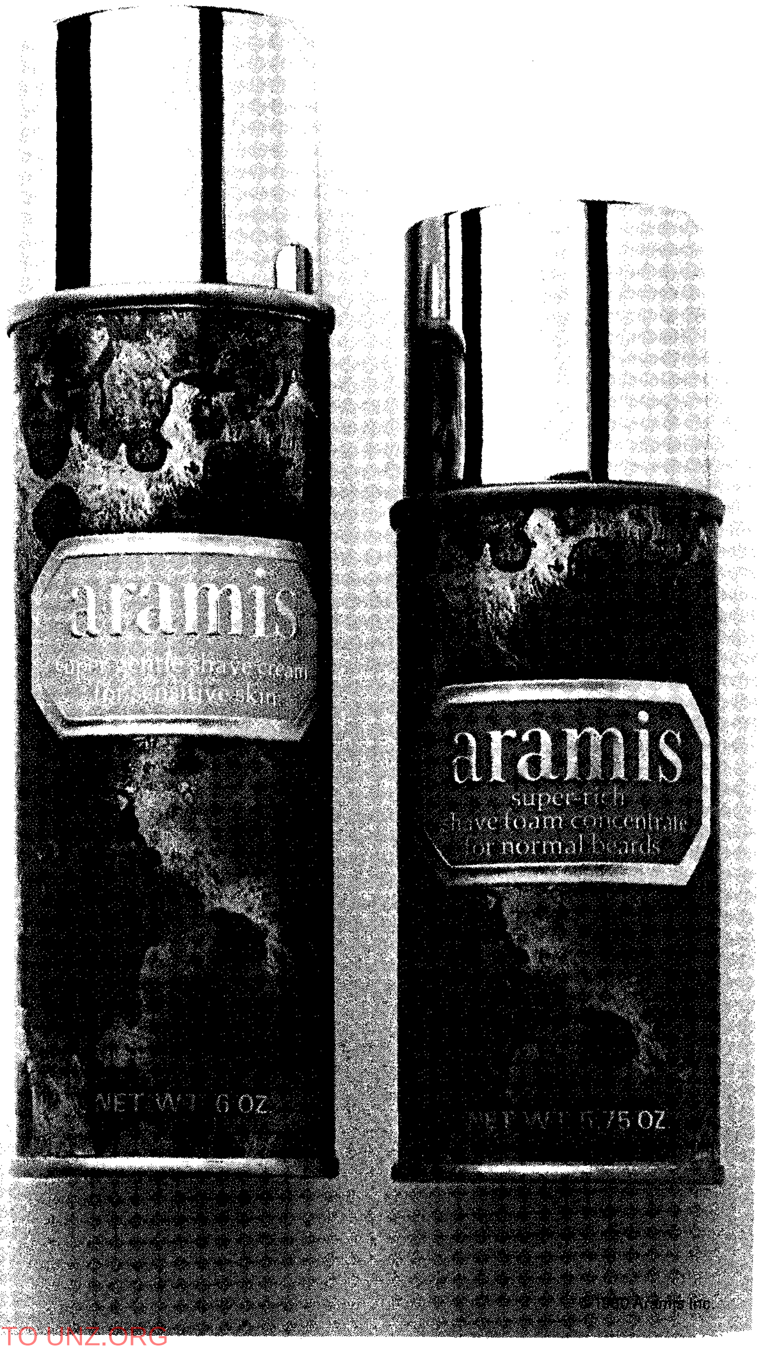
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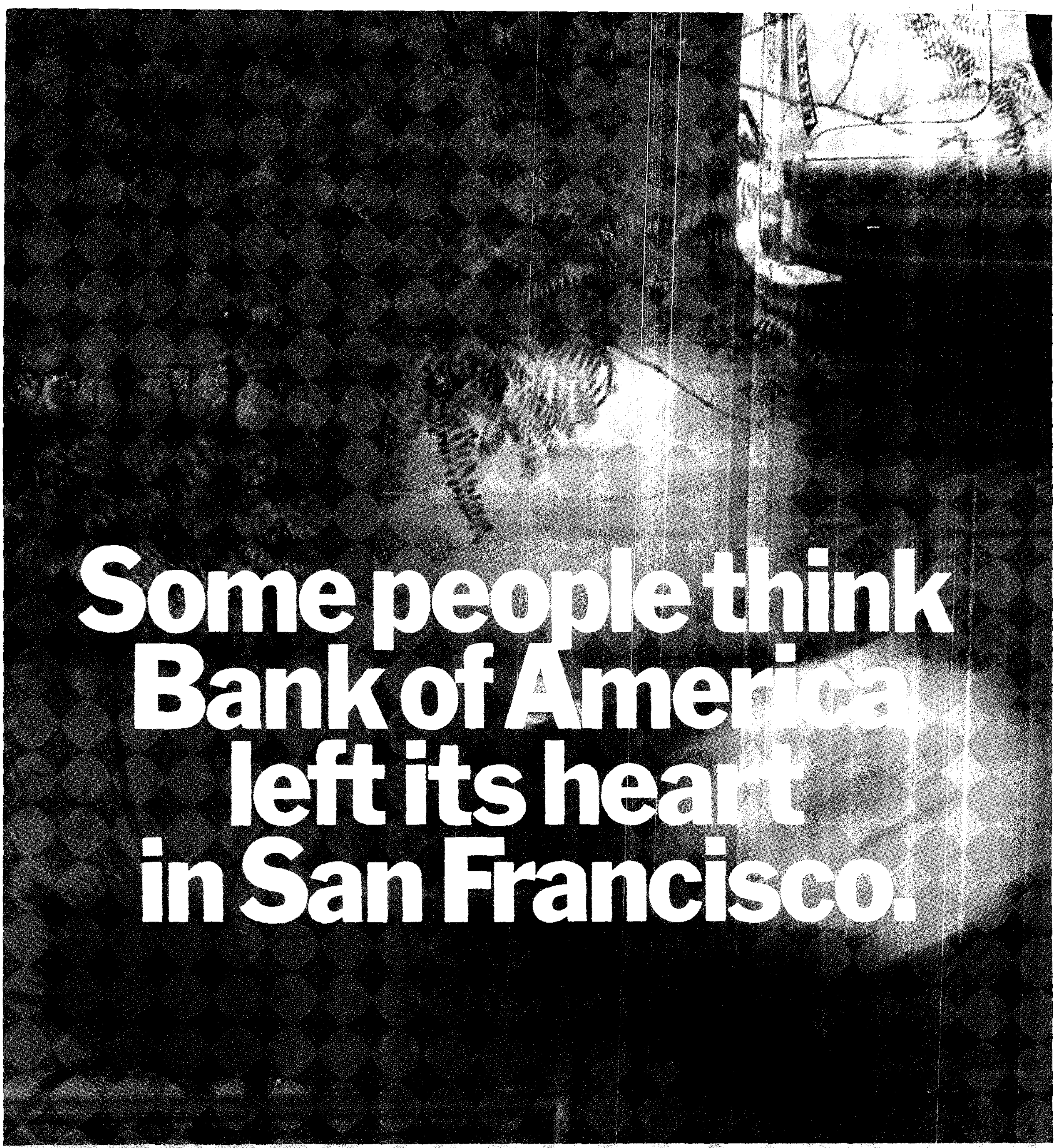
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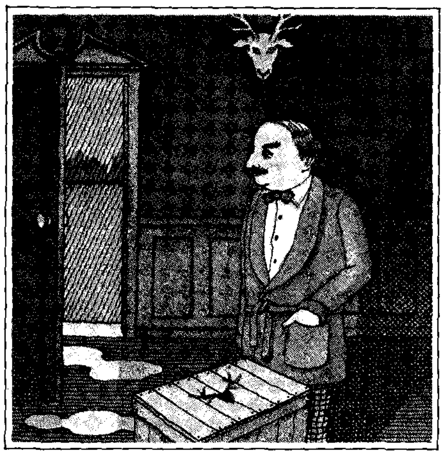
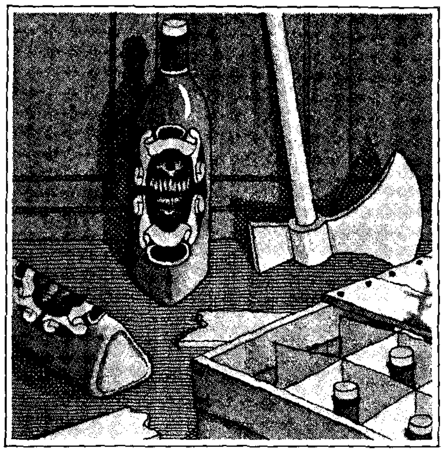
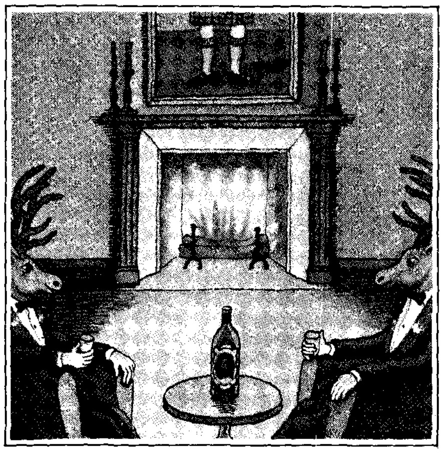
THE CASE OF
·THE·
'AON BRAICH'



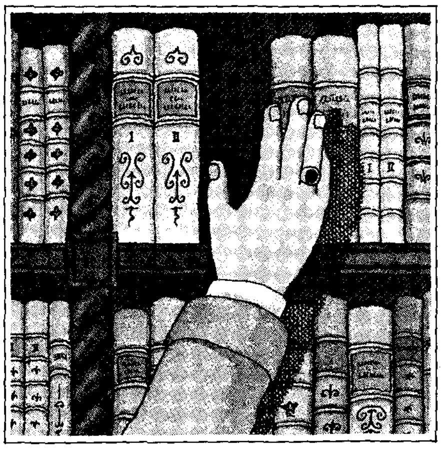
One rainy evening, a man with Gaelic on his breath delivered to my door a case of Glenfiddich. "Aon Braich," he murmured. No one here by that name, I mused. When I looked up, he had disappeared.



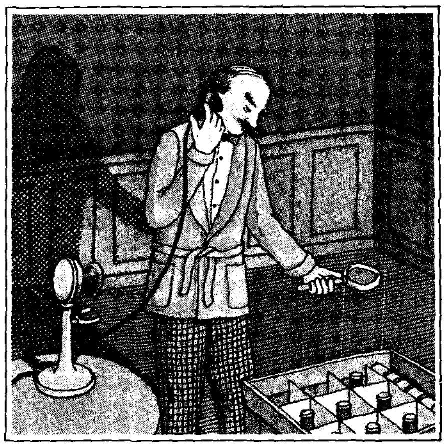
Upon cracking the cache of Glenfiddich with my Scottish Rites hatchet, I found each bottle of this distinctive malt whisky to be of triangular shape. Evidently, there were more sides to this story still.



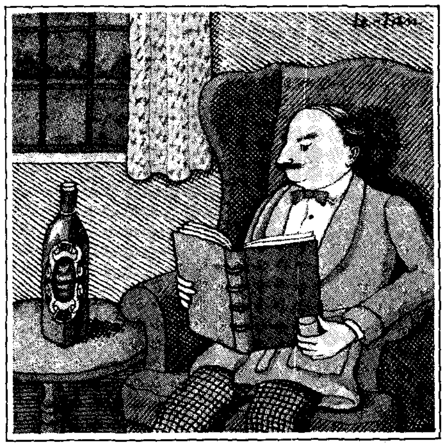
Examining the label, I detected a most intriguing clue: Glenfiddich is Gaelic for 'Valley of the Deer.' Had this peculiar charade been nothing more than a cleverly staged stag party invitation?



A sudden revelation struck me like a belt from Savile Row. Perhaps the peat-stained pages of MacTurf's 'Scotch On The Lochs' would hold the explanation. I reached for my volume – but the book was gone!



It was then my friend MacIntosh rang. "Aon Braich!" he intoned. That strange name again! "I'd have returned the book myself, but with this downpour..." Then I saw my MacTurf tucked 'midst the malts.



A newly-marked page revealed that it was the Glenfiddich that was 'aon braich,' or single malt. One sip confirmed its singular character. Rarely had a case led me to such a splendid solution.

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Scotch Whisky

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French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Blue Country" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 1: "The Pink Panther" (1964), directed by Blake Edwards, with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner, and Capucine; and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964), directed by Blake Edwards, with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.

Oct. 2: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

Oct. 3-4: "Ministry of Fear" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1949), directed by Carol Reed, with Bobby Henry, Ralph Richardson, Michèle Morgan, and Denis O'Dea.

Oct. 5: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The More the Merrier." (†)

Oct. 6: "Hands Across the Table" (†); and "The Princess Comes Across" (1936), directed by William K. Howard, with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

Oct. 7: "Ever in My Heart" (1933), directed by Archie Mayo, with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Bellamy, and Otto Kruger; and "The Woman in Red" (1935), directed by Robert Florey, with Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond.

Oct. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Oct. 9: "Two-Way Stretch" (1961), directed by Robert Day, with Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins; and "The Man in the White Suit." (†)

Oct. 10-11: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (†) and "The Petrified Forest." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 2 at 6: "The Unforgiven" (1960), directed by John Huston, with Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Audie Murphy, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 8:30: "His Double Life" (1933), directed by Arthur Hopkins, with Lillian Gish, Roland Young, and Montagu Love. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Way Down East" (1920), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8:30: "The Unforgiven." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "A Wedding" (1978), directed by Robert Altman, with Lillian Gish, Carol Burnett, Paul Dooley, John Cromwell, Geraldine Chaplin, and Mia Farrow. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8:30: "Way Down East." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "His Double Life." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 8:30: "Miss Susie Slagle's" (1946), directed by John Berry, with Lillian Gish, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, and Joan Caulfield. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "Mobile Homes" (1979) and "Sonatina & Fugue" (1980), both films directed by Rudy Burckhardt (who will be present). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 8:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and Clarine Seymour. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6: "Documentary" (1979), directed by Sonya Friedman and Herman J. Engel. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8:30: "A Wedding." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6: A program of short films and excerpts from feature films showing the different color processes used between 1905 and 1935. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8:30: "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1946), directed by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8:30: A program of short films and excerpts from feature films showing the different color processes used between 1905 and 1935. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "I Am Suzanne" (1934), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8:30: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift and Lee Remick; a faded color print. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Oct. 3: "Anticata/Strophe" (1980), a multimonitor installation by Al Robbins (who will be present on Thursday, Oct. 9, at 2). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 1 at 8: "The Text of Light" (1974), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 8: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8: "Mouchette" (1967), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: Two films by Luis Buñuel—"Un Chien Andalou" (1928), a silent film, and "L'Age d'Or" (1930), in French, no English subtitles. ¶ Oct. 5 at 8: "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 3: Two video programs—"WBGH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" and "Video Variations: The Boston Symphony Orchestra." . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: Two films by Luis Buñuel—"Land Without Bread" (1932), in English, and "Los Olvidados" (1950), in Spanish, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8: "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; and "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charles Chaplin. Both silent films. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: A video program by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: Two films by Jean Cocteau—"Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930), in French, with English subtitles, and "La Belle et La Bête" (1946), in French, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2: "One Man's Magic Is Another Man's Science" and "About Media," two video programs by Tony Ramos. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5:30: "Squares," "Improvisation," and "Moon Redefined," by Doris Chase, and "A Dark Vision," a work in progress by Susan Pitt. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8: "Fluxus Film" (1963-70).

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Confidence" (István Szabó; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "One Day Like Another" (Mrinal Sen; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Handicapped Love" (Marlies Graf; Switzerland) and "Here's Looking at You, Kid" (William E. Cohen; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Special Treatment" (Goran Paskaljevic; Yugoslavia). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "Sunday Daughters" (Jonas Rozsa; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Camera Buff" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 12:30: "Sunday Daughters." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3: "Camera Buff." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "One Day Like Another." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9 and Oct. 5 at 2: "Europa 51" (Roberto Rossellini; Italy, 1952; in English.) . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 4:30: A program by Martin Scorsese showing color fading in old and not so old films; and "Once Upon a Time in the West" (Sergio Leone; 1969). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6:15: "The Color of Pomegranates" (Sergei Paradjanov; Armenia). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)" (Akira Kurosawa; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "The Color of Pomegranates." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Every Man for Himself (Sauve Qui Peut/La Vie)" (Jean-Luc Godard; France and Switzerland). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "Loulou" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "New York Story" (Jackie Raynal; United States), "Rush" (Evelyn Purcell; United States), and "Nights at O'Rear's" (Robert Mandel; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 10 at 6:15: "The Constant Factor" (Krzysztof Zanussi; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9:30: "New York Story," "Rush," and "Nights at O'Rear's." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 10:30 A.M.: "Tih Minh" (Louis Feuillade; France, 1918). A twelve-episode serial, seven hours long, including intermission. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Loulou." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9: "Every Man for Himself (Sauve Qui Peut/La Vie)."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AIRPLANE!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Festival. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, Olympia, and Embassy; starting Oct. 10.)

AMERICAN GIGOLO—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 5-6.)

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR (1979)—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Olympia; through Oct. 2.)

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Waverly; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 9.)

BAD TIMING / A SENSUAL OBSESSION—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Sutton; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; starting Oct. 10.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 6-7.)

THE BLUE LAGOON—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (7/21/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through Oct. 2.)

BYE BYE BRAZIL—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris; starting Oct. 10.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here

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known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half-brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Cinema Studio 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Gramercy; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Oct. 9.)

Coast to Coast—With Robert Blake and Dyan Cannon, directed by Joseph Sargent. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting Oct. 3.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night view of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent if powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 5-6.)

Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Loews New York 2, and Criterion Center.)

Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia, and Embassy 5; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Oct. 3-9. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 3.)

Drums Along the Mohawk (1939)—One of John Ford's uninspired epics, this lavish color version of the Walter D. Edmonds novel never seems to get going. No one appears to know why the picture is being made, or what its point is, exactly. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are the young couple who go to the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and are caught up in the Revolutionary War; there are scraps with Indians and various upheavals, but one gets more involved in Colbert's spotless gowns—a tribute to pioneer laundering—and the fussy, dainty interiors, full of Early American decorator touches. Script by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien; the enormous cast includes Edna May Oliver, John Carradine, Ward Bond, Dorris Bowdon, Jessie Ralph, Arthur Shields, Robert Lowery, and Mae Marsh. (Regency; Oct. 7-8.)

The Elephant Man—With Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Frederick Treves, and John Hurt as John Merrick, the Elephant Man. Directed by David Lynch. Based on an original journal by Dr. Treves, and not on the current Broadway show. (Coronet; starting Oct. 3.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fischer, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 2.)

The Exterminator—With Christopher George, Samantha Eggar, and Robert Ginty; directed by James Glickenhaus. (St. Marks Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Oct. 2.)

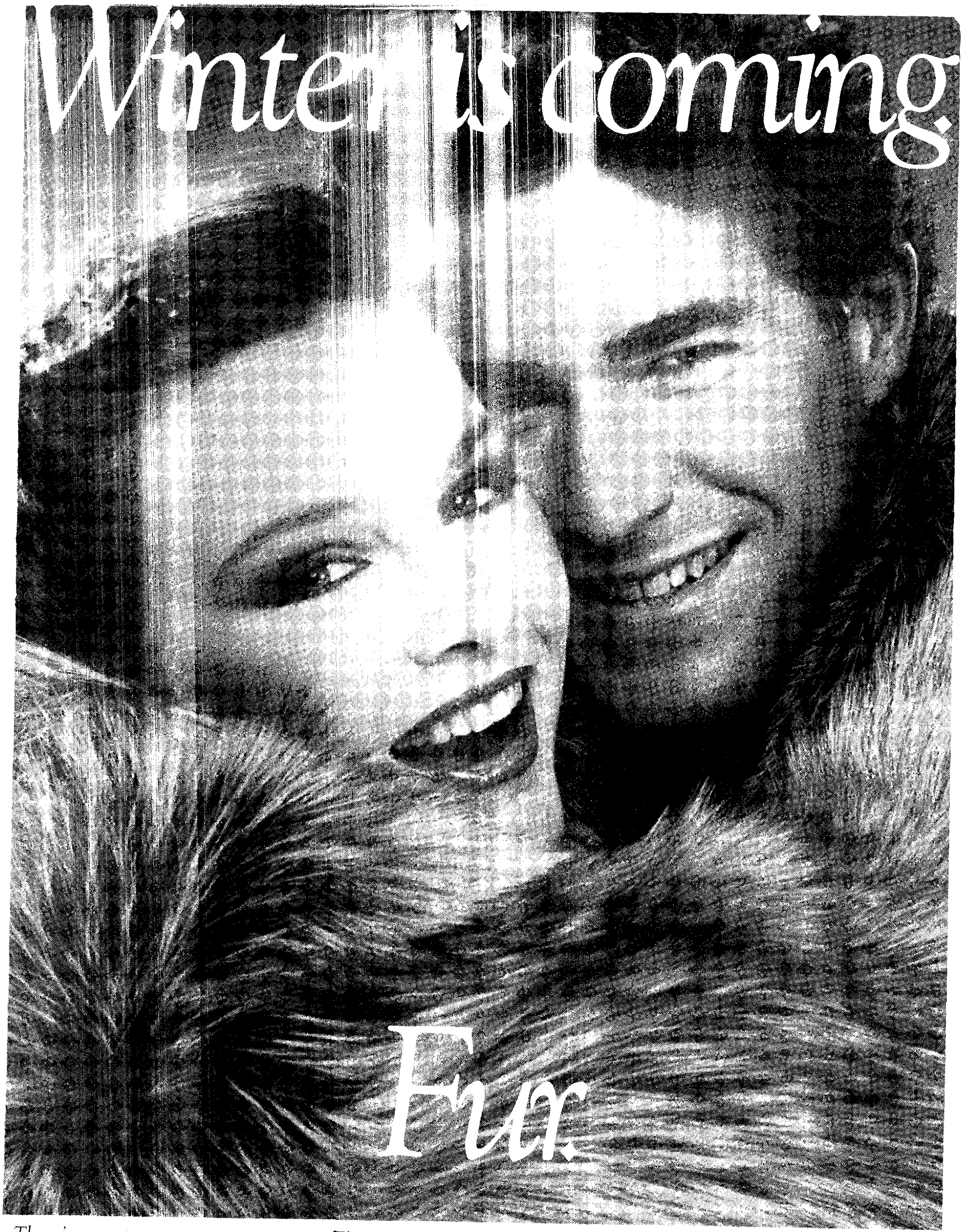
Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through Oct. 2.)

Fellini's Casanova (1976)—Fellini has done something that no one else in screen history has ever done: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be achieved successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crisis on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as a deliberately unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner, which is the way one felt at Mr. Carpenter's celebrated last chiller, "Halloween." With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; starting Oct. 10.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Richard Lester's short-term camera magic keeps cutting into and away from the comedians (Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern), who never get a chance to develop a routine or to bring off a number. They're rushed pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical farce by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Steven Sondheim, taken from Plautus and set in ancient Rome. We get the sense that Lester thinks it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of burlesque clowns singing a duet. He trashes the men, even old Buster Keaton, and the women are blank-faced bodies or witless viragos. Some of the best effects are the least doctored: Hordern's vocal inflections, a satirical entrance song by Leon Greene. And Lester's fracturing technique is sometimes successful—as in the parody recap of the love duet, which has lyrical wit, like the song in the snow in "Help!" Mostly, Lester's visual gags seem just pointless agitation. He proceeds by fits and starts and leaves jokes suspended in mid-air; it's as if he's forgotten what it's all supposed to be. And for an audience the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. With Michael Crawford, Annette Andre, Patricia Jessel, and Beatrix Lehmann. Cinematography by Nicolas Roeg; sets and costumes designed by Tony Walton; script by Melvin Frank (who was the producer) and Michael Pertwee. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the back country who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is pre-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (Coronet; Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 3.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

The Good Earth (*1937*)—Having purchased Pearl S. Buck's celebrated Chinese-family saga, M-G-M sent an expedition to China which brought back two million feet of atmospheric shots and eighteen tons of costumes, native animals, dismantled farmhouses, and a village shrine. Then five hundred California acres were landscaped and terraced to simulate a Chinese farm, locusts were rented for a scourge, and Occidentals were chosen for the leads, with Orientals in the supporting roles and as the babies. Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her monotonous yet affecting performance as the stoic O-Lan, the wife of the peasant Wang (Paul Muni); during the looting of a manor house, she picks up the jewels that raise the family out of starvation into prosperity. But Wang, spoiled by wealth, loses contact with the good earth; he becomes infatuated with Lotus the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling) and takes her as his second wife, and his lust almost destroys the family. The locust plague brings him to his senses. It's a sermon melodrama—a glorification of the passive, selfless, suffering mother O-Lan. (There isn't a shred of sympathy for Lotus, who is bought and sold.) The film domesticates *exoticism: it's* as predictable as an Andy Hardy picture, but much more sober and much, much longer. With Walter Connolly as the scoundrelly uncle, Charley Grapewin as the family patriarch, Keye Luke and Roland Lui as the sons, Jessie Ralph, and Harold Huber. The script by Talbot Jennings, Tess Slesinger, and Claudine West was partly based on a stage version by Owen and Donald Davis. This film, which was four years in the making, is dedicated to its producer, Irving Thalberg, who died in 1936; his associate, Albert Lewin, completed it. The first director, George Hill, who had supervised shooting the background footage in China, committed suicide, and the project was taken over by Sidney Franklin who directed with his usual lack of imagination, individuality, and style. He was the M-G-M heavyweight champ. Herbert Stothart was in charge of the music; the montage work is by Slavko Vorkapich; Arnold Gillespie headed the special-effects department that produced the visually exciting locust attack. The cinematographer was the great Karl Freund. In sepia. (Mini Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Gypsy (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script and other credits *match.* (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

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Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier produced and directed this fluid, handsome, satisfyingly paced version, and he himself is a witty and active platinum-blond Hamlet. It is a tribute to Shakespeare's passionate immediacy that everyone has his own idea of the play, and many will find much to quarrel with in this film. (For example, the soliloquies have been turned into interior monologues, which diminishes them.) But even if you feel that certain scenes should be done differently, when has the rest of the play been done so well? Whatever the omissions, the mutilations, the mistakes, this is very likely the most exciting and most alive production of "Hamlet" we will ever see on the screen. It's never dull, and if characters such as Fortinbras and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have been sacrificed, it's remarkable how little they are missed. With Jean Simmons as Ophelia, Basil Sydney as the King, Eileen Herlie as the Queen, Stanley Holloway as the Grave Digger, Felix Aylmer as Polonius, Norman Wooland as Horatio, Terence Morgan as Laertes, Esmond Knight as Bernardo, Anthony Quayle as Marcellus, Harcourt Williams as First Player, and John Laurie as Francisco. The adaptation is by Alan Dent, and the music is by William Walton. (Thalia; Oct. 8.)

Hands Across the Table (1935)—Carole Lombard as a manicurist on the lookout for a wealthy husband meets Fred MacMurray, a fellow who grew up rich but is now broke and intends to marry an heiress. Cynical about romance, these two hang out together while waiting to land their prospective mates. Hers is to be a kindly millionaire (dreary Ralph Bellamy); his is the pineapple king's daughter (Astrid Allwyn). But what you expect to happen happens. As the manicurist puts it, in blunt, archetypal thirties terms—"Hardboiled Hannah was going to fall in love with a bankroll! You can't run away from *love." This isn't one of the first-string slapstick* romances of its period, but it's a pretty fair example of the second string. Basically uninspired, it's determinedly irreverent. You can see the jokes being set up; when the payoff comes, you're already tired. But MacMurray knows how to read a good line when he gets one, and though he isn't the subtlest of *farceurs,* that works just fine with Lombard because of her gift for uninhibited comedy. Lombard is the rare performer whose enjoyment of her own jokes adds to the audience's pleasures. Mitchell Leisen, directing his first comedy, had Ernst Lubitsch, the production chief at Paramount, guiding him. With William Demarest, Ruth Donnelly, Marie Prevost, and Edward Gargan. From a Viña Delmar story, adapted by Norman Krasna, Vincent Lawrence, and Herbert Fields. Cinematography by Ted Tetzlaff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

Hardcore (1979)—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way dogs hate cats. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 3-9.)

Heaven Can Wait (1978)—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

He Knows You're Alone—With Don Scardino and Caitlin O'Heaney, directed by Armand Mastroianni. (86th St. East; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ National; through Oct. 9.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2.)

Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures—With Peggy Ashcroft, Larry Pine, Victor Banerjee, and Aparna Sen; directed by James Ivory. (New Yorker 1.)

In God We Trust—With Marty Feldman, Louise Lasser, Peter Boyle, and Andy Kaufman; directed by Feldman. (Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Oct. 3.)

Judge Priest (1934)—Some Irvin S. Cobb stories brought to the screen by John Ford. Viewed now, this piece of Americana about a trial in a Kentucky town in 1890 is also a slice of old Hollywood: the cast includes Will Rogers, Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson, Hattie McDaniel, and that much maligned comedian, Stepin Fetchit. (Regency; Oct. 5-6.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza; starting Oct. 10.)

A Little Romance (1979)—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet, to whom they are poetically knee-high. Arthur Hill plays a wise-looking mogul, with not many wise lines to say; Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who *befriends the children. One might almost* be watching him in Restoration comedy; he saves his part with the peculiar daintiness that he brings to mischievously trivial roles. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Make Room for Tomorrow—With Victor Lanoux and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kassovitz. In French. (Paris; through Oct. 9.)

The Man in the White Suit (1951)—Alec Guinness has often been at his comic best in the role of an ordinary man with an obsession, and who can be as ordinary and obsessed as an inventor? In this film, he plays a quirky, idealistic scientist who lives in the modern economy of *quick obsolescence yet is fixated* on the long-range benefits to humanity of a cloth that will stay clean and last forever. Guinness' bland monomaniacal scientist is beautifully matched by Joan Greenwood, who is all guile and scorn and perversity, without any real aim or purpose. Alexander Mackendrick directed this deft capital-science-labor comedy. With Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger as a half-dead industrialist. Screenplay by Roger MacDougall, John Dighton, and Mackendrick. (Item for collectors of movie memorabilia: the gurgling, bubbling squirts and drips of the hero's experimental apparatus were joined to a rhythm and issued by Coral Records as "The White Suit Samba.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—In the thirties, the unctuous, sentimental Alexander Woollcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woollcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of their 1939 Broadway hit—a cheerful spoof on celebrity

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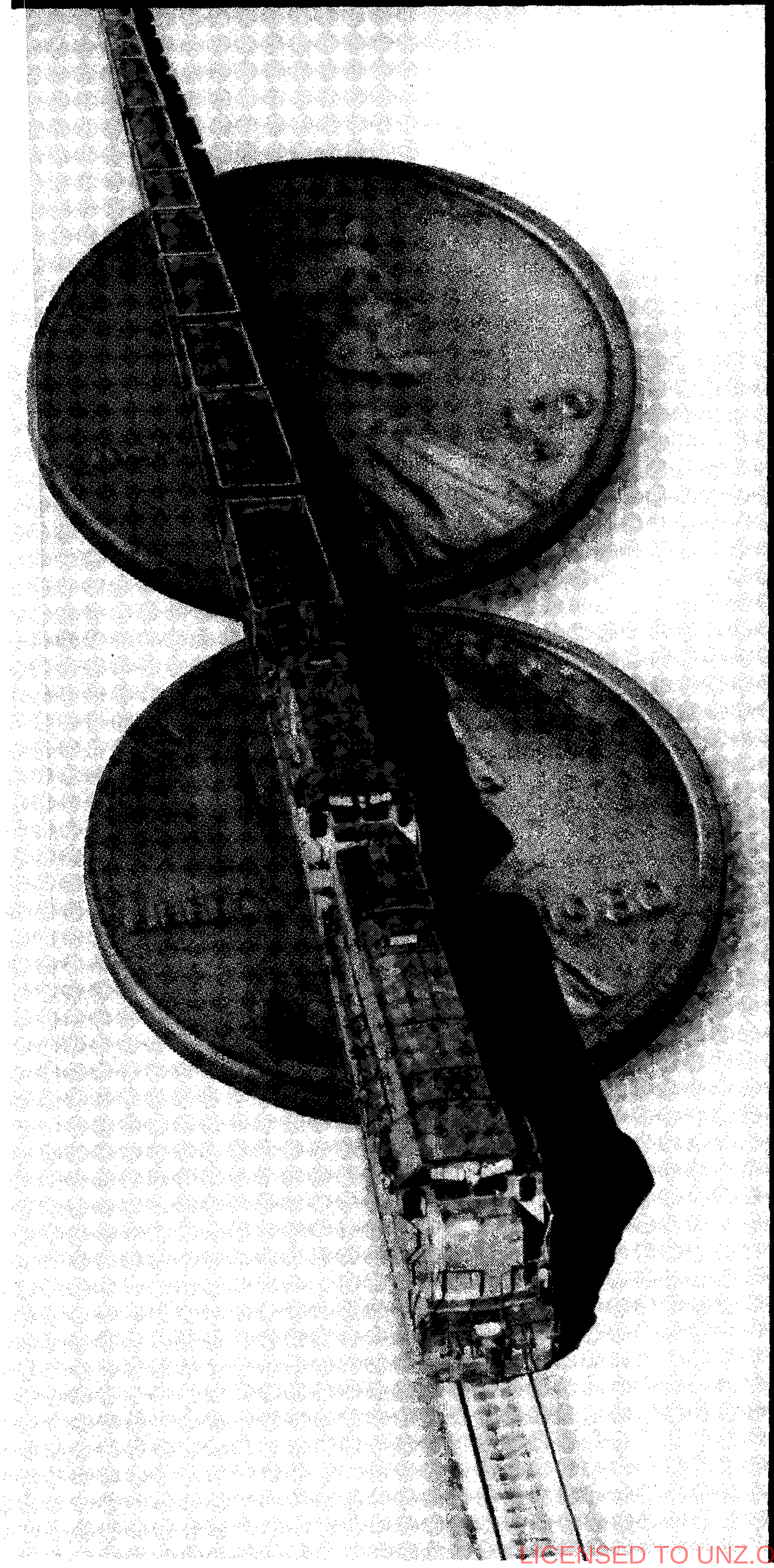

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in that period. In this film version, the devastatingly adroit Monty Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) plays the arrogant, infantile Sheridan Whiteside, who goes on a lecture tour and breaks his hip while attending a dinner in his honor at the home of solid, boring fans. Stuck in that home until his hip mends, he takes it over and orders the adoring residents around. Woolley has a wonderful way of looking at these hick fans with compassionate contempt—he feels sorry for them because they're too obtuse to appreciate how brilliant he is. The play, however, was built on topical jokes and a series of vaudeville turns, and in this version the jokes are flat and the turns seemed forced and not very funny. With Bette Davis as Whiteside's secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante in the role based on Harpo Marx, Ann Sheridan as the sexpot actress, and Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. Directed by William Keighley; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changed only a few lines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-11.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Art.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—It has a memorable, summer-night love scene: the very proper government-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) reluctantly sits down on the front steps of her apartment building with the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea); they begin to neck, and she's embarrassed by what she feels. The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in their becoming part of an innocent *ménage à trois* with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. McCrea, though, is easy and casually sophisticated, and, as usual, serves his co-stars, gets his laughs, and never hogs attention. (Remade in 1966 as "Walk, Don't Run," with Cary Grant in the Coburn role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

Mother's Day—With Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce, directed by Charles Kaufman. (Gemini 1; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Forum; through Oct. 9.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull, directed by Tony Bill. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and Embassy; through Oct. 9.)

Oh, God! Book II—With George Burns, Suzanne Pleshette, and David Birney; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 3.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Gemini 2; starting Oct. 3.)

Ordinary People—With Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; directed by Robert Redford. (Loews Tower East.)

Outrageous! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all fatalistic

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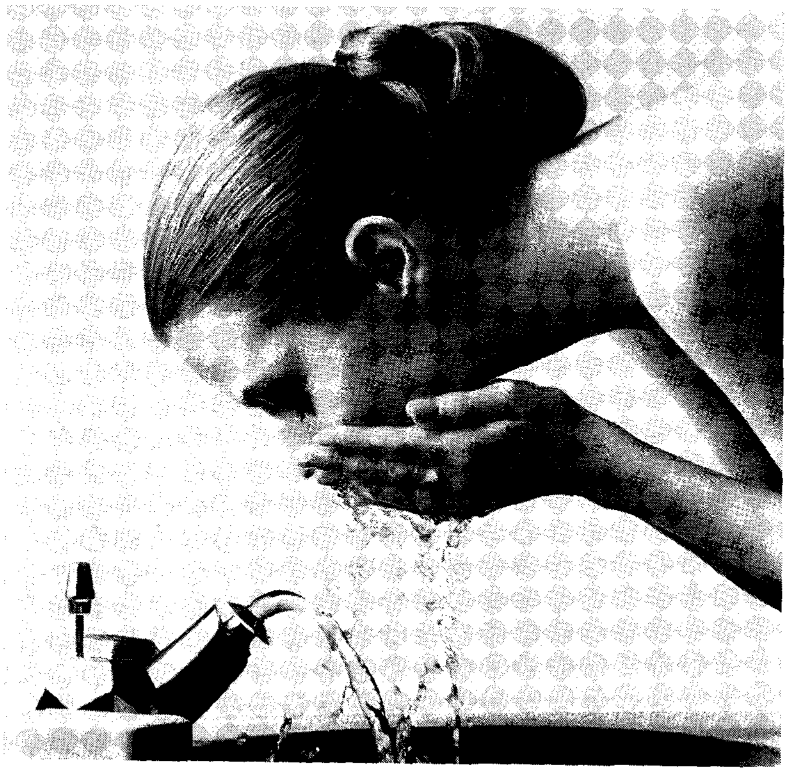

Erno Laszlo

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French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time commissioner of the Paris police. (The American version was remade as the musical, "Casbah," in 1948.) In French. (Thalia; Oct. 7.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Leslie Howard is all forehead as a world-weary, desiccated intellectual who arrives on foot at a gas station and Bar-B-Q in the Arizona desert; Bette Davis is an ardent, fresh American girl, eager for experience, who lives there with her grandfather (Charley Grapewin). For a guy who's supposed to be burnt out, Howard sure has a lot of talk in him, and it's fancy and poetic as all getout. ("All this evening I've had the feeling of destiny closing in," and so on.) There's no way to say this stuff without sounding affected, and every now and then Howard hits really embarrassing false notes—but who else could embody this Robert E. Sherwood literary conceit and do it as well? Davis, surprisingly, plays her part very simply and doesn't overdo it. In a jumper with a white blouse, wearing bobbysox and a ribbon in her hair, she's very appealing, and she says her lines as if for the first time—she's almost the only one in the cast (except for Grapewin) who does. The movie is famous for Humphrey Bogart's "dangerous" performance as Duke Mantee, the gangster who is using the Bar-B-Q to rendezvous with his moll and the members of his mob, and who, out of mercy, gives the exhausted, idealistic intellectual the peace of death that he seeks. Bogart does look great, but you feel that his performance was worked out for the stage (he had played the part on Broadway). His moves are almost stylized from repetition, and he gives some of his lines overstated, overscaled readings—particularly his laugh lines, when this public enemy expresses conventional moral sentiments by reprimanding the intellectual for talking to an old man without sufficient respect. As moviemaking, this is a pedestrian piece of work; the director, Archie Mayo, gives you the feeling that he has even retained the stage blocking. Every move seems rehearsed, and the Sherwood play loses its stage vitality without losing its talkiness. But the actors in minor roles are a considerable asset, and there's a tense exchange between a black mobster and a black chauffeur. The cast includes Genevieve Tobin, Joe Sawyer, Porter Hall, Dick Foran, Slim Thompson, Eddie Acuff, Paul Harvey, John Alexander, Adrian Morris, and Nina Campana. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Delmer Daves. This melodrama spawned a whole genre of imitations (such as "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder") and was also remade in 1945 as "Escape in the Desert." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-11.)

Phantasm (1979)—With Michael Baldwin, directed by Don Coscarelli. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; starting Oct. 10.)

Practice Makes Perfect—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Private Benjamin—With Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber; directed by Howard Zieff. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Forum; starting Oct. 10.)

Raise the Titanic—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

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Return of the Secaucus 7—With Mark Arnott, directed by John Sayles. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (72nd Street East; through Oct. 2.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Sam Marlowe Private Eye—With Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey; directed by Robert Day. (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Paramount; starting Oct. 3.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Criterion Center; starting Oct. 3.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (U. A. East, and Embassy 1; starting Oct. 10.)

Stardust Memories—With Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; directed by Allen. (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

State Fair (1945)—Rodgers & Hammerstein. Cheerful is probably the word for it—if you're in the mood for cheerful. The story (from Phil Stong's novel) has lost the folk humor it had in its 1933 version, featuring Will Rogers, and the Americana has been poured on. Everything is too clean and bright and smily; it all reeks of manufacture, especially Charles Winninger. The principal actors trying to fake their way through are Fay Bainter, Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, and Vivian Blaine. Walter Lang directed. The score includes "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "It's a Grand Night for Singing." It would have been a better musical if the lyricist hadn't been fond of words like "grand." (Mini Cinema; Oct. 6-7.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salome, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Thalia; Oct. 9.)

TOP OF THE GATE
VILLAGE GATE
VILLAGE GATE
TOP OF THE GATE
LIQUORS
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Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cab driver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jody Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, and Scorsese himself. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

The Tempest—With Heathcote Williams and Karl Johnson, directed by Derek Jarman. (Cinema 3.)

Terror Train—With Ben Johnson, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Hart Bochner; directed by Roger Spottiswoode. (Manhattan 2, Loews Orpheum 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; starting Oct. 3.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Oct. 6.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Oct. 2.)

Used Cars—With Kurt Russell, Jack Warden, and Gerrit Graham; directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Paramount; through Oct. 2.)

When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Loews Orpheum 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 1; through Oct. 2.)

Why Would I Lie?—With Treat Williams and Lisa Eichhorn, directed by Larry Peerce. (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Oct. 10.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Hubert J. Edwards as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 3.)

Without Warning—With Jack Palance and Martin Landau, directed by Greydon Clark. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Oct. 9.)

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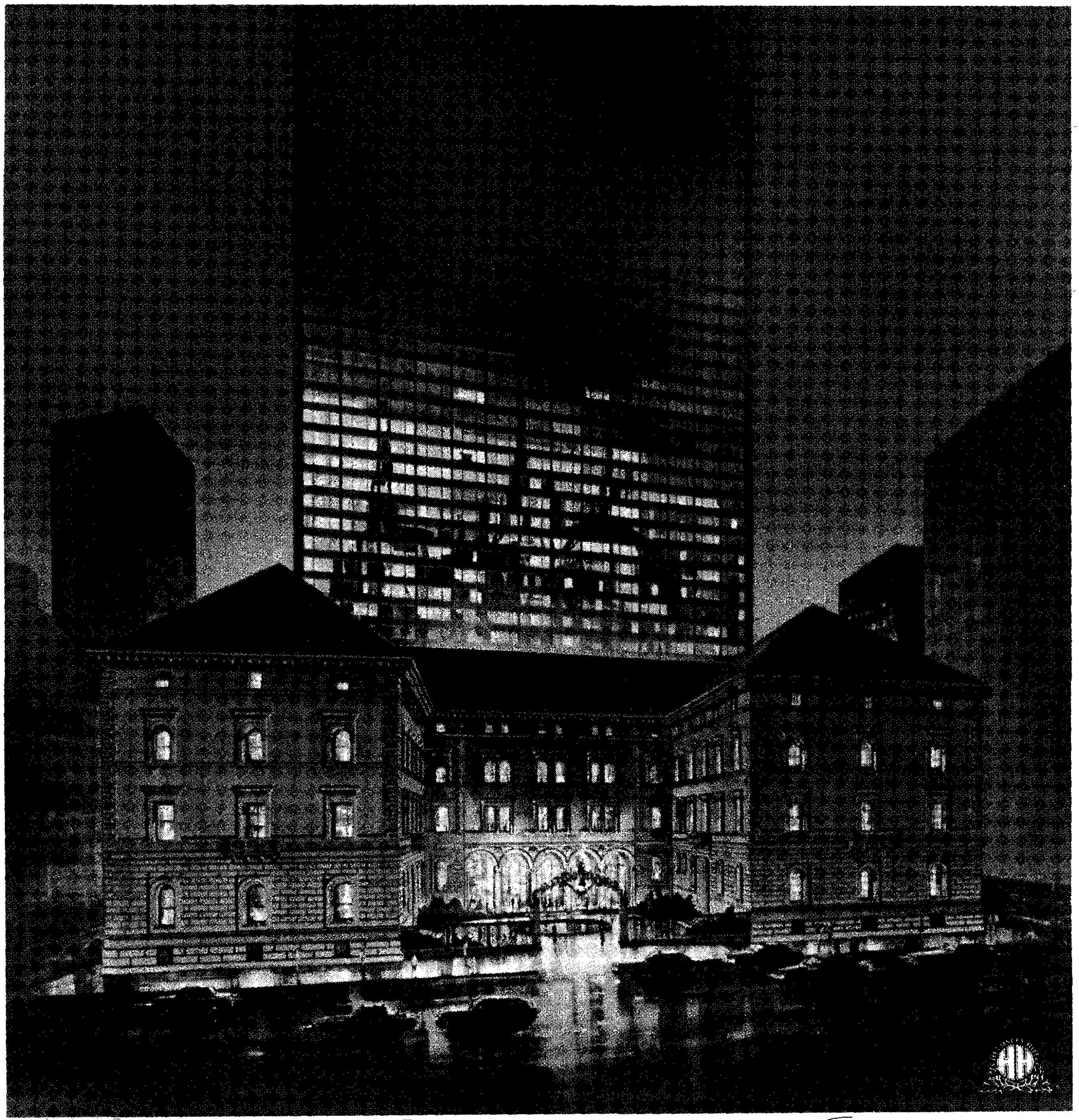

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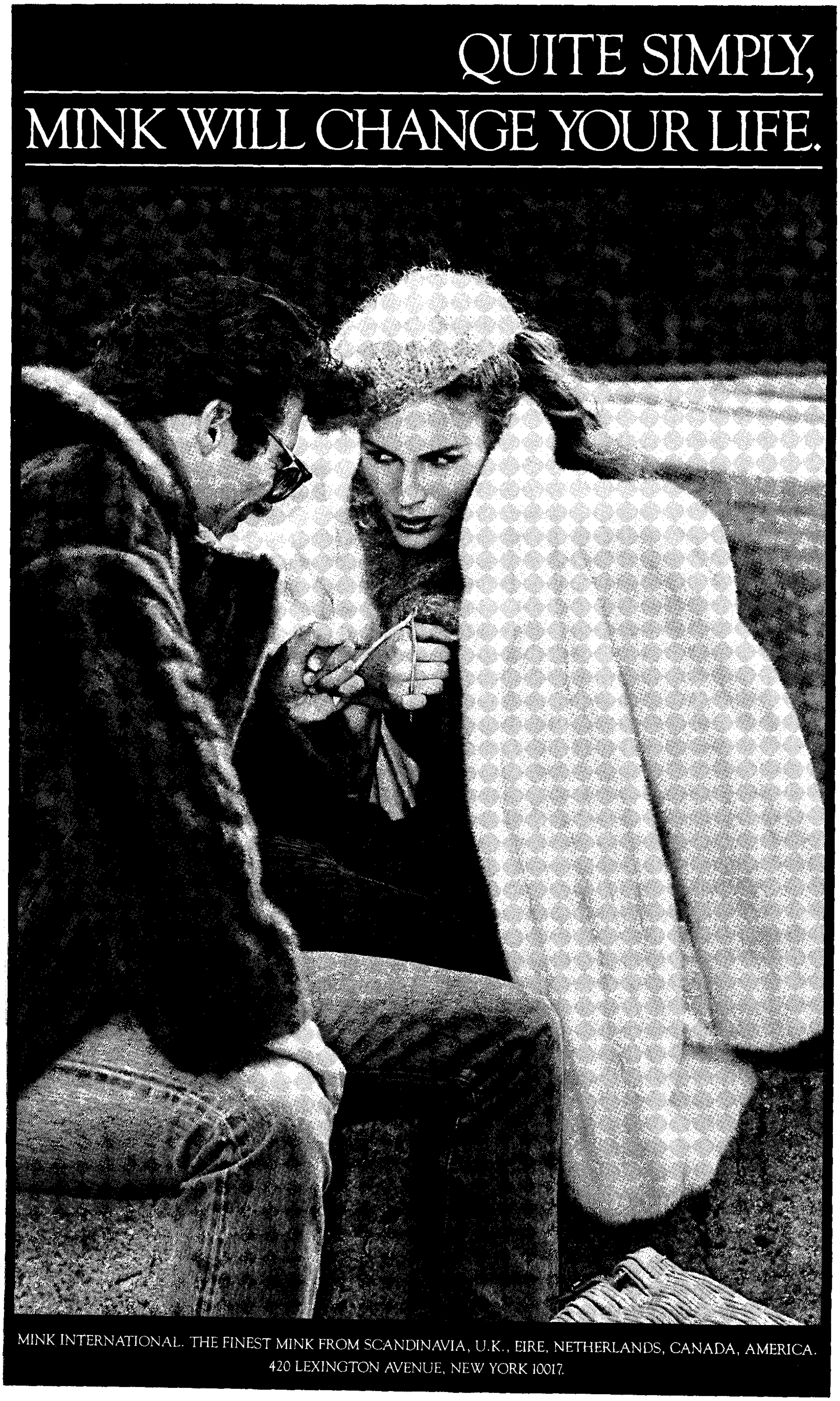
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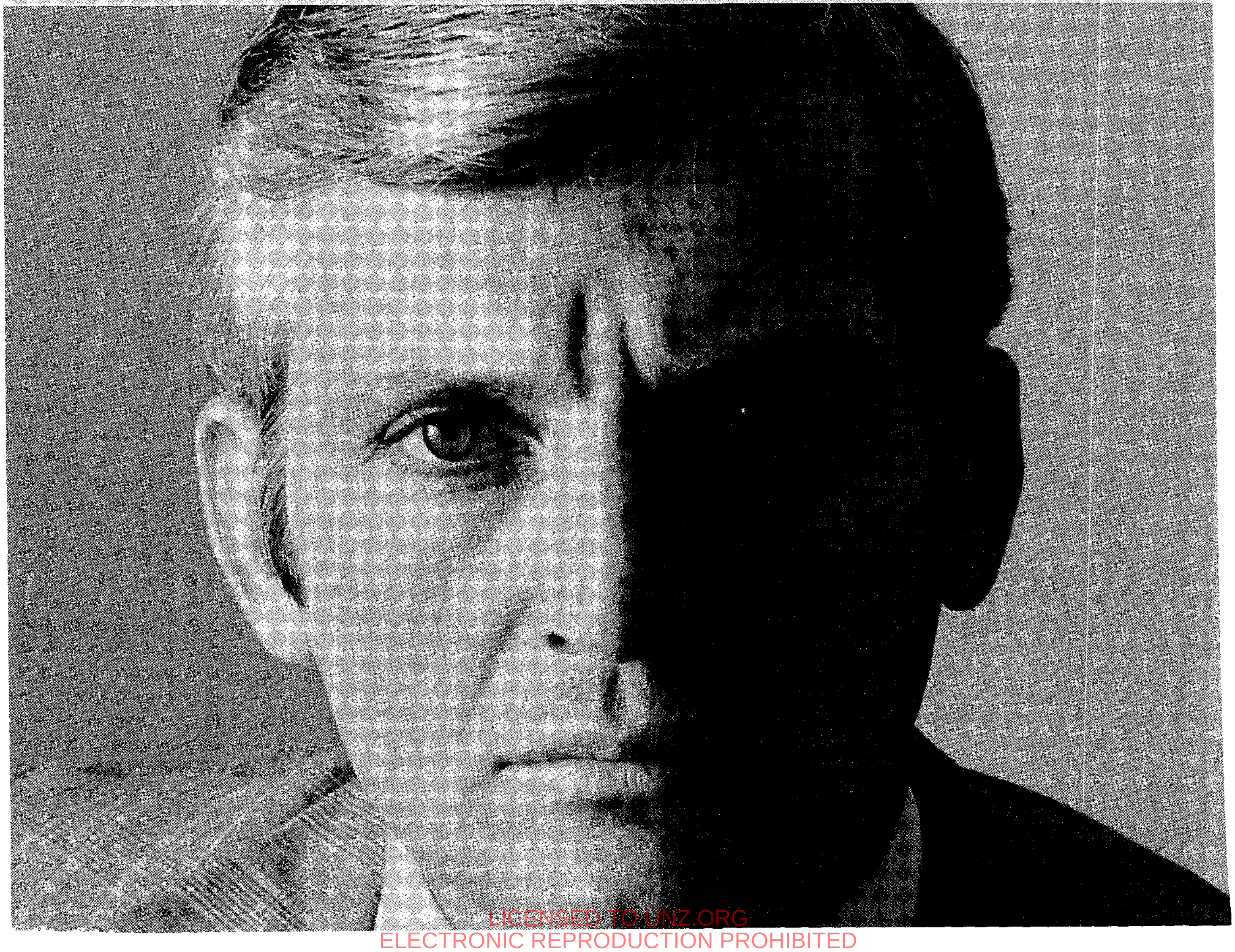

TO LISTEN
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EARS.

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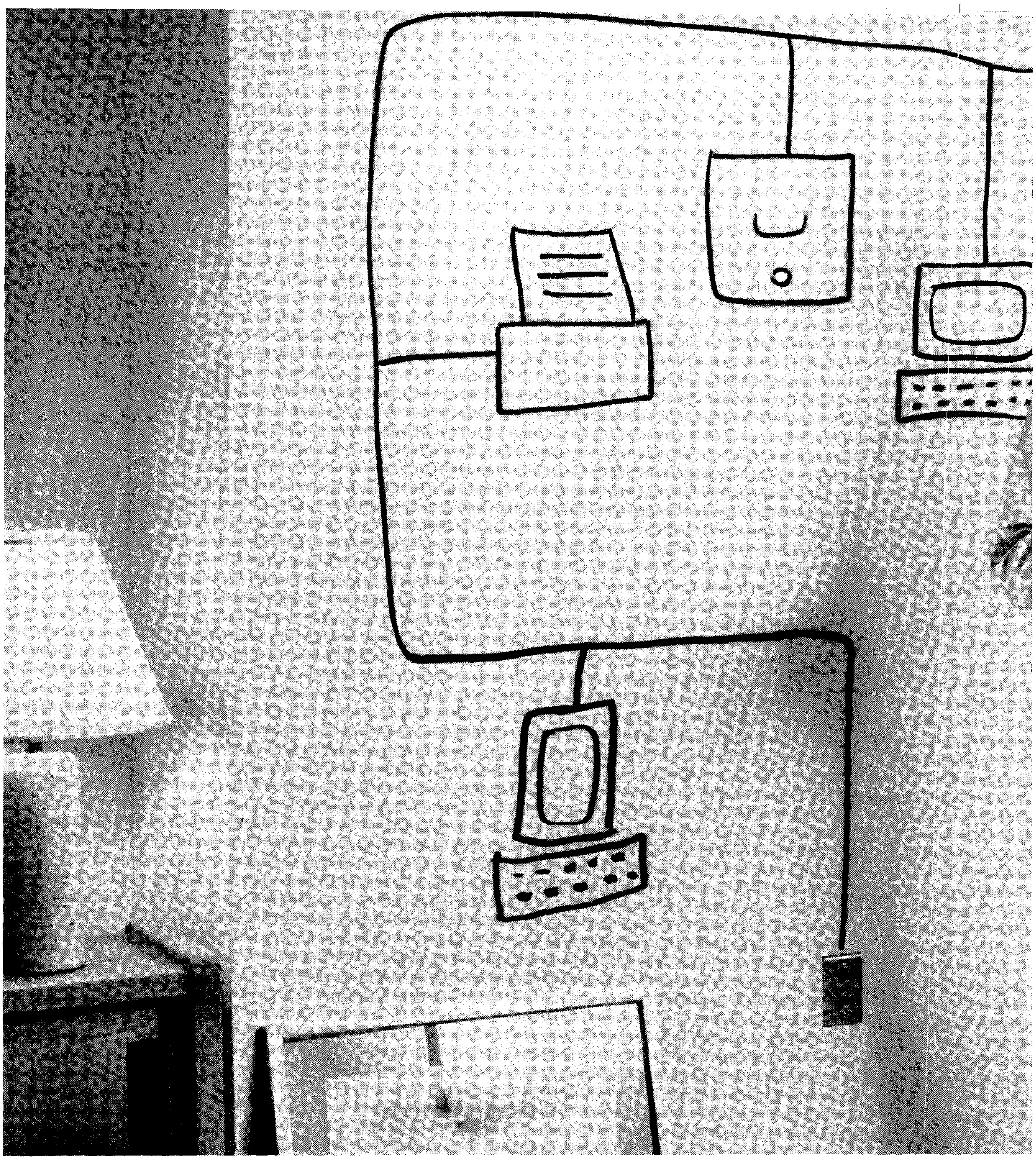

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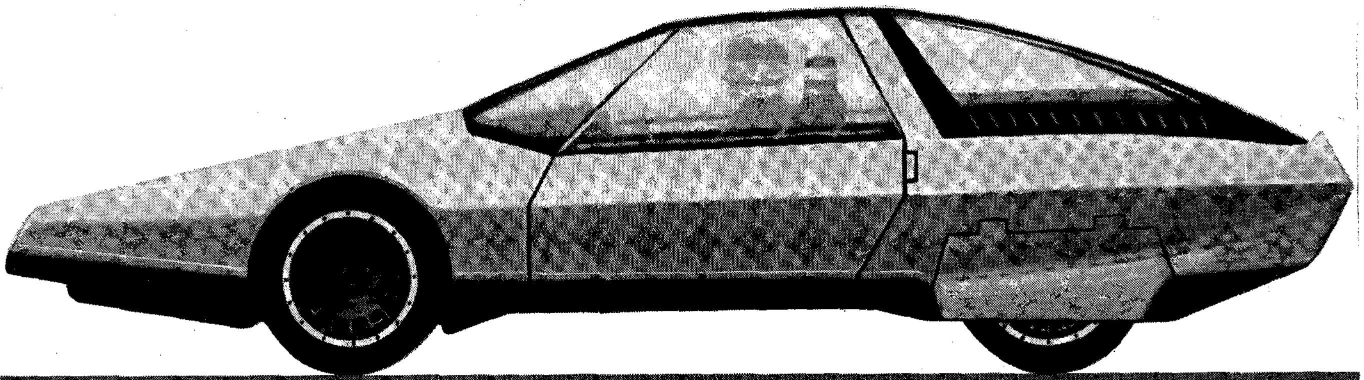

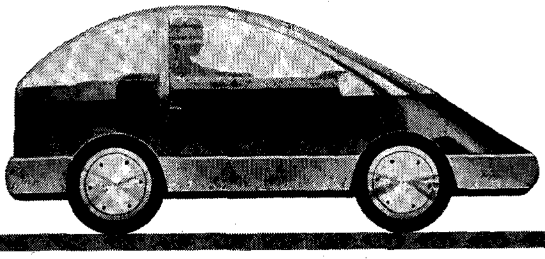

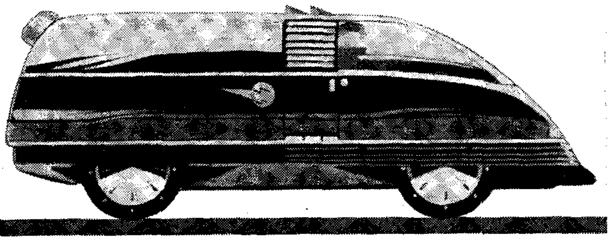

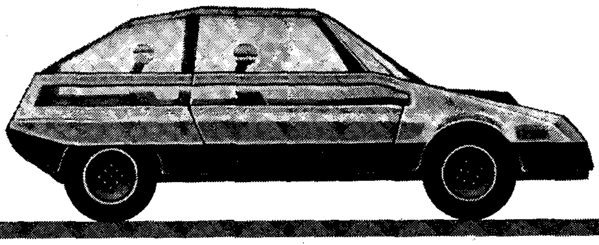

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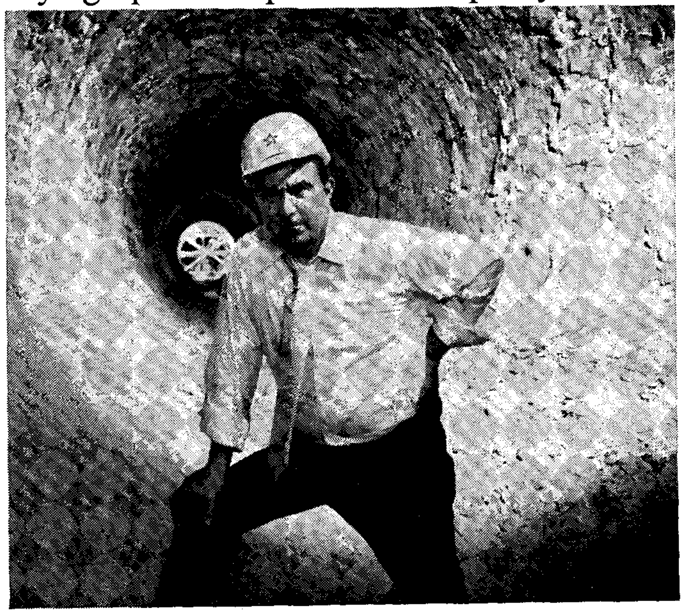

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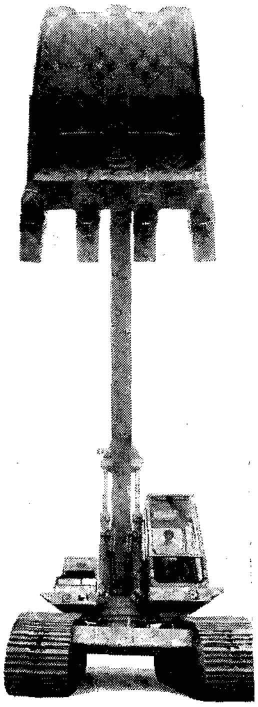

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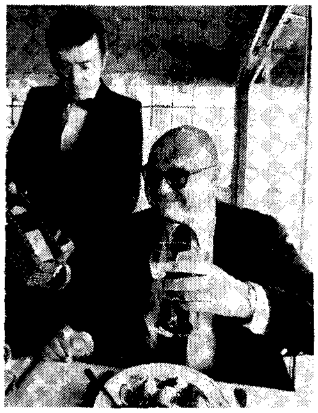

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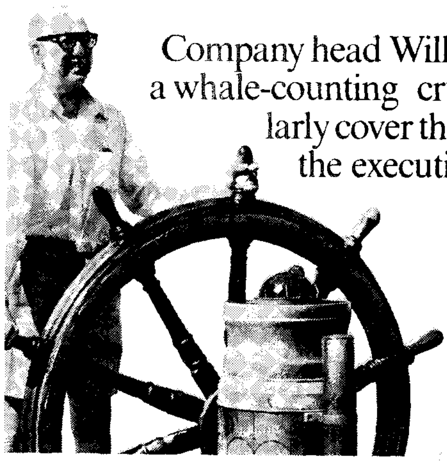

Company head William Blaney on a whale-counting cruise. We regularly cover the leisure side of the executive life.

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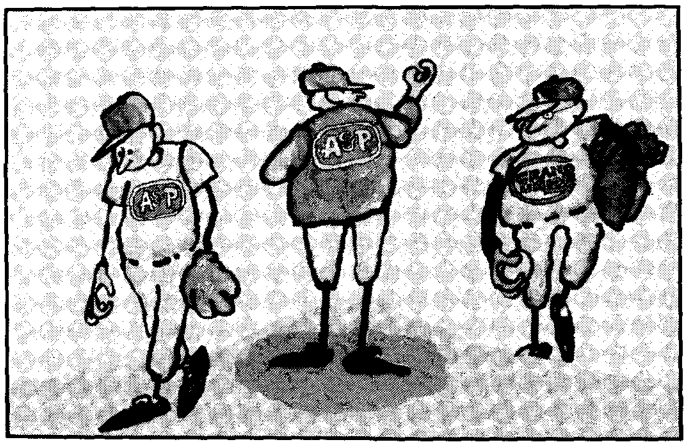

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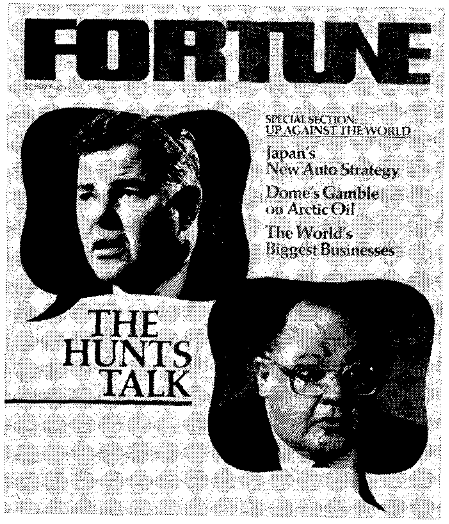

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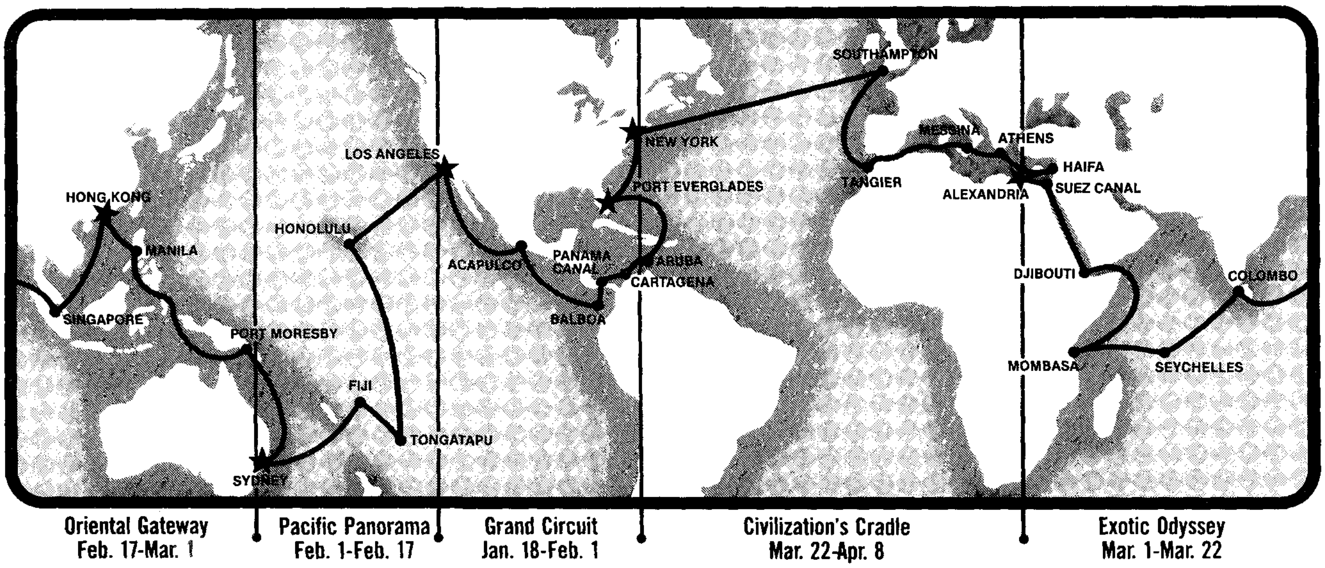
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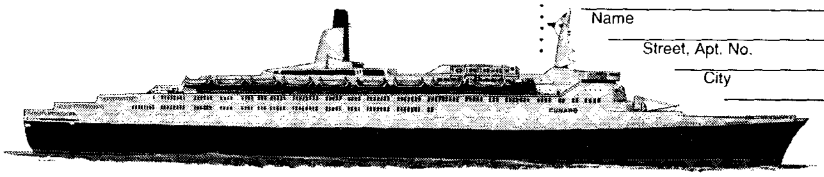

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN 1969, when "The Selling of the President," by Joe McGinniss, was published, showing that Richard Nixon had used Madison Avenue advertising techniques to the full in his recent election campaign, the book was regarded as an exposé. That is to say, both people within the Nixon campaign, who had gone to some lengths to hide from view their efforts to engineer public opinion, and people outside, who in general still believed that there ought to be some difference between the way a product was marketed and the way a President was elected, appeared to feel that something disreputable, even shameful, had been brought to light. And not so many years before that a good part of the public had been scandalized to learn, from a book by Vance Packard, that openly advertised products were actually marketed by "hidden persuaders," who probed the secret anxieties of the consumers and designed their advertising campaigns accordingly. It's hard to recapture the atmosphere of those times, because today, in politics as in business, the techniques by which public opinion is manipulated are proudly displayed to the world. In the Presidential race this year, each campaign, far from shrouding its pollsters and assorted "media experts" in secrecy, has regaled the public with explications of its strategies and ruses. This year, each campaign has its own Joe McGinniss, on its staff, explaining the fine points of each sales technique even as it is being put into operation. David Garth, the public-relations man who now runs the campaign of John Anderson, blithely suggests to the audience on public television that as a next step in the campaign he is about to "stage media events." In an interview, James Baker, an adviser to Ronald Reagan, remarks, "Once you've created a positive base, then you can go on the attack." Patrick Caddell, President Carter's poll-taker, who, according to *Time*, "wired up" more than a hundred volunteers across the country with "a kind of emotion-revealing polygraph" that tested their reactions to Carter's and Reagan's acceptance speeches at the Party Conventions, offers the observation to a reporter that "the success of negative campaigns in American politics since 1978 has been almost unabated." He also states that Carter's greatest advantage is the incumbency, and suggests that the campaign will fully exploit the powers of the Presidency. (The hope, evidently, is to portray the office as self-perpetuating. The logic of the argument appears to be that "no one who's not had the responsibility can really understand what it's like to be the President," as it was put in a film shown at the Democratic Convention; therefore, only someone who is already President is qualified to be President in the future. This tautological approach to the office is, of course, the exact reverse of the one that Jimmy Carter followed in 1976, when he argued that only someone from "outside Washington" would be able to clean up the mess there.) Tim Kraft, who until recently was Carter's national campaign manager, says, "Pat is at the very core of the operation." And Caddell himself says, "The surveys are the driving engine of the campaign."

In a development parallel to the emergence of public-relations men as public figures in their own right, speech writers, who were once called "ghost writers," have also been stepping forward into the limelight recently to take credit for their efforts. From time to time, they make it known that some perfectly good speech of theirs—one that was presumably cleared for utterance by the pollsters down in the engine room—has been spoiled by the candidate, who, like some meddlesome copy editor, has overstepped the bounds of his role and pencilled in some ideas of his own at the last minute. The result is often a momentary hitch, or "blunder," in the smooth process by which the public's own opinions are being recycled back to it. It was through presumption of this sort that Reagan, who by all accounts really does regard the American venture in Vietnam as having been "noble," managed to air that opinion in a speech. For that and a few other excursions into thoughts of his own, he was immediately disciplined—kept, as far as possible, from talking to reporters.

On the face of it, a campaign that explains its techniques of manipulation in public interviews before putting them into practice might seem self-defeating, like a magician who explains his tricks to the audience before performing them. But by adopting that procedure a campaign employs a subtle

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form of flattery, since it may well be pleasing to the voters to know that their opinions and passing moods are being almost slavishly catered to by some of the most powerful people in the country. Is the public discouraged? Is it suffering from malaise? Is it unable to go to the movies as often as it used to? Are its expectations of personal fulfillment a little lower in 1980 than they were in 1979? Would Catholics under thirty-five who make more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year and support Anderson be more inclined to support Reagan if he took a stronger stand against school busing? The candidates are listening, with their emotion-revealing polygraphs, and adjusting. The public is also flattered by being let in on the secret of how its views are being molded. Having read that President Carter's reëlection strategy is to exploit his incumbency, the public can now watch his ads with a knowing eye and decide for itself how skillful the image-makers are. In one ad, for instance, we see Carter working "alone" in the Oval Office, late at night. While we sleep, the ad seems to suggest, he stands guard over us. He looks weary, almost haggard. The shot, taken from outside the window, is softly lit and a little grainy, as though the camera, too, were tired from staying up so late. A soft voice says, "For the President, the responsibility of the office never ends." In this exercise, the image-makers seem to be saying to the voter, "Suppose that somewhere there might be someone who hadn't read any of the incessant interviews with our back-room strategists, and therefore took our ad straight. Would it convince him of Jimmy Carter's 'Presidential' qualities? Have we demonstrated our skill in putting our man across? If so, return us to the White House." If you cannot admire the candidate himself, they seem to be saying, then perhaps *you* can at least admire the elaborate devices with which we are trying to befuddle your judgment.

BILL EVANS, who died recently, at the age of fifty-one, was a tall, stoop-shouldered man whose arms, when he stood up away from the piano, hung awkwardly, as if he didn't know what to do with them, or as if he were forever wearing a brand-new suit his mother had told him not to get wrinkled. He had a pale, rather boyish face, whose delicate features seemed, at a distance, almost masklike. In later years, he wore a beard, which changed his appearance drastically but, if anything, only added to the feeling that from the beginning he had somehow been slightly in disguise. A certain shyness, which he attributed to a childhood spent mostly in the company of adults, made it difficult for him to speak freely with people he did not know well. Perhaps because of that, his public manner was modest, almost self-deprecating, as if to assure everyone that his quietness was not pride. He was said to subsist largely on peanut-butter sandwiches and milk, and never to practice. He learned to sight-read in his boyhood, and spent his teens playing Bach, Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, and everything else he could get hold of. He apparently roamed through the piano literature without a specific plan, simply moving from one piece to the next according to how the sheet music was piled up on the floor next to his parents' piano. His relationship to the instrument must have been formed by this omnivorous browsing, and when he came to jazz, he came well prepared. He drew from everywhere, and a remarkable style emerged, with which, over the years, he seemed able to purify the elements of jazz, rearrange them, and present them in a fresh order. He lived long enough to witness the arrival of a whole generation of jazz pianists whose music paid homage to his. He seemed simultaneously embarrassed and gratified by their attention. When he received a compliment, he would smile, bow his head, and shake it slowly.

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New

AT a luncheon, at the Regency Hotel, in honor of Cyd Charisse, the dancer and actress, because her legs were the first pair of legs to be elected to the newly established publicity abstraction called the Hall of Fame for Famous Legs, two women said these things to each other:

FIRST WOMAN: Men don't know how to talk to each other. Men will go out and they will play a game of tennis and they will have a drink, but they don't know how to touch. They don't know how to get into their emotions.

SECOND WOMAN: Yes.

FIRST WOMAN: I feel sorry for men.

I look at them and they look so helpless, and I think, God!

Second Woman: Yes.

First Woman: I think things are changing little by little, though. I think among a few men there is beginning to be some loosening up.

Second Woman: Yes.

First Woman: I was talking to the designer Emanuel Ungaro the other day, and I asked him, because he is a Frenchman, who of the men he knew in America today he would say represented this new kind of attitude in American men. I mean men who are beginning to seem more open about themselves, about the problems men have getting through in the world, about how they really deal with their feelings. And you know what he said? He said that the only man he could think of was Alan Alda. And you know what? I had to agree with him.

Second Woman: Yes.

First Woman: Alan Alda is a very interesting man. Did you know he was named Man of the Year? I have heard him talk on television shows about his life. He is very sensitive to the needs of women—especially women in a marriage situation. You know, he is the star of a TV show and he has to work in Hollywood, but he makes sure that every weekend he gets home to New Jersey and sees his wife and his children, and he and his wife talk to each other every day. And I don't know if you know that he is a very good-looking man. But that's it—he doesn't let his good looks go to his head. He's still regular, he still wants to go home to his wife, he still wants to see his children. I think that will be part of being the new type of man we'll be seeing. I think that men will know that they are good-looking and they will just go beyond it, you know—not try to use it like some kind of weapon. Then they can get into other areas, other things.

Second Woman: Yes.

First Woman: Are you married?

Second Woman: Yes.

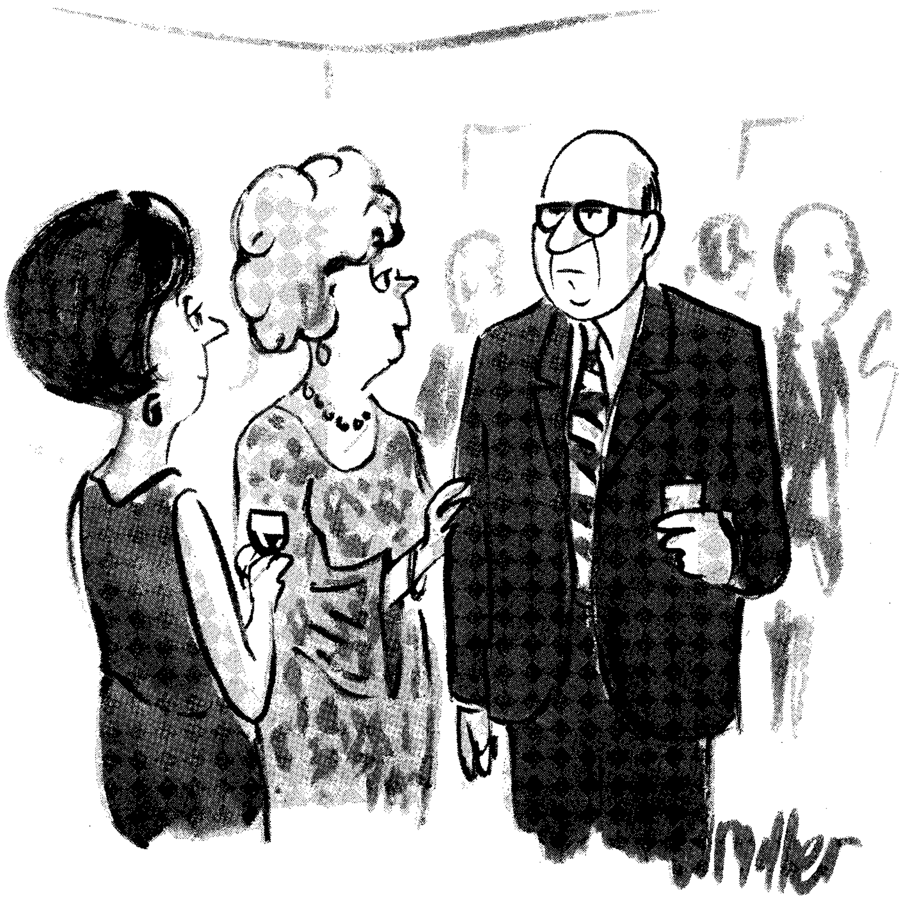
First Woman: Then you know what I am talking about?

Second Woman: No.

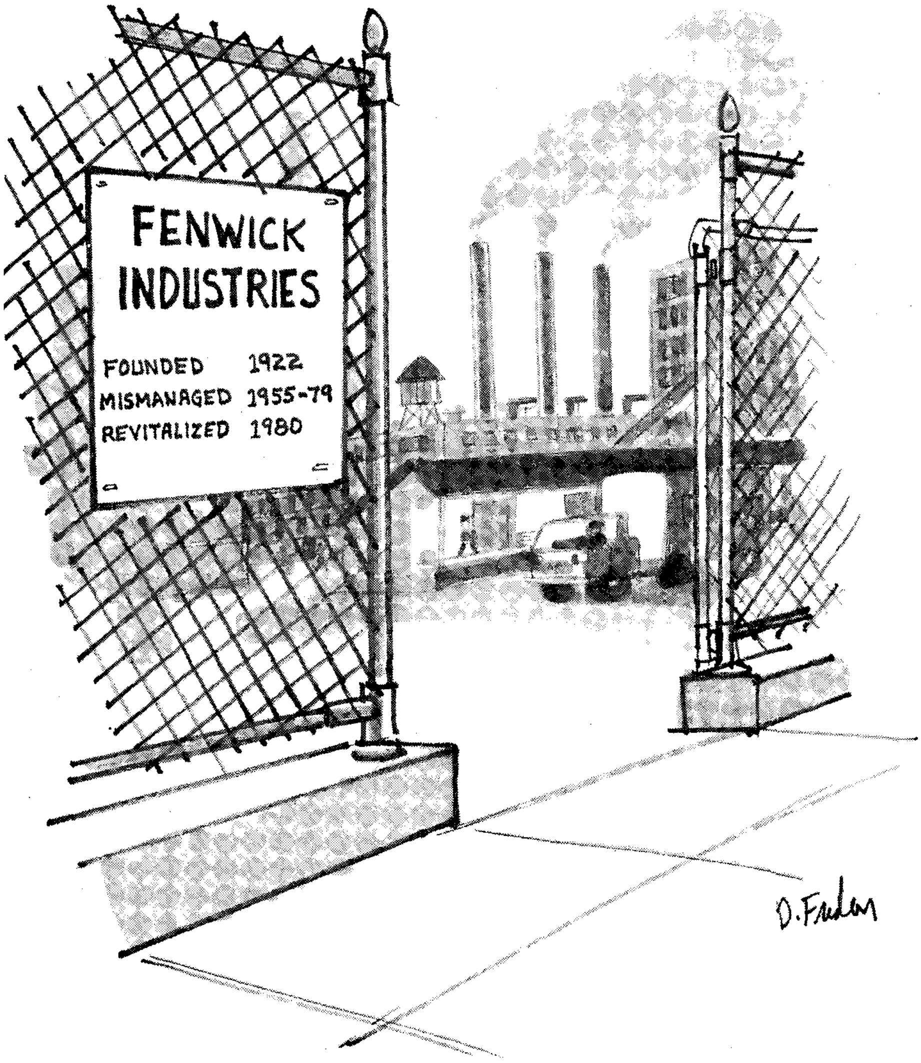
The Accident

UP along Highway 65 north of Little Rock, Arkansas, beyond Pickles Gap and Greenbrier and about seven miles south of Bee Branch, the tiny hamlet of Damascus, population two hundred and fifty-five, straddles the road. Stringer's Feed Mill, at the edge of town, has a bankruptcy notice on its closed front door—one of many indications of how badly the small farmers in the foothills of the Ozarks are faring after a summer of punishing drought. At 3:01 A.M. on Friday, September 19th, in the middle of the parched farmland about four miles north of Damascus, a United States Air Force Titan II missile exploded, killing Air Force Sergeant David Livingston and injuring twenty-one other airmen. Fourteen hundred people in the neighboring region were evacuated from their homes in the middle of the night—an episode that has abruptly shifted the focus of public concern in Damascus, Bee Branch, and other nearby communities. Instead of worrying about nature's threat to their livelihood, local residents are now worrying about the threat that the eighteen Titan II missiles based in north-central Arkansas pose to their lives.

"We're surrounded," one local farmer told us when we visited Damascus a few days after the accident. "Until the accident, people just hadn't been aware of how heavily armed the state is. Now I know that if there was a nuclear war I'd be the target." The missile silos had been an accepted fact of life, residents explained—just a set of dull-gray landmarks that were separated from the pastures by tall fences topped with barbed wire—and what the silos contained, and what they were for, few had questioned. This local apathy has now been supplanted by vehement criticism of the Air Force. Much of the criticism is aimed at the inadequate care that the Air Force has taken of the missiles, which has resulted in a number of hazardous fuel leaks, like the one that apparently caused the explosion. Some of the criticism, however, goes beyond narrow technical concerns, and involves, in effect, a challenge to the over-all policy of relying on land-based missiles in America's midst as a mainstay of our defense. "We want the blooming things moved out!" a middle-aged woman practically shouted as a group of residents caucused outside the Methodist Church in Damascus on the Sunday morning following the accident. An elderly farmer added, "We want the



"Pam thinks you're all seriousness. Say something with that little twinkle of yours."



missile base so far away that it would take a dollar to send a postcard to it."

Besides stopping to listen to this discussion, we visited other local gathering spots, and nowhere did we find the talk livelier than at Kitty's Restaurant ("Truckers Welcome—Homemade Biscuits and Gravy"), which sits beside the highway in Bee Branch. Its owner, Kitty Murdock, told us that her family was from the area and that she had grown up in California but had moved here two years ago, so that she could bring up her thirteen-year-old daughter in the country "and away from drugs." Until the accident, she had not been aware of the hazards of the Titan missiles. We watched Kitty greet patrons as they entered her restaurant. Instead of saying hello, she asked each one, "Where'd you evacuate to?" After listening to several evacuation stories and giving each of the customers a generous slice of homemade pie—apple, pecan, peach, or raisin—Kitty led a down-home nuclear-policy review. "I'm no nuclear physicist," she said, "but I'm smart enough to ask some questions." The Air Force, she complained, "treats us like a bunch of morons, like we're subhuman—so that if they tell us the truth we'll panic." Kitty referred to one salient fact she had only just gleaned from the local newspapers: that the Titan II missile carried a nine-megaton thermonuclear warhead, which was some seven hundred times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb. "I wasn't aware before that they were so big," she said, in amazement. "I don't want Russia to take over, we should defend our country, but do we need these missiles seven hundred times as big as Hiroshima? How many times do we need to kill the Russians? It seems like we're going after an ant with a baseball bat. Why do we have to do that when a flyswatter would do just as well?"

Opinion on this matter was divided. One customer, who said he had worked on the construction of the Titan silos, declared that he was "for the missile bases one hundred per cent," because they were "the best thing that ever hit Arkansas economically."

Kitty demurred, saying she resented all the money that was being spent on these weapons. "I really work very hard for my money," she said. "The people around here work real hard. I don't like this money being squandered."

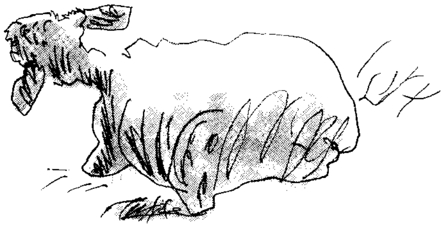
The discussion in Kitty's restaurant went on for an hour or more, and as we listened we began to realize how exceptional it was—how rarely we had encountered any kind of open public dialogue on national policy relating to nuclear weapons. Psychologists say that most Americans would rather not dwell on the distressing subject of nuclear weapons, and so do not face up to the complex, abstract questions concerning nuclear-weapons policy. But here, in the Bible Belt and the stronghold of conservative politics, we heard our fellow-citizens discussing whether this country might do better without Titan missiles, the largest and most powerful missiles in its nuclear arsenal. We asked many of the people we talked with how they would feel about it if the United States phased out its land-based missiles and placed increased reliance on the missiles carried by its nuclear submarines—a policy that some arms-control experts believe might provide a way of maintaining a suitable nuclear deterrent without making the continental United States so much of a military target—and we found broad support for that policy. "Sometimes you feel they're numbskulls," Kitty said, nodding toward a table where some of the country people were continuing to talk about the explosion, "but they know how to think just as well as anybody else."

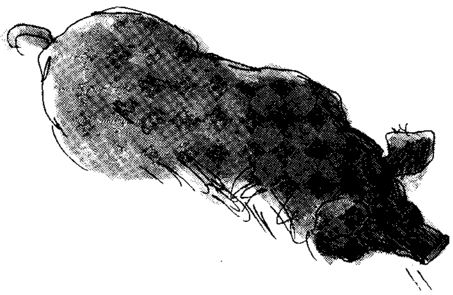
TO OUR READERS

With our issue of October 13th, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* will be raised to $1.25.

Guilford Fair

"THE tan ones are Jerseys, the brown-and-white are Guernseys, the black-and-white are Holsteins," said a young girl sitting on a bale of hay under an open tent full of tethered cows. "Those are Herefords. That's a Brown Swiss. There's a red-



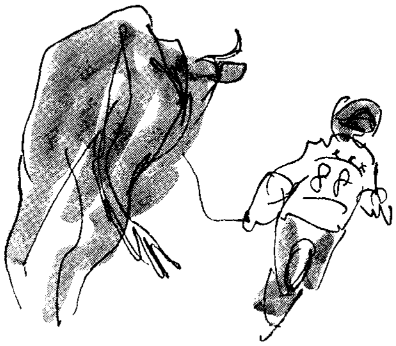


and-white Holstein” Nearby, a boy was giving a calf a pail of feed. The calf's nose was thumping around inside the pail. A woman was trying to hold back a neighboring calf who was equally interested in dining. The woman leaned her back against its flank, digging her heels into the straw-covered earth. Again among country people, we were part of a stream of adults and children—visitors to the annual Guilford, Connecticut, Fair—strolling through the array of cattle, patting them, stroking their ears. Out of the bright afternoon sunlight, the cows' hides glowed—dark honey; shoe-polish black on cream; warm brick red—but the cows' expressions were remote, as if the cows were trying to remember something. Goats, in an adjacent tent, were restless and inquisitive; sheep and lambs were serene and oblivious; the pigs—peppered with flies—were all asleep. There were also tents dedicated to poultry, fruits and vegetables, flowers, needlework, and other things. Beyond, in a carnival section, were rides, games, displays, and attractions such as the Haunted House and

GIANT SNAKES
(one of)
THE WORLD'S LARGEST PYTHONS.

A country-and-Western band was performing in the distance. A horse show was under way, and the Horse Draw was about to begin.

The fair is a big one, a three-day affair, held on a huge field within view of Long Island Sound. We went in and out of tents, paying our respects to turkeys, rabbits, needlepoint, chickens, zucchini, geese, and melons.



A boy in an 88 football jersey was running across a field leading a Brown Swiss bull on a rope and yelling commands such as “Hi! Hi! Hi!” Next to a truck stood the biggest horse we have ever seen—a monstrous black workhorse with a brutish face and slit eyes. All the qualities usually associated with horses—speed, grace, beauty—were missing; there was only power. Every fair should have at least one astonishment, and we gaped at the mammoth creature, awed and thoughtful, getting our money's worth. (Admission to the Guilford Fair is two dollars.) Not far away, in the shade of a converted school bus, a couple of Holstein steers were taking their ease. “That's Dick, and that's Dan,” a short man standing by them told us proudly.

His wife, in a white T-shirt, joined us. “They're twins,” she said.

A near-capacity crowd was occupying the green bleachers outside the farm-animal tents where the Horse Draw was held. We managed to find a seat high up, in front of some silent, heavy-faced farmers who were keeping score with stubby pencils. The idea of the contest was how much weight a team of horses could draw six feet. The horses pulled wooden sleds, called stone boats, loaded with blocks of concrete. Each team had three tries at every weight load. A team would enter the clay-pit arena with three farmers running behind it, shouting, shoving, and cajoling as they tried to back the team up to the stone boat. Attaching the team to the stone boat was frustrating and dangerous. There was whinnying and snorting, the screeching and clanging of metal, the pounding of hooves. There were horses rearing up and bolting, and sweating men cursing and flailing at the flanks. It was not clear who was enjoying what. When a team at last managed to pull the stone boat, it usually travelled two or three feet. Then a huge wheel-loader pulled it back to the starting line. After it was over, we asked one of the farmers how the teams' harnesses were attached to the stone boat. “The whiffletrees come back from the hames to the evener bar and there's an iron U-bolt loop that goes on the stone-boat hook,” he explained.

“How much did they finally pull?” we inquired.

“Ninety-five hundred pounds.”

“That's a lot,” we said appreciatively.

“Nope,” he said. “Next week, at Durham, they'll be pulling twenty-five thousand pounds.”

STILL OF SOME USE

When Foster helped his ex-wife clean out the attic of the house where they had once lived and which she was now selling, they came across dozens of forgotten, broken games. Parcheesi, Monopoly, Lotto; games aping the strategies of the stock market, of crime detection, of real-estate speculation, of international diplomacy and war; games with spinners, dice, lettered tiles, cardboard spacemen, and plastic battleships; games bought in five-and-tens and department stores feverish and musical with Christmas expectations; games enjoyed on the afternoon of a birthday and for a few afternoons thereafter and then allowed, shy of one or two pieces, to drift into closets and toward the attic. Yet, discovered in their bright flat boxes between trunks of outgrown clothes and defunct appliances, the games presented a forceful semblance of value: the springs of their miniature launchers still reacted, the logic of their instructions would still generate suspense, given a chance.

"What shall we do with all these games?" Foster shouted, in a kind of agony, to his scattered family as they moved up and down the attic stairs.

"Trash 'em," his younger son, a strapping nineteen, urged.

"Would the Goodwill want them?" asked his ex-wife, still wife enough to think that all of his questions deserved answers. "You used to be able to give things like that to orphanages. But they don't call them orphanages anymore, do they?"

"They call them normal American homes," Foster said.

His older son, now twenty-two, with a cinnamon-colored beard, offered, "They wouldn't work anyhow; they all have something missing. That's how they got to the attic."

"Well, why didn't we throw them away at the time?" Foster asked, and had to answer himself. Cowardice, the answer was. Inertia. Clinging to the past.

His sons, with a shadow of old obedience, came and looked over his shoulder at the sad wealth of abandoned playthings, silently groping with him for the particular happy day connected to this and that pattern of coded squares and colored arrows. Their lives had touched these tokens and counters once; excitement had flowed along the paths of these stylized landscapes. But the day was gone, and scarcely a memory remained.

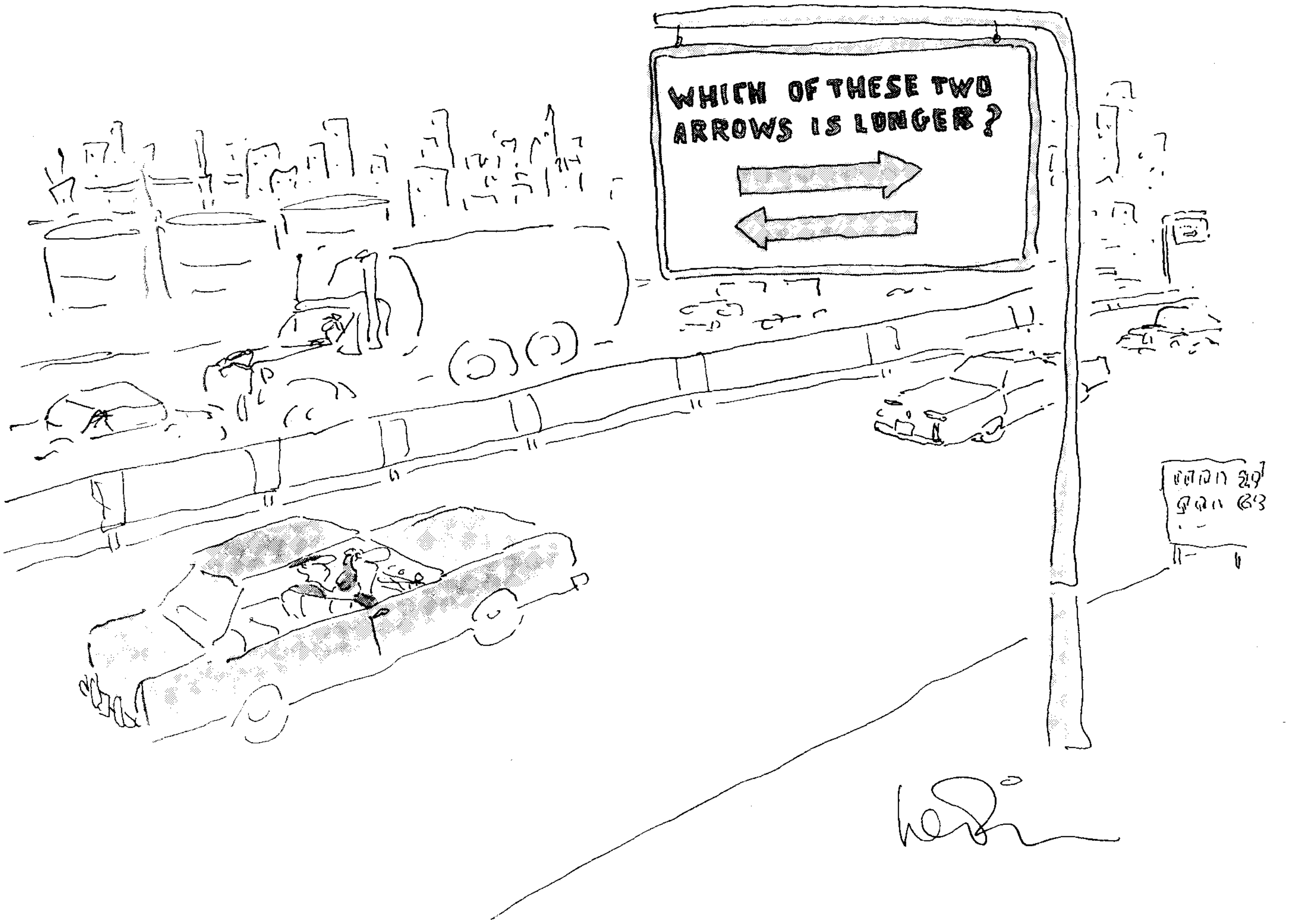
Peasants

"Toss 'em," the younger decreed, in his manly voice. For these days of cleaning out, the boy had borrowed a pickup truck from a friend and parked it on the lawn beneath the attic window, so the smaller items of discard could be tossed directly into it. The bigger items were lugged down the stairs and through the front hall and out; already the truck was loaded with old mattresses, broken clock-radios, obsolete skis and boots. It was a game of sorts to hit the truck bed with objects dropped from the height of the house. Foster flipped game after game at the target two stories below. When the boxes hit, they exploded, throwing a spray of dice, tokens, counters, and cards into the air and across the lawn. A box called Mousetrap, its lid showing laughing children gathered around a Rube Goldberg device, drifted sideways, struck one side wall of the truck, and spilled its plastic components into a flower bed. As a set of something called Drag Race! floated gently as a snowflake before coming to rest, much diminished, on a stained mattress, Foster saw in the depth of downward space the cause of his melancholy: he had not played enough with these games. Now no one wanted to play.

Had he and his wife avoided divorce, of course, these boxes would have continued to gather dust in an undisturbed attic, their sorrow unexposed. The toys of his own childhood still rested in his mother's attic. At his last visit, he had wound the spring of a tin Donald Duck that had responded with an angry clack of its bill and a few stiff strokes on its drum. A tin shield with concentric grooves for marbles still waited in a bushel basket with his alphabet blocks and lead airplanes—waited for his childhood to return.

His ex-wife paused where he squatted at the attic window and asked him, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. These games weren't used much."


WHICH OF THESE TWO ARROWS IS LONGER?

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"I know. It happens fast. You better stop now; it's making you too sad."

Behind him, his family had cleaned out the attic; the slant-ceilinged rooms stood empty, with drooping insulation. "How can you bear it?" he asked her, of the emptiness.

"Oh, it's fun, once you get into it. Off with the old, on with the new. The new people seem nice. They have little children."

He looked at her and wondered if she was being brave or truly hard-hearted. The attic trembled slightly. "That's Ted," she said.

She had acquired a boyfriend, a big athletic banker fleeing from domestic embarrassments in a neighboring town. When Ted slammed the kitchen door two stories below, the glass shade of a kerosene lamp that, though long unused, Foster hadn't had the heart to throw out of the window vibrated in its copper clips, emitting a thin note like a trapped wasp's song. Time to go. Foster's dusty knees creaked when he stood. His ex-wife's eager steps raced ahead of him down through the emptied house. He followed, carrying the lamp, and set it finally on the bare top of a bookcase he had once built, on the first-floor landing. He remembered screwing the top board, a prize piece of knot-free pine, into place from underneath, so not a nailhead marred its smoothness.

After all the vacant rooms and halls, the kitchen seemed indecently full of heat and life. "Dad, want a beer?" the red-bearded son asked. "Ted brought some." The back of the boy's hand, holding forth the dewy can, blazed with fine ginger hairs. His girlfriend, wearing gypsy earrings and a "No Nukes" sweatshirt, leaned against the disconnected stove, her hair in a bandanna and a black smirch becomingly placed on one temple. From the kind way she smiled at Foster, he felt this party was making room for him.

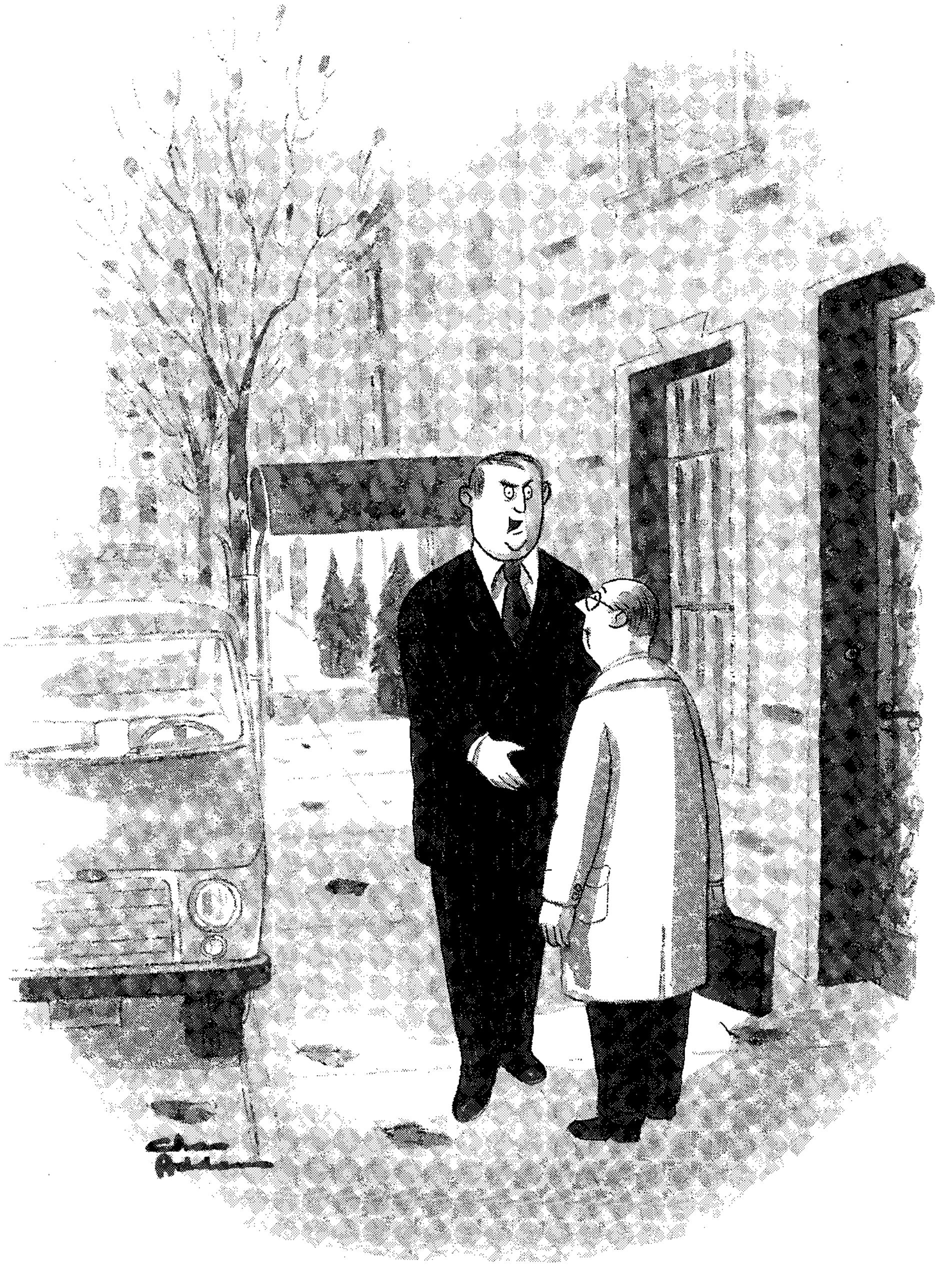
"No, I better go."

Ted shook Foster's hand, as he always did. He had a thin pink skin and silver hair whose fluffy waves seemed mechanically induced. Foster could look him in the eye no longer than he could gaze at the sun. He wondered how such a radiant brute had got into such a tame line of work. Ted had not helped with the attic today because he had been off in his old town, visiting his teen-age twins. "I hear you did a splendid job today," he announced.

"They did," Foster said. "I wasn't much use. I just sat there stunned. All those things I had forgotten buying."

"Some were presents," his son reminded him. He passed the can his father had snubbed to his mother, who took it and tore up the tab with that defiant-sounding *pssff*. She had never liked beer, yet tipped the can to her mouth.

"Give me one sip," Foster begged, and took the can from her and drank a long swallow. When he opened his eyes, Ted's big hand was cupped under Mrs. Foster's chin while his thumb rubbed away a smudge of dirt along her jaw which Foster had not noticed. This protective gesture made her face look small, pouty, frail, and somehow parched. Ted, Foster noticed now, was dressed with a certain comical perfec-



"Hi! I'm Big Brother, and I'm running for President in '84."

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tion in a banker's Saturday outfit—softened bluejeans, crisp tennis sneakers, lumberjack shirt with cuffs folded back. The youthful outfit accented his age, his hypertensive flush. Foster saw them suddenly as a touching, aging couple, and this perception seemed permission to go.

He handed back the can.

"Thanks for your help," his former wife said.

"Yes, we do thank you," Ted said.

"Talk to Tommy," she unexpectedly added. She was still sending out trip wires to slow his departures. "This is harder on him than he shows."

Ted looked at his watch, a fat, black-faced thing he could swim underwater with. "I said to him coming in, 'Don't dawdle till the dump closes.' "

"He loafed all day," his brother complained, "mooning over old stuff, and now he's going to screw up getting to the dump."

"He's very sensi-tive," the visiting gypsy said, with a strange chiming brightness, as if repeating something she had heard.

OUTSIDE, the boy was picking up litter that had fallen wide of the truck. Foster helped him. In the grass there were dozens of tokens and dice. Some were engraved with curious little faces—Olive Oyl, Snuffy Smith, Dagwood—and others with hieroglyphs—numbers, diamonds, spades, hexagons—whose code was lost. He held out a handful for Tommy to see. "Can you remember what these were for?"

"Comic-Strip Lotto," the boy said without hesitation. "And a game called Gambling Fools there was a kind of slot machine for." The light of old chances and payoffs flickered in his eyes as he gazed down at the rubble in his father's hand. Though Foster was taller, the boy was broader in the shoulders, and growing. "Want to ride with me to the dump?" Tommy asked.

"I would, but I better go." He, too, had a new life to lead. By being on this forsaken property at all, Foster was in a sense on the wrong square, if not *en prise*. Once, he had begun to teach this boy chess, but in the sadness of watching him lose—the little bowed head frowning above his trapped king—the lessons had stopped.

Foster tossed the tokens into the truck; they rattled to rest on the metal. "This depress you?" he asked his son.

"Naa." The boy amended, "Kind of."

"You'll feel great," Foster promised him, "coming back with a clean truck. I used to love it at the dump, all that old happiness heaped up, and the seagulls."

"It's changed since you left. They have all these new rules. The lady there yelled at me last time, for putting stuff in the wrong place."

"She did?"

"Yeah. It was scary." Seeing his father waver, he added, "It'll only take twenty minutes." Though broad of build, Tommy had beardless cheeks and, between thickening eyebrows, a trace of that rounded, faintly baffled blankness babies have, that wrinkles before they cry.

"O.K.," Foster said, greatly lightened. "I'll protect you."

—John Updike

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It's surprising in this era when such programs dominate the airwaves that the art of conversation has reached such a low ebb. You actually thirst to hear someone who can manipulate the English language in such a way that it becomes an oral magnate that keeps you riveted to your television set. Such a man is Burton.—*Kay Gardella in the News.*

And Lee Iacocca.

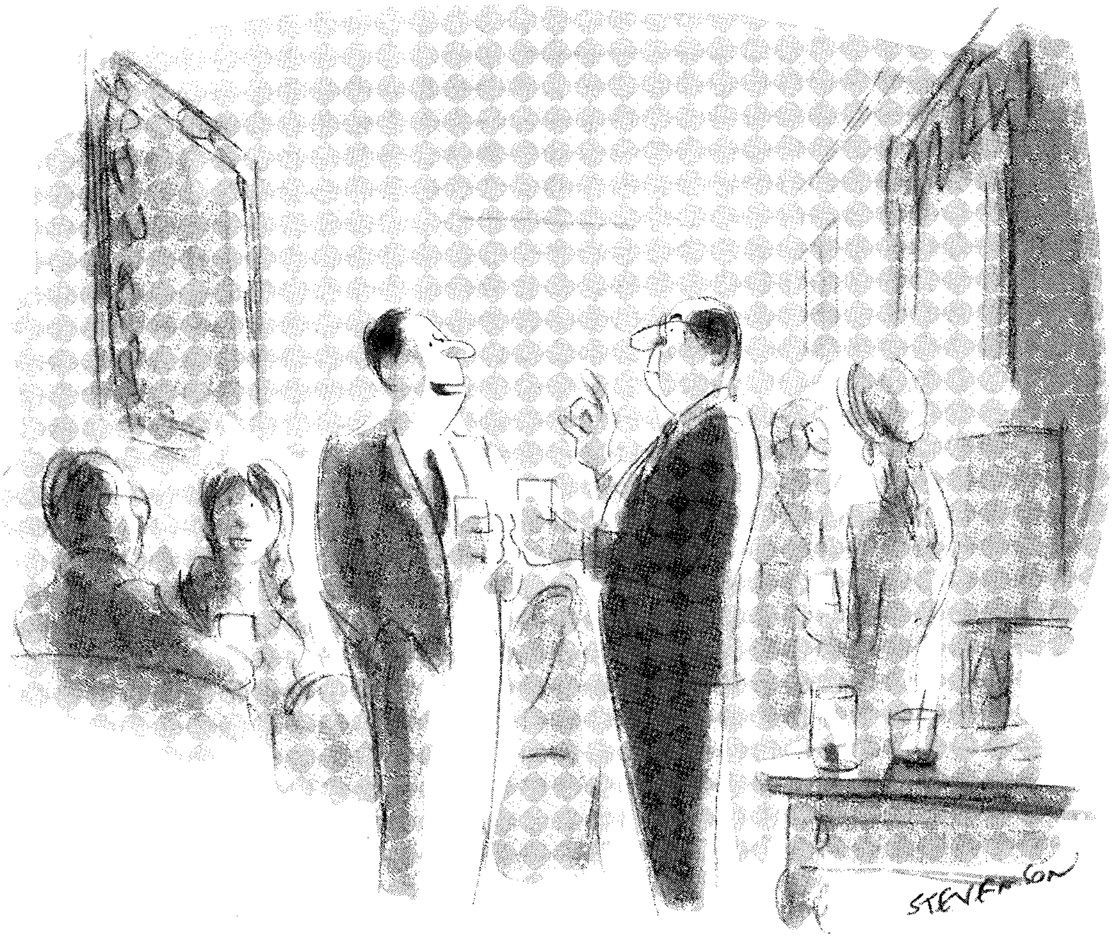
MOON AND MADNESS

OUTSIDE, a thick snow was falling. It had begun at dawn and continued all day long and into the early evening. Then a frost set in. In the Radzymin study house it was warm. A pair of beggars with ropes around their loins sat by the oven roasting potatoes. Jeremiah, an old man, was reciting psalms. He had gone blind but had managed to learn the Book of Psalms by heart. At a long table across from the Ark of the Holy Scroll sat Zalman the Glazier, Levi Yitzchok, who suffered from trachoma and wore dark glasses even at night, and Meir the Eunuch, a Cabalist, who was known to be sane for half the month and insane the other half, after the moon became full. The conversation turned to pity, and Zalman the Glazier said:

"Of course, pity is virtuous, but too much of it can do damage. Not far from our town of Radoszyce lived a Polish squire, Count Jan Malecki, the owner of big estates. Long before the czar had decreed the serfs to be free, the Count called all his peasants to a meeting and said to them, 'The earth belongs not to me but to those who work it. You're not my slaves anymore. Elect an elder and divide the grounds among yourselves.' I can see this Malecki before my eyes—a big man, fat, with a red face and with a blond mustache that reached almost to his shoulders. He had no children, but his wife, the squiress, had five sisters and two brothers. They each had many children and Malecki provided for the whole impoverished family. It is peculiar that although he freed the peasants, Malecki himself worked the fields—plowed, sowed, and harvested. He had acquired a machine to cut straw, which he mixed with hay for feeding cattle. He could stand for hours at this machine working like a hired hand, while his brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law and their brats walked around idly, dressed up as if they were going to a ball. Once, his court Jew, Zelig, asked him what was the sense of allowing the others to behave this way and Malecki answered, 'Every man should do what he wants. I like to carry the burden, so I carry it. They like to be idle, so they should be.' By the way, all of Malecki's relatives indulged in quarrels and calumny. The young ones also stole. His nephews got drunk, walked around with pistols; they went hunting in the Count's forests and sometimes aimed at one another. The girls played the piano and went to parties. The people in Radoszyce gave the Count a nickname—Jan Schmatte, which means 'rag.'

"Since he was not a rebel and never quarrelled with anyone, the Russians held no grudge against him and made him the judge of Radoszyce and the whole county. He refused to take a salary. I am told that on the day he became judge the thieves held a banquet. They knew that Malecki would never put anyone in prison. And so it was. When they brought him a thief who defended himself by claiming that his boots were torn, he had a headache, he was penniless, Malecki not only let him go free but gave him a few rubles as well. He was satisfied with a promise from the accused to become honest from that day on. The thugs and pickpockets had something to laugh about.

"There was a man in Radoszyce by the name of Maciek Sokal, and they called him the Lawyer. He was as much a lawyer as I am a doctor. He could barely read. Just the same, whenever someone was on trial he would engage Sokal as a defender. Sokal himself was a swindler, a drunk, a low creature. Before he began to appear in court as a defender, he was known as Sokal the Year-Round Witness. For anyone accused of a crime, he would invent an alibi, come as a witness, and swear falsely. Sokal knew that Malecki was gullible and he taught the criminals how to fool him. Things reached such a state that



"If this is a threefold answer, let's just forget it."

thieves began to come to Radoszyce from other villages.

"Yes, it soon came out that Malecki had created a lot of trouble with his leniency. The storekeepers in Radoszyce *did not sleep nights.* They hired a watchman to guard their stores with a stick and a rattle, but the toughs beat him up and he lay sick in the poorhouse for weeks. They began to steal horses in the surrounding villages. When the peasants caught a thief and brought him into Radoszyce, Malecki immediately freed him. Some merchants were robbed so often that they sold their stores for a song and moved to other towns. Others left for America. The peasants began to say there was only one way out—to get rid of Malecki. But the Russians were on his side. What did they care if Polish peasants suffered? People maintained that because of Sokal's shrewdness and Malecki's pity life had become more miserable than ever.

"Not far from Radoszyce was a hamlet by the name of Bojary. There was a rascal there named Wojtek—a drunk, a murderer, a thief, a rapist. He had no father. His mother bore him from a wandering gypsy. He began to steal when he was five years old. After some time his mother died and Wojtek became a *parobek*, a field hand for a peasant who had acquired land of his own. This Wojtek used to come to the weekly fair at Radoszyce every Thursday, and he always created a scandal. He went into a store to buy a cap or a jacket and then refused to pay for it. He got drunk in the tavern, beat up the peasants, broke windowpanes, turned over tables and benches. He was known as an arsonist. Whenever he had a fight with somebody, he set fire to his house. Everyone knew about it. But when he was arrested and brought to trial there were never any witnesses against him.

"In Bojary there also lived a peasant, Stach Skiba, and he had a daughter, Stasia—a healthy lass, a good worker, able at home and in the fields. She had no mother. Many of the boys wanted her for a wife and came to her with gifts. More than anybody else, Wojtek ran after her. But the girl said to him, 'Sausage is not for a dog.' He threatened to stab her as well as her father and any man she married. But peasants are not easily frightened. Stasia finally got betrothed to a strong peasant boy, Stefan, and he told Wojtek that if he ever said a bad word to his fiancée he would break his neck. After a while there was a wedding, and all the peasants came to Stach Skiba's hut and they ate, drank, danced. In the middle of the celebration a scream and a lament broke out. The house had caught fire on all sides. Some of those who tried to push their way out through the narrow door were trampled to death. Somebody had

SEX

The door at twilight,
in summer.
The last passing carts
of the Indians,
a wavering light
and the smoke
of forest fires
which came as far as the streets
with the smell of red—
ash
of the distant burning.

I, in mourning,
grave,
withdrawn,
shorts,
thin legs,
knees,
and eyes on the look for
sudden treasures:
Rosita and Josefina
on the other side
of the street,
all teeth and eyes
full of light, voices
like small, concealed guitars,
calling me.
And I crossed
the street, confused,
terrified;
and hardly
had I arrived
than they whispered to me,
they took my hands,
they covered my eyes,
and they ran with me
and my innocence
to the bakehouse.

Silence of great tables, the serious
place of bread, empty of people;
and there the two of them
and I, prisoner
in the hands of
the first Rosita
and the final Josefina.
They wanted to
undress me.
I fled, trembling,
but I couldn't
run, my legs
couldn't
carry me. Then
the
enchantresses
brought out
before my eyes
a miracle:
the tiny nest
of a small wild bird
with five little eggs,
with five white grapes,
a small
cluster
of forest life,
and I reached out
my hand
while they fumbled with my clothes,
touched me,
studied with their great eyes
their first small man.

Heavy footsteps, coughing,
my father arriving
with visitors,
and we ran
deep into the dark,
the two pirates
and I, their prisoner,
huddled
among spiderwebs,
squeezed
under a table, trembling,
while the miracle,
the nest
with its small light-blue eggs,
fell and eventually the intruders' feet
crushed its shape and its fragrance.
But, with the two girls
in the dark,
and fear,
with the smell of flour,
the phantom steps,
the afternoon gradually darkening,
I felt that something was
changing
in my blood
and that to my mouth,
to my hands
was rising
an electric
flower,
the
hungry,
shining
flower
of desire.

—PABLO NERUDA
(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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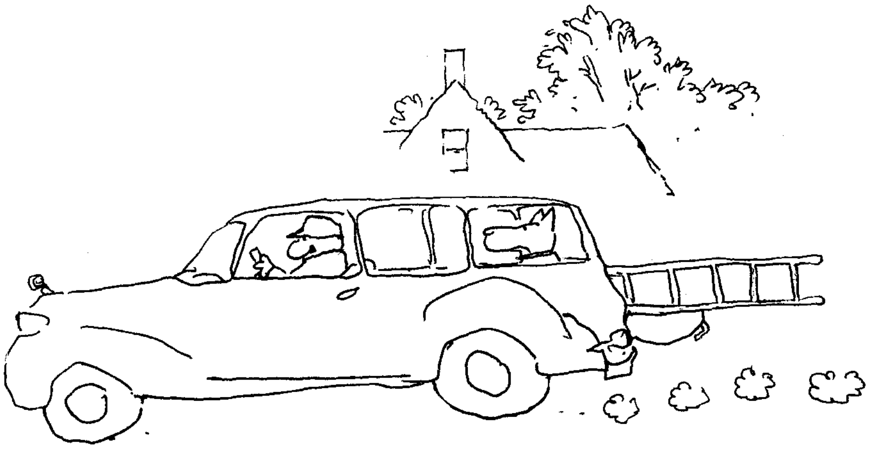
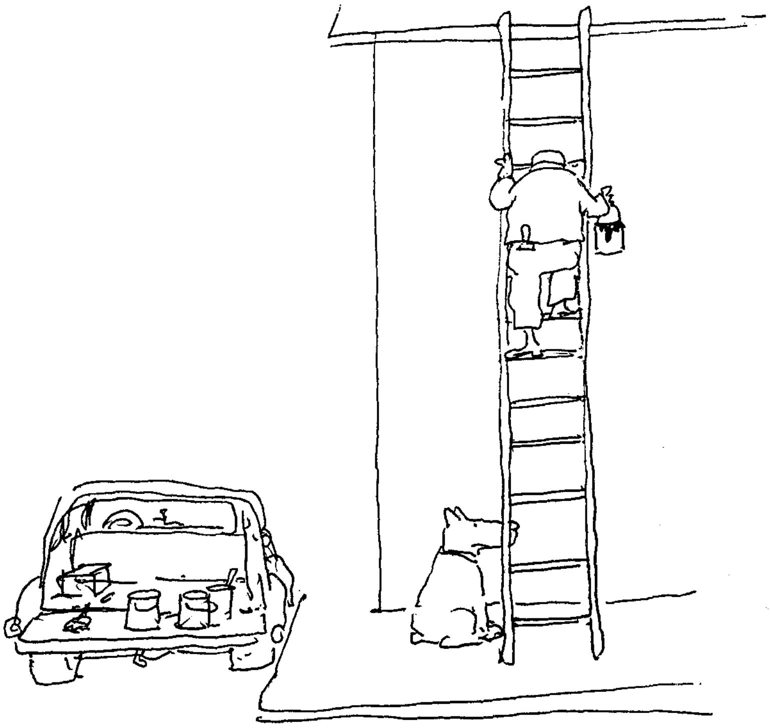
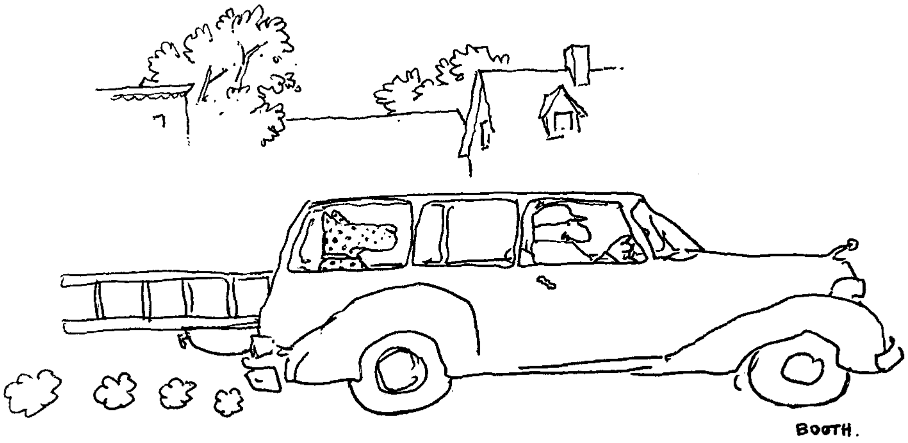
piled big stones at the threshold. Over twenty people perished in the flames, among them the bride and the bridegroom. Some others were so burned that they remained crippled for life.

"This time there was a witness. An eight-year-old girl had seen Wojtek put rocks at Skiba's door. Also, a Jewish merchant from Radoszyce named Naphtali Gorszkower told the police that on the day before the fire Wojtek had bought an oversize can of kerosene from him. The peasants caught Wojtek, beat him, and took him on a cart to Radoszyce. Immediately Sokal emerged and began to scold the peasants for hurting an innocent lad. The only policeman in town put Wojtek in jail, but Sokal went directly to Count Malecki and told him that drunken peasants had attacked an innocent boy and broken his ribs. Sokal also told Malecki that Naphtali Gorszkower had been persuaded to bear false witness by the elder of the village, who had bought salt, kerosene, and axle grease from Gorszkower. Sokal demanded that His Excellency order the release of Wojtek at once and punish those who had beaten him. Why Sokal worked so hard for Wojtek was not clear, though people said that the thieves of Radoszyce paid a weekly salary to Sokal for defending every knave in town.

"While Sokal lingered in the courthouse, where the Count was sitting in his official robes, with a cross hanging from a golden chain around his neck, doing official business, a mob of peasants gathered outside waiting for news. Suddenly the door opened and Sokal appeared waving a paper. Malecki had given him a signed order releasing Wojtek immediately and compensating him for the abuse. When the peasants saw Sokal with the paper, they went mad. They began to scream in vile voices and threw themselves on him. I am told that in less than a minute Sokal was torn to pieces. The coffinmaker, a neighbor of ours, later told us that there was little left of the body to put in the coffin. From the courthouse to the jail was only two steps. The enraged peasants broke down the door and dragged out Wojtek; someone quickly got a rope, and they hanged him on a lamppost. With the noose on his throat, he managed to call, 'Brothers, remember that I am an orphan.' And one of the peasants called back, 'You will soon stop being an orphan.'







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"When the Jews heard what was going on, they were frightened. The storekeepers in the market immediately closed their shops and everyone hid. It could easily have happened that the peasants in their fury would attack the Jews. Naphtali Gorszkower didn't even bother to close his store. He began to run and he kept on running until he reached America. I just say so. He disappeared, and his wife was considered a deserted woman. Only, a year later a letter came to her from New York. But I will make it short. One of the rabble called out, 'Let's get Malecki!' And that's all the peasants needed. They tore into the courthouse and killed the Count. All this took place in a matter of minutes.

"When the governor learned what the peasants had done, he sent a commission with a hundred Cossacks to Radoszyce, and an investigation began, which lasted months. First of all, they put the thieves in chains and sent them to the prison in Radom, or perhaps it was some other town. The merchants in Radoszyce were relieved. However, the Jews still had plenty to worry about. There were some county officials who incited the commission against them, saying that the Jews were the ones who had set fire to Stach Skiba's house and pointing out that this was the reason Naphtali Gorszkower had run away. They even put Naphtali's wife in jail for a few weeks.

"What could the Cossacks do? They rode back and forth on their small horses, waving their whips. Whoever happened to pass by on the street got whipped. About a dozen peasants in Bojary were sent to Siberia without a trial. One of them was the father of the little girl who saw Wojtek put stones before Skiba's door. He was accused of making his daughter bear false witness, because he had once quarrelled with Wojtek about a pig Wojtek had stolen. How can a commission help? They cannot revive the dead. All I can say is, there was a lot of grief because of Count Malecki's misplaced pity. I once read in a Yiddish commentary on the Bible that those who pity the wicked end up by being cruel to the innocent."

"It's in the Gemara," Meir the Eunuch corrected him.

IT was quiet in the Radzymin study house, and one could hear the wick in the lamp sucking kerosene. Old Jeremiah happened to recite the chapter of the psalms which spoke of God's mercy in slaying Sihon the King of the Amorites and Og the King of Bashan and giving their land to Israel as a patrimony. The two beggars had opened the door of the oven, and with their bare fingers shoved out the roasted potatoes. Reb Levi Yitzchok removed the black glasses from his red eyes and wiped them with the hem of his coat. Meir the Eunuch touched his hairless cheeks. He threw a glance toward the window and the sky. The moon was not yet full, but one could discern the missing crescent. After a while, Levi Yitzchok put his dark glasses back on and said:

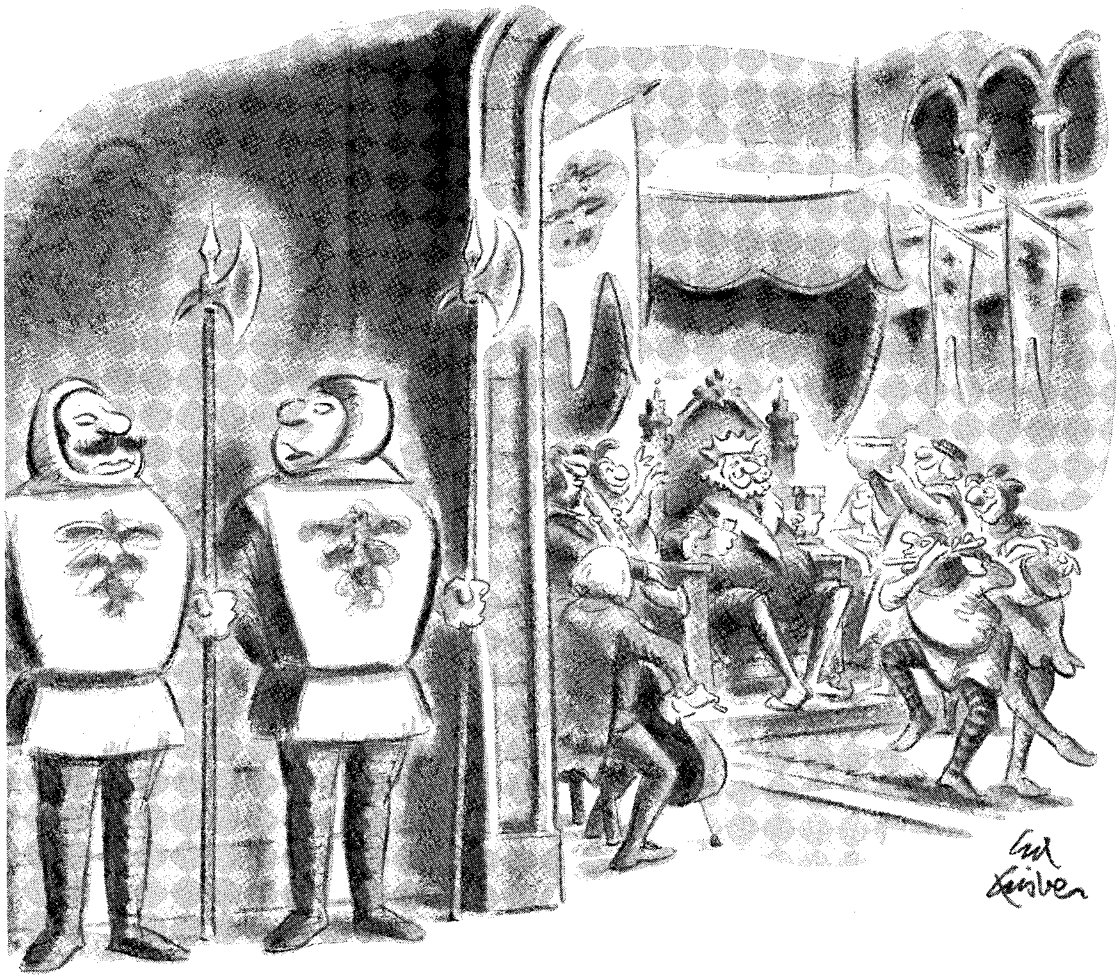
"There was no lack of crazy squires in Poland. Some lost their minds from too much drinking, others from too much luxury. That Count Malecki had perhaps heard of the Jewish law that no one should be judged for a sin without the testimony of two people who had admonished the culprit and told him of his crime's punishment before he committed it. It is said in the Mishnah that a court that pronounced a death sentence once in seventy years was called a killing court."

"What murderer is going to kill someone in the presence of two witnesses and after admonishment?" Zalman the Glazier asked. "A murderer waits for a time when he won't be seen. They attack mostly at dark, when no one is there."

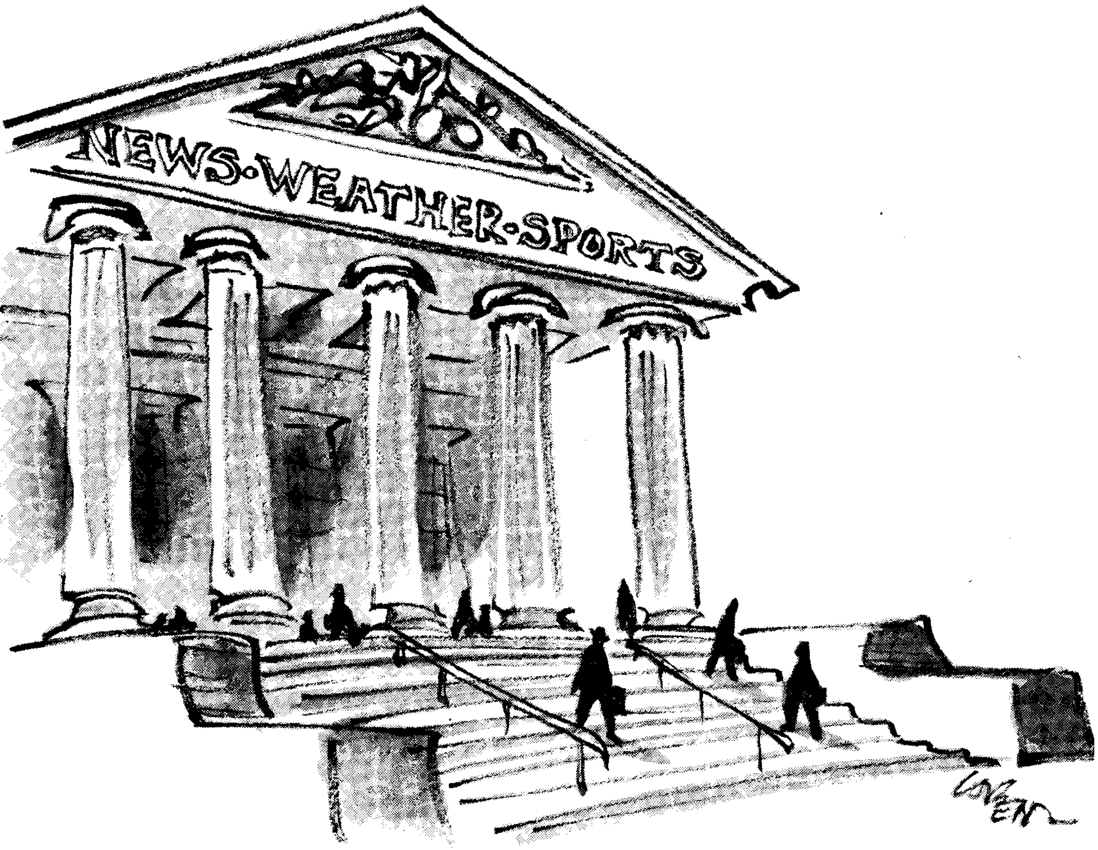
"God sees," Levi Yitzchok replied. "He is in no need of witnesses. He is Himself the witness, the judge, the punisher. But since you are talking about misplaced pity I have also a story to tell."

"Let's hear."

"In Kozienice there was a landowner by the name of Stanislaw Karlowski, a little man. He was called Crazy Karlowski. All his adult years he was involved in litigations with other landowners, and he lost in these protracted wranglings a lot of money as well



"Say what you will about monarchy, once in a while it produces a really merry old soul."



as prestige. He had inherited from both his grandparents so many cattle, so many fields and forests that he could indulge all his whims. He had a habit of standing in court and calling the judge bad names, accusing him of being ignorant and a bribetaker. His lawyers begged him to keep quiet. But when a man is crazy he won't listen to advice. The neighboring landowners knew of his temper and they constantly laid claim to some of his land, and he was always the loser. He had a wife, who was immensely rich, too. She came from a family of Polish kings. I never saw her, but I am told she was most beautiful and a harlot. Everyone knew that she had dozens of lovers. She even had love affairs with the squires who took her mad husband to court.

"In our times, duels are forbidden, but in those days the nobles were always duelling. One noble said about another that his race horse didn't run as fast as it should and he was immediately challenged to a duel. A duel could not take place without seconds, as they were called. Their mission was to make peace between the antagonists, but actually they provoked them to more hatred, eager to see combat and bloodshed. Once, some noble called Karlowski's wife promiscuous. Immediately Karlowski challenged him to a duel. As always, the seconds poured oil on the fire. Karlowski took one pistol, his opponent took another, and they went to a clearing in a forest to shoot it out. The seconds lurked on both sides and waited to see who would kill whom. This is what the Gentiles called an affair of honor. According to the rules, both parties were supposed to shoot simultaneously. But how can you know the exact moment to pull the trigger? The other fired first and wounded Karlowski in the knee. After a duel the former enemies were obliged to forgive one another, shake hands, and sometimes even kiss. So the two men apologized to one another and went through the entire ceremony. The one who shot first rode home on his horse to celebrate his victory. Karlowski was bandaged, put into a britska, and taken home.

"Now, listen. At the time when Karlowski was engaged in the duel, his faithless wife took one of her paramours up to a balcony on a tower from which one could see far away, and both looked through field glasses to where the duel took place, all the while kissing and embracing and having their pleasure. Both expected Karlowski to be killed, and when they saw through the field glasses that he was being loaded into a britska, they thought he was already a corpse. They went down to drink wine and to be comforted. Later on, when Karlowski was brought back alive, his wife instantly fell into a swoon, but after she was revived she kissed him, pretended to cry from joy, and thanked him profusely for defending her reputation. He later recovered, but he walked with a limp.

"You haven't heard everything yet. After a while, she became tired of him altogether. She packed her fancy garments and all her jewelry, grabbed all the money she could get her hands on, and went abroad with a young lecher—perhaps to Paris or some such place. Her husband sent armed riders after her with warrants for her arrest, but the couple had already crossed the frontier and there was nothing their pursuers could do. Karlowski railed to the few friends he had that the young charlatan had seduced his innocent wife and made her leave the path of righteousness. Since he was embroiled in lawsuits up to his neck, he had not much time to brood about his disgrace. Every few months he had to sell another forest or piece of land to pay his litigants and advocates, as well as his penalties for contempt of court. He had to borrow money at high interest. He even became indebted to the Jew who managed the business of his ever-diminishing estates. Three years passed like this. One day a carriage approached Karlowski's castle, and who do you think was inside? His wife—not alone but with a small child, a bastard. The people who saw her arriving were sure Karlowski would come out with a gun or a sword and kill her. What can be worse than a wife who comes back to a husband with a child born of whoredom? But he forgave her. I wasn't there, but I am told that she fell on his throat, lamented, and swore that she had been yearning for him all the time. It was the fault of that young stallion who bewitched her, seduced her, and brought her to shame. How is it written? 'And thou hadst a whore's forehead, thou refusedst to be ashamed . . .' She ate and wiped her mouth and said, 'I have done no harm.' She kept crying and Karlowski tried to soothe her. It didn't last long, and she again became ruler of the castle. She found other sinners, or perhaps the old ones returned. Karlowski, because of his litigations, had often to go to Lublin or Warsaw. He even appealed to the synod in Petersburg, hoping to find justice there. His debts had become so huge that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. But then a hundred-year-old aunt of his died and left him a small fortune. So he paid his debts and could afford new litigations.

"Don't think that you have heard the whole story. One day another carriage came to the castle, and who do you think was there? The father of the baby. He had committed some crime for which he could go to jail. He made believe he had come to see his child, but it was only a pretext to ask its mother for money. It seems that she could not forget him. I am told that she pawned her pearls to pay his debts. If I am not mistaken, he had played with marked cards and his parents had disowned him. I think he was also ill, from drunkenness or from bawdiness. Well, and what do you think Karlowski did? He became an ardent friend of his wife's debaucher, took him into his castle, called doctors to cure him. Even the priests in the surrounding villages condemned Karlowski and his insane behavior. However, Karlowski had a private chapel on his estate and his own deacon, who preached that his lord behaved as a pious Christian should, forgiving his enemy and turning the other cheek."

"What happened then?" Zalman the Glazier asked.

"What could have happened?" Levi Yitzchok said. "That rake remained in the castle for a long time, rested, became healthy and fat. The wife was not young enough for him anymore, and he was looking for younger prey. He soon found some governess or stewardess who was ready to put herself at his disposal. One day he broke open Karlowski's safe, took out everything of value, even his mistress's jewels, and ran away with that other woman. I think she was a distant relative of the wife's. Karlowski himself continued with his litigations. One day, when the judge brought a verdict against him, he became so shocked that he dropped dead. His wife tried to find solace with her coachman or some other servant, but meanwhile creditors seized the estate and evicted her. She died soon after."

"What happened to the illicit child?" Zalman the Glazier asked.

"I really don't know," Levi Yitzchok said. "But what ever happens to the wicked and their seeds? As the psalmist says, they are like chaff driven by the wind."

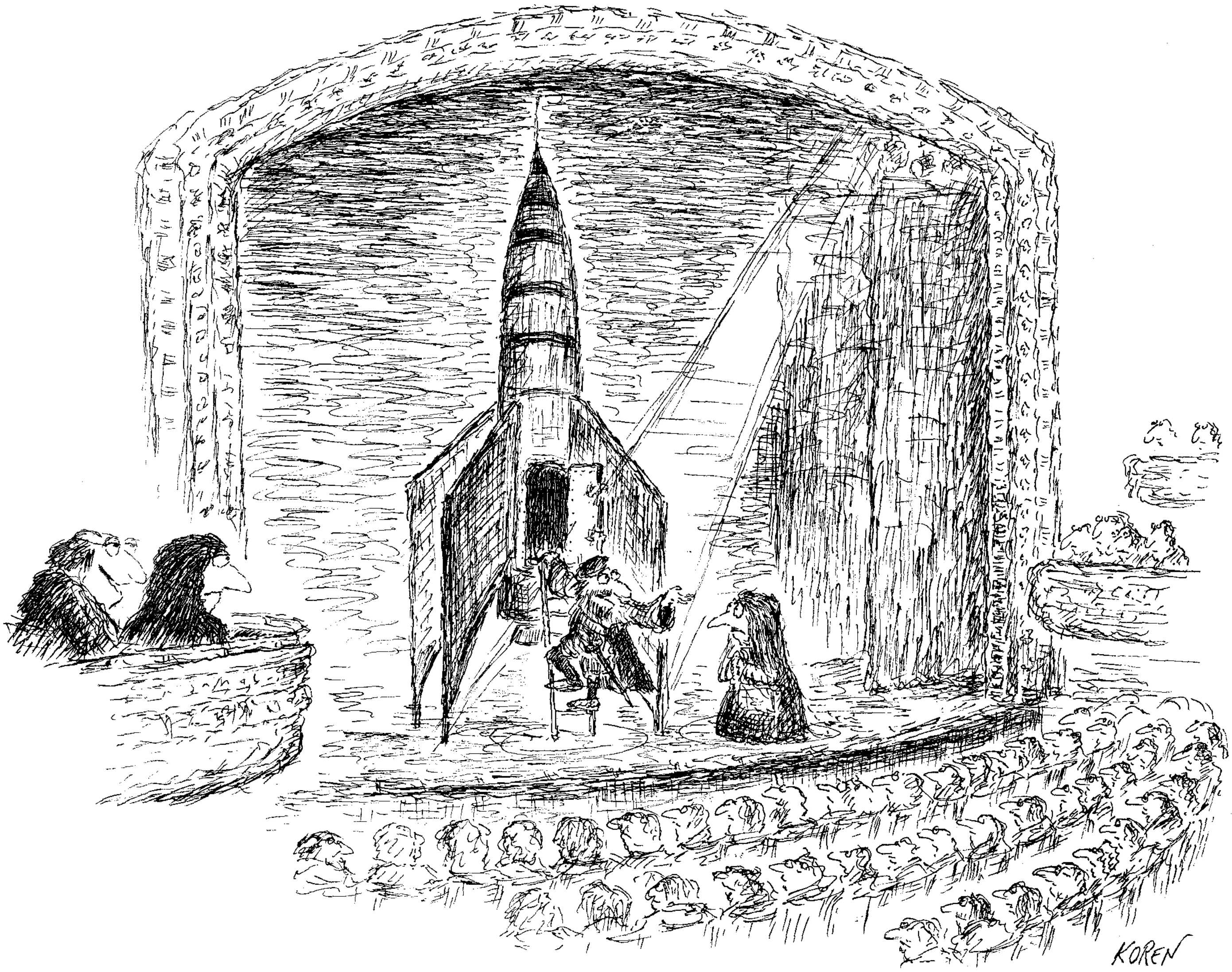
FOR a long while it was quiet again in the study house. One of the beggars had stretched out on a bench and fallen asleep. He was snoring, murmuring, and from time to time a whistling came from his nostrils. The other beggar sat down to listen to the stories. He had a little yellow beard and large eyes, like those of a calf. He kept on nodding to every one of Levi Yitzchok's words until he, too, dozed off. Meir the Eunuch wiped the frost off the windowpane with his palm and gazed toward the sky, as if to make sure that the moon was not yet completely full. He turned and said:

"What Squire Malecki was doing had nothing to do with pity. Ecclesiastes has said, 'In the place of justice even there was wickedness.' All these judges and lawyers need criminals, just as a doctor needs patients. From the honest who were wronged they will not draw any profit. As for the other squire, what was his name—Karlowski—he knew quite well what his shrew was doing, but he enjoyed letting her have her rotten ways. What does the Gemara say? 'The slave exults in disorder.' When a man sinks in the Forty-nine Gates of Defilement, his nature turns topsy-turvy. Bad becomes good, shame becomes honor. They wallow in slime and are proud of it. What was Sodom? What was the generation of the Flood? Nothing but perversity. And what happened to Rabbi Joseph della Reina? He had already managed to fetter Satan in chains and was about to bring Redemption. But he was suddenly overcome with mistaken pity and offered Satan a sniff of tobacco. This gesture of compassion for the Archfiend was incense to the idols, and all Rabbi Joseph's efforts collapsed. Immediately the Evil One freed himself from his shackles, regained his malign powers, and the Redemption was obstructed. Rabbi Joseph could have repented, because the doors of repentance are always open, but he had fallen into resignation. Since he could not bring the End of Days, he tried to bring the end of the world. Just as he had invoked holy names before, so he now turned to the names of the Evil Hosts. There is only one step from light to darkness.

d. ehrenberg

"'The greater a man is, the greater is his passion,' says the Talmud. Rabbi Joseph was born with blood of fire. In those times, Spain belonged to the sons of Ishmael. Rabbi Joseph had heard that there was a caliph whose wife was the greatest beauty of all lands, and her name was Ptima. She was utterly lustful, a reincarnation of Cozbi, the daughter of Zur. Since Rabbi Joseph had thrown off the yoke of holiness and given up the goal of becoming totally righteous, he chose total guilt. He uttered a Satanic name and bade two demons bring him this Ptima. He was still living in a cave, as in the times when he was fasting and doing penance in order to bring the Messiah. It was said that he descended from Joseph the Righteous and was as graceful as his ancestor. No wonder that when he and Ptima met they indulged in all possible abominations.

"There is a proverb: 'In time one gets tired even of kreplech.' After some months Rabbi Joseph was told that the Grand Vizier's wife was even more voluptuous than Ptima. Her name was Grisha. Since he had given up the rewards of the soul, there was nothing to impede him from tasting this one, too. He bade the demons



"This is one of the theatre's great exit scenes."

• •

bring Grisha to him, and when they did he was overwhelmed by her carnal beauty. From then on, the evil spirits brought him both these females each night—Ptima from sunset to midnight, and after he sent Ptima back to her bed, a journey that lasted an instant, he enjoyed Grisha until dawn.

"Once when Ptima spent her hours with Rabbi Joseph, she found in the bed a cameo with the name Grisha engraved on it. She became jealous and asked Rabbi Joseph who this Grisha was. Just as Delilah coaxed Samson, Ptima pestered Rabbi Joseph so long that he finally divulged to her that she was the wife of the Grand Vizier. Ptima knew that Rabbi Joseph worked all these miracles by the force of an unholy name, and after she lulled him to sleep she began to search for this name. She found it inscribed on a piece of parchment that he kept in a little bag at his throat. Once she found the ungodly name, she had the upper hand. She bade the demons bind Rabbi Joseph with a sash and bring her the mightiest males in all the kingdoms of man.

"I wonder if you know that the Fallen Angels—as well as the descendants of Anak, who were seen by the spies Moses sent to Canaan—are still alive today. They're hiding behind the Black Mountains, or perhaps on the other side of the River Sambatyon. The Angel of Death has no dominion over them, since they are not of this world. Ptima ordered the demons to bring these giants to her. They did so, and she copulated with them in the presence of Rabbi Joseph for three days and three nights. You can imagine what anguish Rabbi Joseph suffered, but since she was in possession of the impure name, he could not free himself. The caliph searched for his wife, but she had disappeared.

"The first time Ptima told her evil messengers to bring her the Fallen Angels and the sons of Anak, she whispered the name so that Rabbi Joseph could not hear it. Before dawn on the fourth day, she had become so fatigued from her loathsome game that she ceased being careful and uttered the name out loud. Rabbi Joseph seemed to be asleep but he awoke at that moment. He had forgotten the name and was helpless, but now that he knew it he regained his power and commanded the messengers of the night to do his will instead of hers. Since both sides applied the same incantation for different purposes, they cancelled each other's spell and the evil ones flew back to Mount Seir and stayed in equilibrium. Slowly Rabbi

Joseph managed to unbind himself, and he clutched Ptima's throat, about to strangle her. How far is adultery from murder?

"When the cunning Ptima realized her end was near, she began to plead and speak sweet words to Rabbi Joseph and to defend herself by saying that she actually loved him, and that she surrendered to the celestial monsters only because of her jealousy. She said to him, 'What could you gain by killing me? You'll never find anyone more passionate.' When Rabbi Joseph answered that Grisha's flesh was even more gratifying than hers, Ptima said, 'Grisha is not among the living anymore. I told my devils to do away with her, and they did. She was buried yesterday.' She went on, 'You let me live, and we two can conquer the world. You will conjure the most beautiful women, and I the richest men. We will put them to sleep and rob them of their diamonds, their medals, and all their possessions. You will become the king of the netherworld and I will be your loving queen. In gratitude for your mercy I will overcome my jealous nature and build a harem for you with more wives and concubines than King Solomon could ever boast of. We will revive the Queen of Sheba, Rahab the Harlot, and give loose rein to all our hearts' desires.'

"It is known that those who can persuade others are easily incited themselves. Rabbi Joseph asked her if she would consent to reviving Grisha and she replied, 'Your delight would be mine. Bring her back to life and we all three will rejoice together.' 'What would happen to your husband?' Rabbi Joseph asked, and she answered slyly, 'For your sake, I will make myself a widow.'

"Not only did Rabbi Joseph give in to aberrant pity but he made a fatal misjudgment. Those who study the Cabala know that with witchery one can accomplish anything but the resurrection of the dead. Once Rabbi Joseph and Ptima attempted to reanimate Grisha, they lost their potency. A wild laugh came down from Mount Seir. Satan and Lilith were laughing with such abandon that the blare echoed over all the deserts. Rabbi Joseph della Reina was deprived of both the power of holiness and the power of the diabolic. He became sick with contamination. Ptima was now more than willing to return to the caliph, but he was four hundred miles away. Besides, the guards wouldn't have let her into the palace, because her beauty had vanished and she had become nothing but a sack of bones. No one would have recognized her."

"What did they do then?" Zalman the Glazier asked.

"Rabbi Joseph spat on her and left her to her own devices. She became a beggar at the mosque and died soon after. Rabbi Joseph was too proud to repent and he expired in rebellion. He was reincarnated as a dog."

"I've never heard of this," Levi Yitzchok remarked.

"So you hear it now," Meir said.

"Have you read it in some book?" Levi Yitzchok asked.

"I am the book," Meir answered.

He got up and began to pace from wall to wall. He rubbed his hands one against the other. The kerosene lamp flickered. The wick wavered and smoked. The Radzymin study house became full of shadows. Zalman the Glazier said, "Really, I will be afraid to walk home."

Meir the Eunuch seemed to have heard his words, because he stopped, laughed, and cried out, "Don't be a fool, Reb Zalman. The moon is shining. The heavens are bright. Evil is nothing but a coil of madness."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.*)

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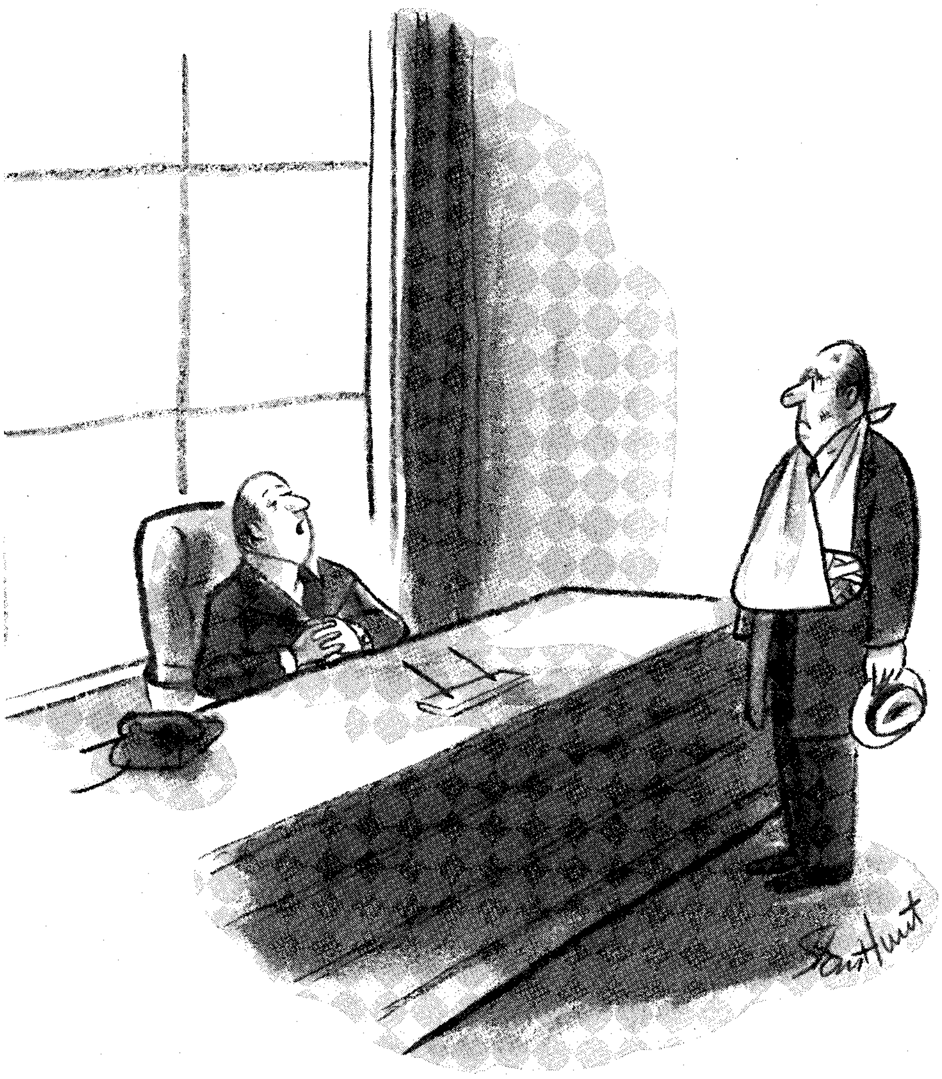


"Well, I don't know, Crowley. The way it looks from where I sit, maybe we should stop trying to orchestrate events."

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

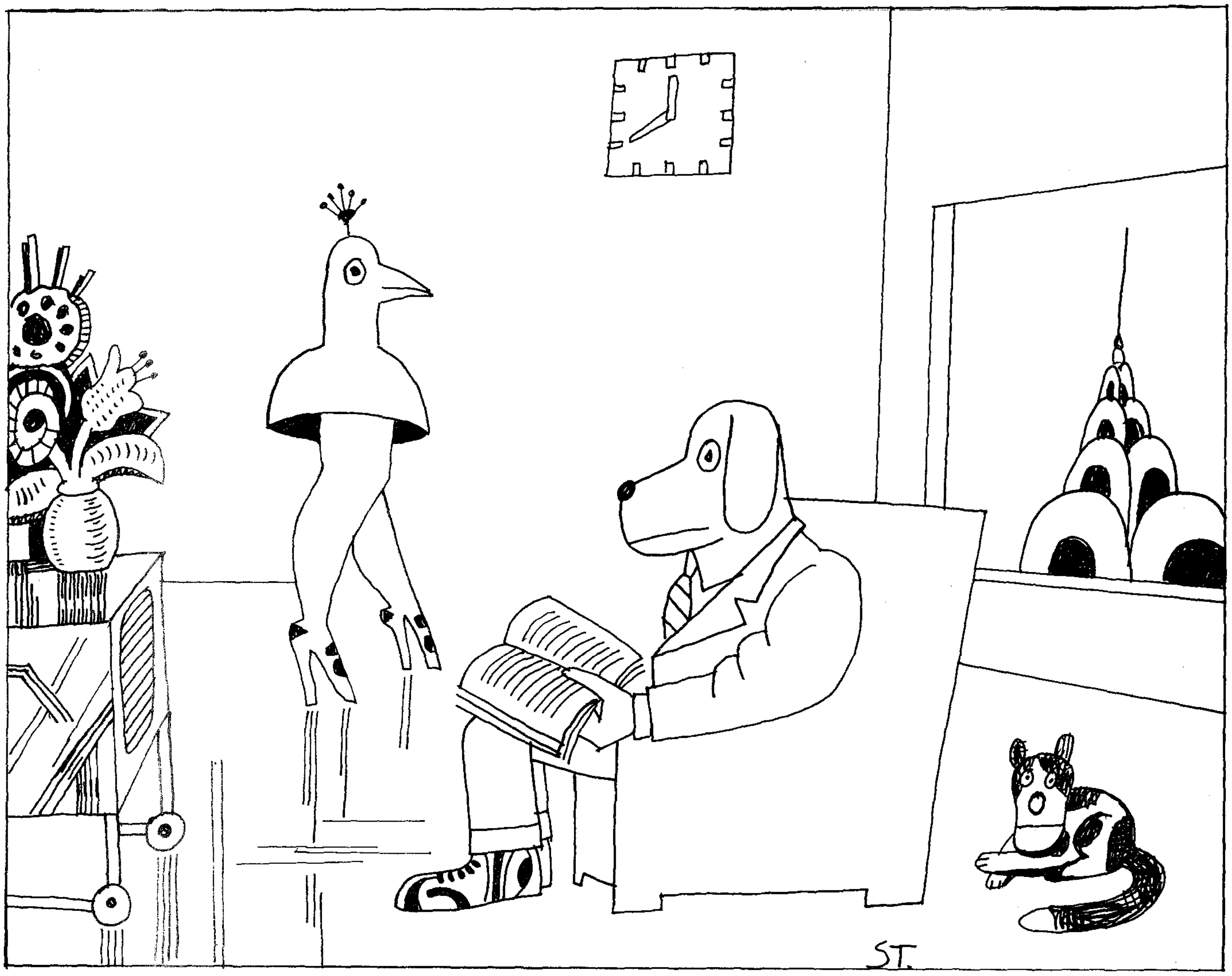
[*From the Times*]

"He has a tendency to be helpful to reporters rather than to himself," the press aide said. "Rather than take advantage of a question to enhance himself, he tries to be responsive."

"Some of those things you call gaffes," Mr. Lake added, were attempts by Mr. Reagan to "get reporters to understand his thought processes. And that's not always the most helpful to himself."

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE BLOCKBUSTER COMPLEX—II



FOR the past two decades, the American book-publishing industry, which used to be generally thought of as a low-key, gentlemanly profession whose personal satisfactions probably outweighed its financial rewards, has been beset by pressures that are transforming it in fundamental—and, to some observers, disturbing—ways. This transformation involves the control of the publishing houses, which was once in the hands of private owners but is now more and more in the hands of large conglomerate corporations; it involves a changing relationship between hardcover books and paperbacks, with ever-larger sums, running into millions of dollars, being paid for the reprint rights to a single potential best-seller; it involves changes in book promotion, particularly a reliance on television talk shows, which now play a major role in the success of certain books; and it involves new developments in the way books are sold in bookstores, distributed, handled by agents, and otherwise "packaged."

Not the least of the reasons for the great increase in the amount of money being paid out for paperback-reprint rights to popular books is the role that has been played by authors' agents over the last twenty years. There are all sorts of authors' agents, of course, and they have their individual working styles. Some of the agents are extremely efficient, and some are little more than mail drops for manuscripts. Some of them represent their authors well in most respects but may be sufficiently reluctant to disturb their continuing relationships with publishers, with whom they must deal year in and year out, that they are hesitant about doing battle for particular clients over particular issues—such issues as the personal-liability clauses in standard publishing contracts, which commonly require authors to be financially liable for all the costs involved in and damages arising out of libel lawsuits brought against the publisher in connection with an author's work. Many agents represent with equal vigor and skill commercially successful authors and authors who may have talent but haven't achieved any particular success. Some represent their commercially successful authors vigorously and give little time or attention to the others. And some represent only very commercial authors and concentrate almost exclusively on making big deals. The power and influence of this last kind of agent have increased very noticeably in the era of the so-called blockbuster. "Book publishing has become an agent-dominated business," Howard Kaminsky, the president of Warner Books, a leading paperback house, told me a while ago in discussing the volatile economics of the subsidiary-rights field. Some of the more active of these agents are also lawyers, whose experience both in adversary negotiations and in contract law has made for a new force in the business. This new force is being used to put together blockbuster deals involving a kind of multi-conglomerate interplay of hardcover and mass-market-paperback publishing with television and movie production—an interplay calculated and programmed for maximum effect and employing all available devices of promotion and mass merchandising.

Of the lawyer-agents who have made their mark in the book business in recent years, the one probably most in the public eye is Morton L. Janklow, of the law firm of Janklow, Traum & Klebanoff, who also heads the literary agency Morton L. Janklow Associates. As a lawyer, Janklow is engaged in no litigation; he uses his legal experience to advance the interests of his agency's clients in negotiating contracts between them and publishers, producers, and so on. Among the authors of best-selling novels whom Janklow represents are Sidney Sheldon, who wrote "Bloodline" and "Rage of Angels," and Judith Krantz, who wrote "Scruples" and the recently published "Princess Daisy." Janklow is a fairly tall man of spare build, with an intense manner and a habit of rapid speech, and in various interviews I have had with him in recent months at his New York headquarters I have found him not at all backward in expressing his views about the current state of the book-publishing business and the direction in which he thinks it should go.

Janklow believes that publishing has, as he puts it, "some wonderful things about it, such as the unique writer-editor relationships that have developed," but that, "with all the charm of the nineteenth century" which the profession has attempted to retain, something has to be done to deal squarely with many of its antiquated practices and to cope with the realities behind the myth of publishing as a genteel profession. "There are a lot of attitudes and techniques being held on to in this business that are not very relevant anymore," Janklow said to me. "We live in a world that is market-oriented. A new element has crept into publishing with the appearance on the scene of people like me—people who are lawyers by training and negotiators by instinct, and who have come into the picture as advocates. And we have started to change some of the financial perspectives of the business, taking into account the various forces at work, such as the influence of television, and considering how these forces affect the exploitive possibilities of a literary work, both in terms of buying the rights to the work and in terms of marketing the work. For good or ill, the old style of editor and publisher is slowly passing from the scene. Now there's a much more energetic, more driving—and, I must say, more *profit-oriented*—publisher arising."

YELLOW LIGHT

One arm hooked around the frayed strap
of a tar-black patent-leather purse,
the other cradling something for dinner—
fresh bunches of spinach from a J-Town *yaoya*,
sides of split Spanish mackerel from Alviso's,
maybe a loaf of Langendorf—she steps
off the hissing bus at Olympic and Fig,
begins the three-block climb up the hill,
passing gangs of schoolboys playing war,
Japs against Japs, Chicanas chalking sidewalks
with the holy double-yoked crosses of hopscotch,
and the Korean grocer's wife out for a stroll
around this neighborhood of Hawaiian apartments
just starting to steam with cooking
and the anger of young couples coming home
from work, yelling at kids, flicking on
TV sets for the Wednesday Night Fights.

If it were May, hydrangeas and jacaranda
flowers in the streetside trees would be
blooming through the smog of late spring.
Wisteria in Masuda's front yard would be
shaking out the long tresses of its purple hair.
Maybe mosquitoes, moths, a few orange butterflies
settling on the lattice of monkey flowers
tangled in chain-link fences by the trash.

But this is October, and Los Angeles
seethes like a billboard under twilight.

From used-car lots and the movie houses uptown
long silver sticks of light probe the sky.
From the Miracle Mile, whole freeways away,
a brilliant fluorescence breaks out
and makes war with the dim squares
of yellow kitchen light winking on
in all the side streets of the Barrio.

She climbs up the two flights of flagstone
stairs to 201-B, the spikes of her high heels
clicking like kitchen knives on a cutting board,
props the groceries against the door,
fishes through memo pads, a compact,
empty packs of chewing gum, and finds her keys.

The moon then, cruising from behind
a screen of eucalyptus across the street,
covers everything, everything in sight,
in a heavy light like yellow onions.

—GARRETT KAORU HONGO

• •

Janklow said that while some book

publishers might feel that they had an obligation to publish fine writing, "the problem is that it takes the important commercial books to fund such publications." All authors are entitled to decent treatment by publishers, he said, and certainly the authors of commercial books ought to be paid in accordance with present-day economic realities. "I think the author is the pivotal person, the star," Janklow said. "Yet I came into the business as an agent and saw that so many writers were being treated like children by publishers. Nobody told them anything. Nobody tried to define for them the publishers' objectives in putting out their work. Here you might have somebody who worked for years writing his book, and it's as though what he produced after all that labor were a baby sent out for adoption—when he handed the manuscript over, he had no more say about it. He might or might not get royalty statements on time and they might or might not be accurate. We're here to be the author's advocate and adviser, and to change that."

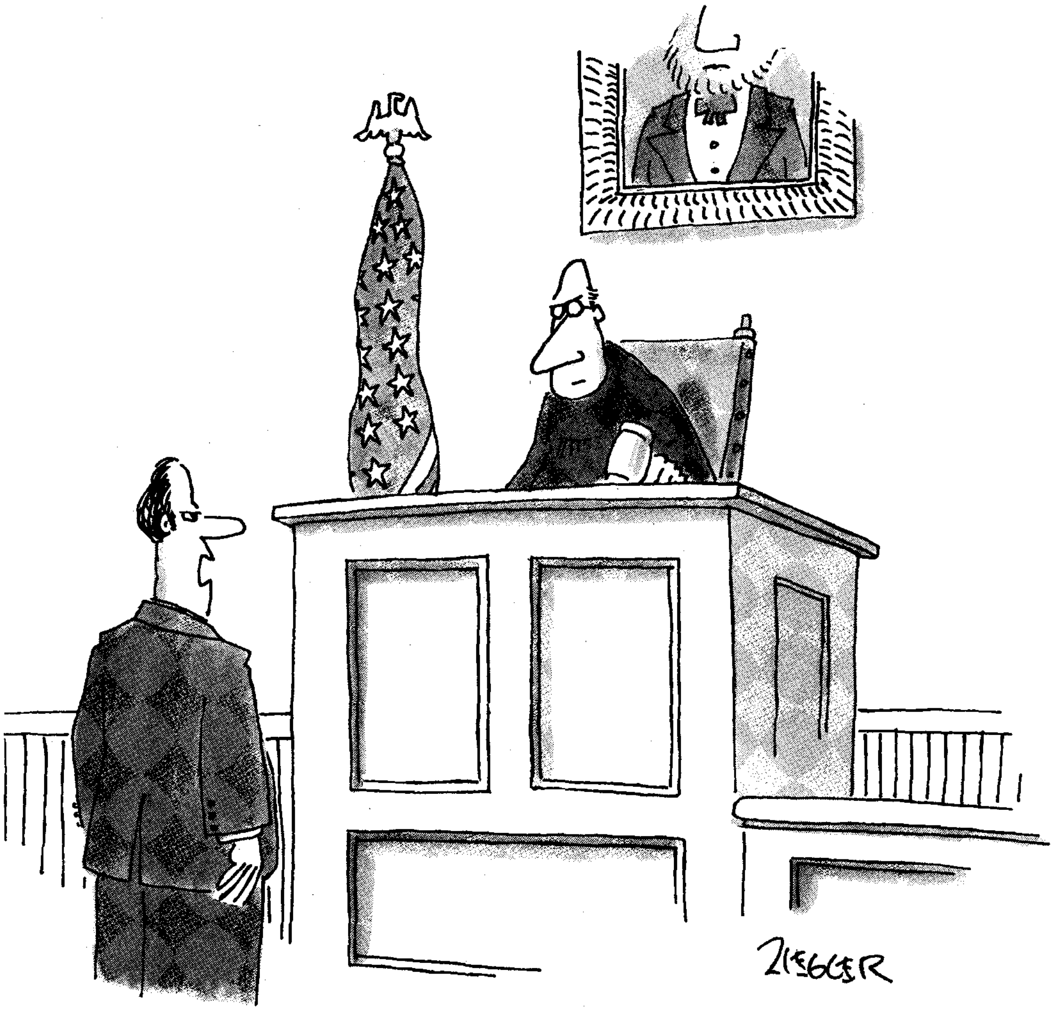
As far as Janklow is concerned, the conglomerates have brought many valuable things to publishing. "They have made money available in a serious way, so that people in the business can compete for and pay more for valuable commercial works," he said. "And the conglomerates introduced concepts that go with good corporate planning—budgeting, profit projections and estimates—and they've superimposed these on the old way of doing things in publishing and placed publishers in a commercial atmosphere. Which I don't think is necessarily a harmful thing. Trade-book publishing is, after all, a business that people went into for profit, even in former times. Also, the conglomerates have encouraged decent compensation for good people, and that used to be rare in the business. I know some book editors who are making the kind of money now that was unheard of in publishing even five years ago—people like Michael Korda, the editor-in-chief of Simon & Schuster, who gets paid, and paid very well, for delivering success."

The notion that such a new commercial spirit might be found inappropriate to the customary ethical and business standards of publishers and editors seemed not to perturb Janklow. "It's interesting to think how, because of the way it has evolved, book publishing is so widely regarded as a business of great intellectual achievement—one of the last great gentlemanly businesses in the world," he said. "I've been at the bar for twenty-seven years. My basic field is corporate and financial law. We're in the deals business here—private offerings, and so on—as well as serving as literary agents. Let me tell you, things have been pulled on me—or attempts made to have them pulled on me—in the gentlemanly publishing business that are more venal than *anything* that was ever tried on me in Wall Street. Not to say that there aren't a lot of people in this industry I'd sit down with and shake hands with on a deal and never have a second thought. Not to generalize that it's a lousy business. But not to elevate it above the so-called commercial world, either."

"Would you please tell me if there is room in anyone's camp for me and Anthony Lewis?"

• •

Janklow attributes much of the success of his agency to the way he and his associates "examine the prevailing situation with a lawyer's fresh eye" and to the way he applies the resulting insights to a business that has a lot to learn about the uses to be made of modern marketing techniques. "One of the reasons we've been successful is that we recognize that the first audience for a book is the publisher rather than the public," he said. "And how much does the publisher really know



"I got a haircut and a new suit just for this, Your Honor. I think forty-five years in the slammer shows damned little appreciation."

• •

about the audience he's aiming for? Look at the way things are going. Look at the bookstore chains, like the B. Dalton people. They're determining the size of *printings*, and the reason for that is that they know more about the business than most publishers do. Self-fulfilling prophecies play a large part in book publishing. What makes a publisher decide that a first printing should be a hundred thousand copies rather than sixty-five thousand? If a publisher buys a book for five thousand dollars, it'll be a *miracle* if anything happens to it. Because in the mind of the publisher it has already failed. But it doesn't have to be that way. We were brought in to help out on a book after the manuscript had been sold to a hardcover publisher for seven thousand dollars. We were asked to see what we could do to save the book from the fate of a tiny sale. We interested Jill Clayburgh in the book, and then, because she was interested, we were able to sell the movie rights with the idea that it would be made into a movie starring Jill Clayburgh. And then, with that movie sale, we went back and got a five-hundred-and-sixty-thousand-dollar offer for the paperback rights. And now it's a *giant* book in the publisher's mind. And when Dalton calls up the hardcover publisher and says, 'We've read this new book and we want to order five thousand, ten thousand copies initially,' the publishers are hysterical, saying, 'We've got a giant book on our hands!' They've had outside confirmation! They feel they *need* someone to tell them they've got great judgment. They *need* to have the *Ladies' Home Journal* say they'll buy the serial rights.

"That's the way the publishers think. There's no marketing input, or, if there is some, it's not extensive enough. You know how they set a printing for a novel? They sit around at the publishing house and a guy says, 'I don't know—fifty thousand?' 'Sounds like a hell of a lot.' 'How many do you think?' 'Oh, I think that booksellers might take five thousand initially.' That's the way they make decisions. Does anybody sit down and put a computer on and see what novels in this genre have done in the Midwest in the past three years? No! They *will!* They'll be doing it very soon. People like me are demanding print guarantees in an author's contract. I want to know how many books are going to be in that first printing. I want to know just what the advertising budget is going to be. And I intend to see that every part of the entire operation, including the sale or licensing of every subsidiary right—paperback, television, movies, overseas rights—will key in to every other part, in an over-all marketing scheme. We *orchestrate* the use of these rights and how they are going to relate to one another. The day I finish a deal, every part of that transaction is a symphony, and every single segment has to play on key and in time. Take our representation of 'Linda Goodman's Love Signs.' I went to Europe just for the purpose of auctioning off the foreign rights to 'Love Signs.' We got a monumental price for them. That then keyed in to my auction here of the paperback rights, for which Fawcett paid two and a quarter million dollars. The auction keyed in to a huge price that the *Ladies' Home Journal* paid for the serial rights to 'Love Signs,' with full front-cover treatment. All this was part of the orchestration to make 'Love Signs' the giant book it became."

To orchestrate the promotion of a book properly, Janklow believes, one needs the kind of information that only research can provide. "Too many decisions in publishing are just seat-of-the-pants decisions," he went on. "Colgate, for Christ's sake, won't *think* of introducing a new toothpaste without finding out things like 'Do people like mint?' and 'Do they like green? Or

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American Motors

is green an offputting color?' Look. Judith Krantz's 'Scruples' came along. When I saw the manuscript, I knew instantly what I had. I *knew* it was going to become the No. 1 best-seller. Before its publication, along came *Cosmopolitan*, saying, 'We'll pay you an enormous amount of money for the rights to a sixty-thousand-word condensation of the book, and give you two successive covers of the magazine—one prior to publication, the other right on publication date.' Everybody was extremely excited. The publisher thought it was incredible, unprecedented. I was sitting here without research. Research input would have helped here. But I reasoned that the *Cosmopolitan* audience was a terrific book-buying audience for 'Scruples.' So I said no. The consternation that this created I can't tell you. Then I said to the magazine, 'We have a chapter that's a wonderful *teaser*. People who read that in the magazine will really want to read the book. So I'll give you that for a much smaller amount of money and only one cover play.'

ALL TICKETS 3.50
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EXIT

"I don't remember the twenties as roaring. Do you?"

"But I go to a big book publisher and say, 'You've got millions. Do this kind of research.' They say, 'You don't understand. Every book is different. It's not like soap.' That's the ego need of guys with master's degrees in English, trying to separate themselves from the world of commerce. Guys who for some reason think the world of commerce is wrong, bent, and the world of literature is terrific. Never mind if they kill you in the contract terms! And any author who signs a standard contract agreement submitted by a publisher is like a tenant who signs a landlord's lease in New York City—if the elevator stops, the heat goes off, the water goes off, your obligation to pay the rent goes *on*. That's what a publisher's agreement is to a writer. And these publishers are the people who want you to think they're above the world of commerce! Marketing is a science. It's not an abstract art anymore. Why not learn some things from it? The conglomerates understand the need for research, for efficient marketing techniques. I can see a situation where whoever is assigned on the conglomerate level to oversee a trade-book company—a guy who isn't filled in with a history of everything that's been done since the invention of movable type—says, 'Listen, I see where you got forty thousand dollars for the book-club rights to that book from the Literary Guild. Good enough, as far as it goes, but how many sales at a greater profit per book is that going to cost us in the bookstores?' Answer: 'I dunno.' They don't know anything. He says, 'Find out. Let's talk about that at the next board meeting.' All of a sudden, you have people scurrying around trying to find answers. Terrific! Dick Snyder, of Simon & Schuster, could go up to the board meeting at Gulf & Western and he could see the budgetary and cost analysis being done in the big Dominican sugar company that Gulf & Western also owns, and he might say to himself, 'I can use the computer that way. Why don't we have my computer analyze the returns on books—where are they all coming from, and in what patterns?' This being practically the only business in which the retailer can return his merchandise to the wholesaler or publisher for full credit. It's wild! Unbelievable! Once in a while, with a certain kind of book club, we'll make a deal in which books are not returnable. It's a big advantage. Why do you think the publishers send so many authors to bookstores in a town to autograph books till their arm falls off? I ran into Colleen McCullough"—the author of the best-selling novel "The Thorn Birds"—"out of town. She told me she was autographing between two thousand and three thousand copies of her book a day until she realized why the publishers wanted her to do this—autographed books aren't returnable to

"When I saw your bear last, it was near where the talking area flows into the eating area."

• •

the publisher for credit. An amateurishly run business in terms of marketing analysis. We want to encourage efficiency, and we think we're doing it in the way we represent authors and make deals. We don't look upon ourselves as publishers' adversaries. I remember one publisher who had a sampler on the wall behind his desk with a text that read, 'An agent is to a publisher what a knife is to a throat.' But I just want to know what's going to be done with my clients' books, and I want proper control, starting on the most mundane level—consent rights over publicity, advertising, the minimum number of books that are going to go into the stores. And control over all subsidiary rights. The publishers can't sell the Swedish rights without coming to me. They can't design a jacket without coming to me. In the beginning, our requirements caused a tremendous amount of resentment on the part of publishers. But we say to the publishers, 'Look, once you've bought our book, our interests are identical. We'd like to have a proper input. We'd like to tell you what we think can be helpful.' Some publishers have learned to work very closely with us. And we turn away an incredible number of projects."

ALTHOUGH Janklow has achieved considerable renown as a lawyer-agent and as an innovator in his field, he is by no means alone in seeking to obtain some measure of control over, or participation in, every important decision connected with the publication of a book whose author he represents. "Orchestration" is a word that has also been entering the language of certain other composers of big publishing deals—people who for the most part happen to center their activities in Hollywood rather than New York.

The already complicated relationships that now exist among hardcover publishers, mass-market book publishers, and the chain bookstores under the stimuli of conglomerate money, big-time literary agentry, and coast-to-coast television promotion in the endless race for blockbusters have been rendered even more complicated by the increasingly close involvement of the motion-picture industry with the publishing business. In general, this involvement has coincided with a trend over the past decade or more toward conglomerates' acquisition of motion-picture companies along with book-publishing companies—acquisitions that have made Gulf & Western, which was originally a manufacturer of auto parts, also the owner of Paramount Pictures and of Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books; made Warner Communications, which is a major producer of films and records and the part owner of the third-largest cable-TV system in the country, also the owner of Warner Books; and made MCA, which is the owner of Universal Pictures, also the owner of the hardcover publishing houses G. P. Putnam's Sons, Richard Marek, and Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, and the paperback houses Berkley Publishing and Jove Publications. Though the traffic between the motion-picture and book-publishing arms of any particular conglomerate may not in practice have produced the kind of competitive advantage envisioned by some of the principals when the mergers were taking place—the notion, for example, that conglomerates might dominate their competition by allowing their wholly owned divisions to favor each other in trade, with a hardcover-publishing division regularly giving the paperback division and the motion-picture division the inside track on the subsidiary rights to its published works—conglomerate ownership of motion-picture and publishing companies has certainly helped create an atmosphere in which books, movies, and television programs can be regarded as integrated components of a total commodity. "In a certain sense, we are the software of the television and movie media," Richard Snyder, the president of Simon & Schuster, declared some time ago in discussing trends in the publishing business. What has developed now is a situation in which books, movies, and television programs together may be considered the software

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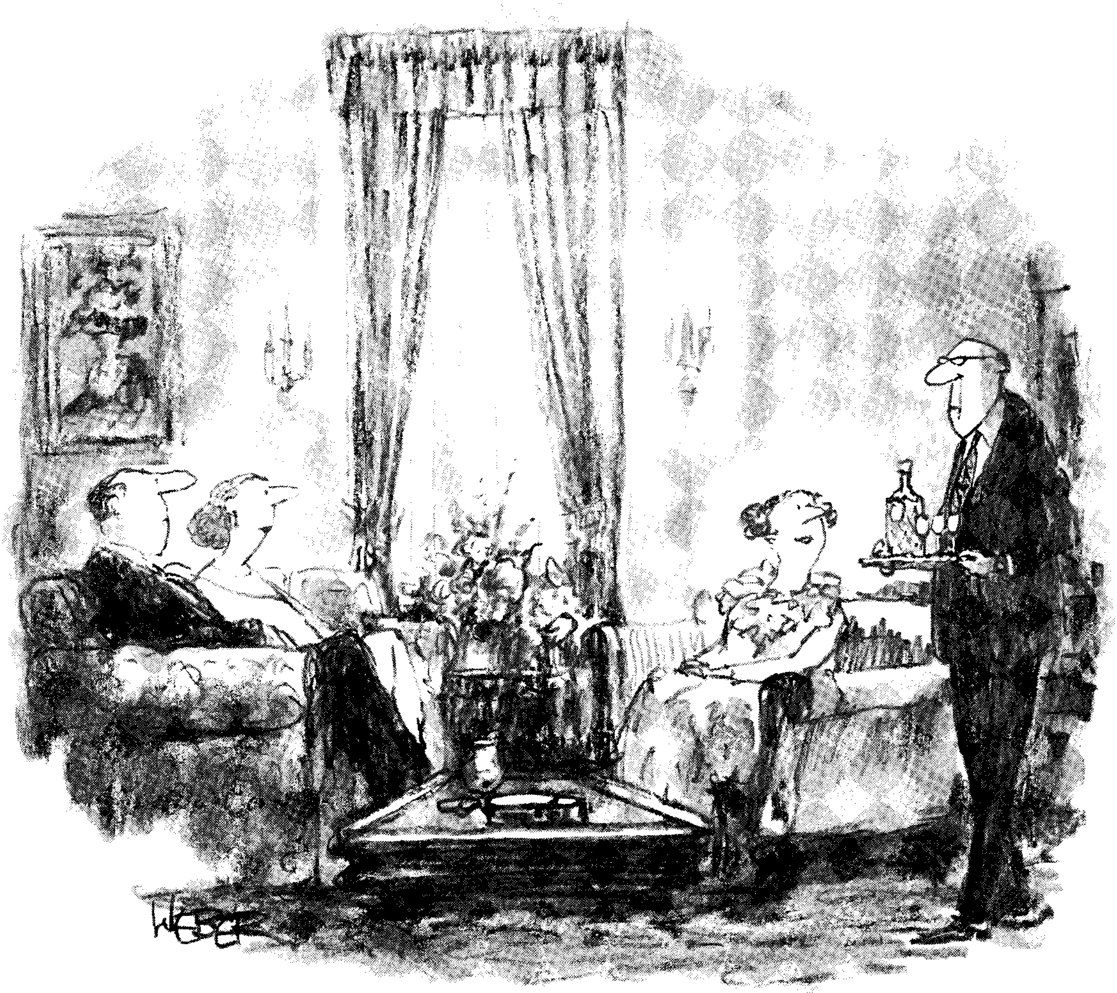
of multimedia packages.

The shift in the balance of power from the hardcover houses to the mass-market-paperback houses, together with the increased influence of some agents, was viewed cautiously within the motion-picture industry, which had seen, since the Second World War, the breakup of the major studios and their near-total control over actors and directors and over all kinds of theatrical-distribution and other rights, and had seen the rise of new varieties of dealmakers—independent producers as well as directors, big-time Hollywood agents, and packagers. The practice of putting together complicated deals had so quickly become natural to the Hollywood style that when the West Coast operators witnessed the upheavals in the publishing business it was not long before they began moving into the book business as active participants. Their principal contribution was the tie-in—a new kind of speculative amalgam, involving hardcover and mass-market-paperback books and high-pressure advertising and television as well as motion pictures themselves.



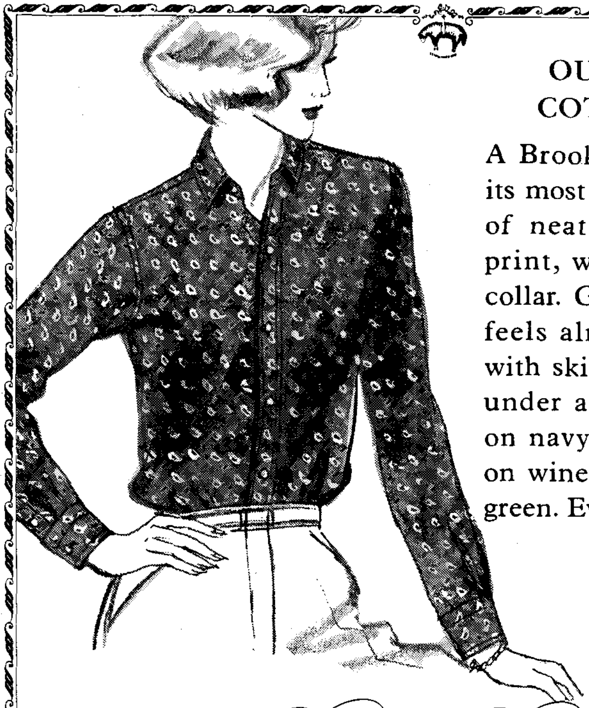
"Darling, tell the McKessons your version of the Bill of Rights."

• •

In the tie-in, the traditional process whereby the movie rights to books published by hardcover houses were sold to Hollywood movie companies has been supplemented by another process, in which the Hollywood people act as far more than the buyers of rights; under a kind of prearranged joint venture, the publication of a particular mass-market paperback may be tied in with the release of a movie bearing the same title. Another kind of scheme has been put to use, in which the producers of a movie have their own book version of a movie prepared, and then license the book-publication rights of this "novelization" to paperback, and even to hardcover, publishers as part of a package.

Probably the first instance of this reverse order of things, in which the content of a movie was subsequently converted into book form, was a "book treatment" manuscript that the publicity department of R.K.O. Pictures concocted in 1932 and arranged to have published in book form to celebrate the forthcoming movie "King Kong." The word "novelization" to describe the movie-to-book process has been employed in Hollywood since the nineteen-sixties. An example of the formal use in a legal document occurred in 1976, thirty-seven years after M-G-M released David O. Selznick's production of the movie version of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." According to the producer David Brown, who is an associate of Richard D. Zanuck, in the Zanuck/Brown Company, he and Zanuck entered into negotiations with the Margaret Mitchell estate, on the estate's initiative, for the right to produce a movie that would be a sequel to "Gone with the Wind." In these negotiations, Brown recalled a while ago, the executors of the Mitchell estate agreed to sell to the production company the right to license the publication, in a mass-market-paperback edition only, of a book that would be based on the proposed movie sequel, but they insisted that such a book nowhere—in the cover copy or in any promotional text—be described as a "novel." In the resulting contract, Brown says, the two parties came to an accommodation by agreeing that the book could be described as a "novelization" of the movie. Although a script for the sequel and the book version of the script were prepared, the new movie version never got before the cameras, and since the deal with the Mitchell estate was that the book based on the script couldn't be published unless the movie was made, the project never got very far off the ground.

The movie-to-book form took a while to develop commercially. "When I began working with Richard Zan-



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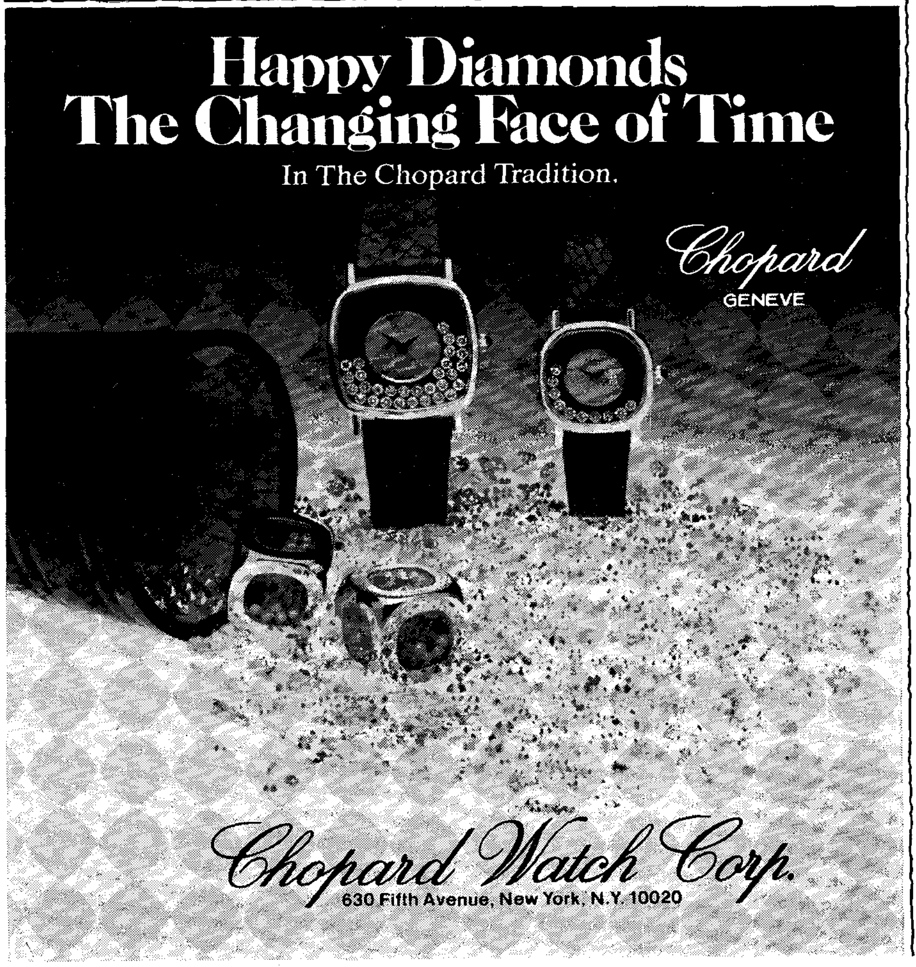

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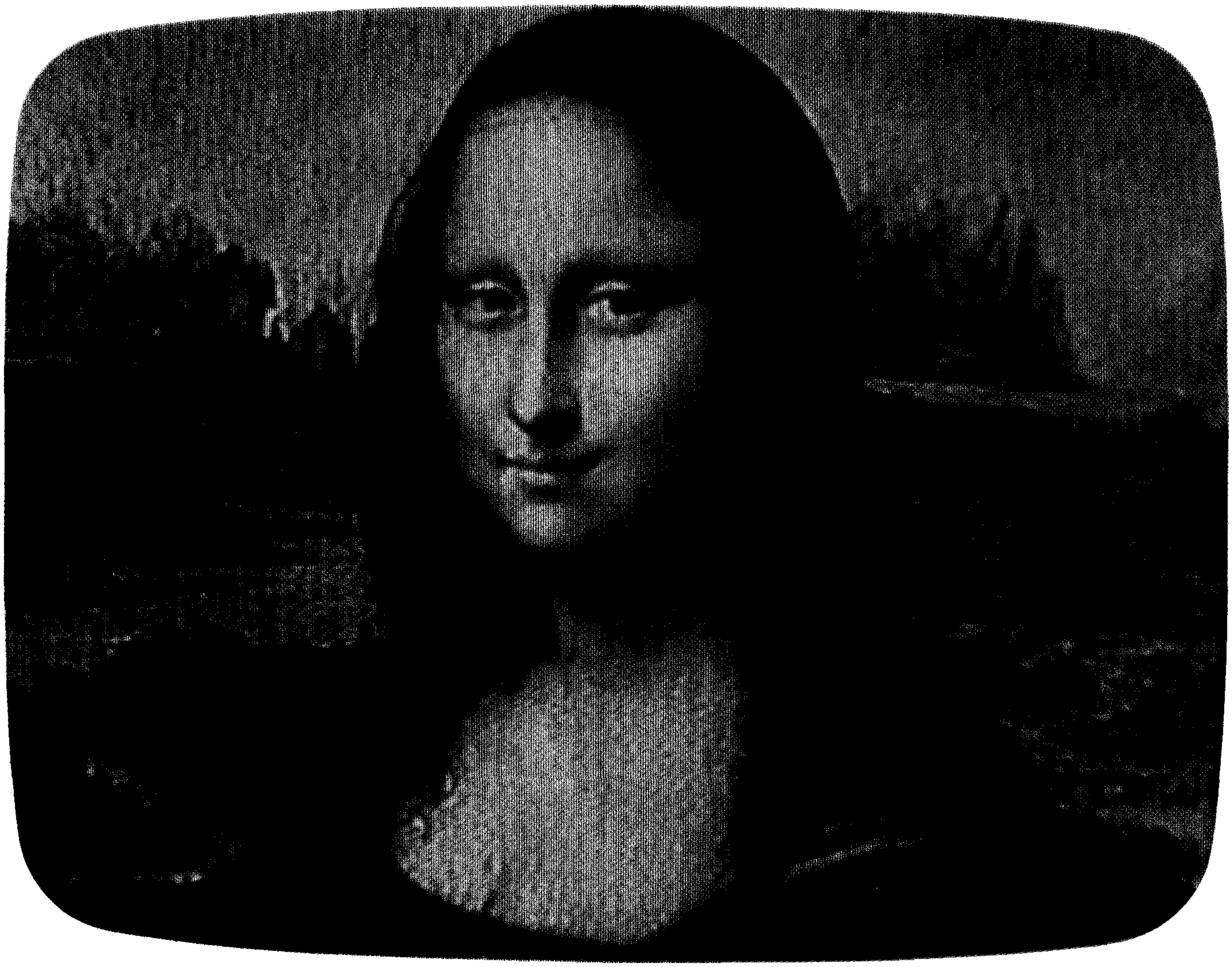
uck, mass-market-paperback reprint rights to screenplays were handled by the lowliest member of the publicity department," Brown said. "They weren't even *sold*—they were given out free to the publishers as a promotion aid for the motion pictures they were adapted from." Lee Rosenberg, a partner in the Hollywood agency of Adams, Ray & Rosenberg, told me recently, "Until five or six years ago, arranging for a book based on a movie was a thing usually regarded with disdain by the movie companies. It was, you know, 'O.K., let's use it. The cover of each copy published gives us another mini-poster for the movie. So let's get the book on the paperback racks and into the supermarkets, so the ladies, when they pay for that brown bag full of groceries, can see the name of the movie—we don't even *care* whether they buy the book or not.' " Usually, the studio publicity people would have the book version of a script churned out by free-lance writers for a percentage of the royalties from the sale of the book. The result almost always appeared as a mass-market paperback, its publication timed to coincide with the release of the movie. When the studio did charge the paperback publisher for the privilege of printing the adaptation of the script, the sum involved was usually on the order of twenty-five hundred dollars.

These conditions began to change rapidly, however, with the publication, in 1976, of a mass-market paperback called "The Omen," by David Seltzer. The manuscript for the book had been adapted by Seltzer from the screenplay of a movie of that title which was in production at Twentieth Century-Fox. Seltzer, who had a background as a TV-documentary writer and producer, had sold the screenplay of "The Omen," a gothic thriller, to Warner Brothers some years before, but Warners hadn't done anything with the script, and it had eventually been acquired by Twentieth Century-Fox. Seltzer's agents—Adams, Ray & Rosenberg, whose partners had become convinced that there was a big commercial future in having scripts adapted and published under license to paperback houses—approached the Twentieth Century-Fox people at that point ("before they knew what they had," as Lee Rosenberg has put it), and obtained their agreement to let the agency have a novelization made of the screenplay as a promotional device for the movie. The agents got this



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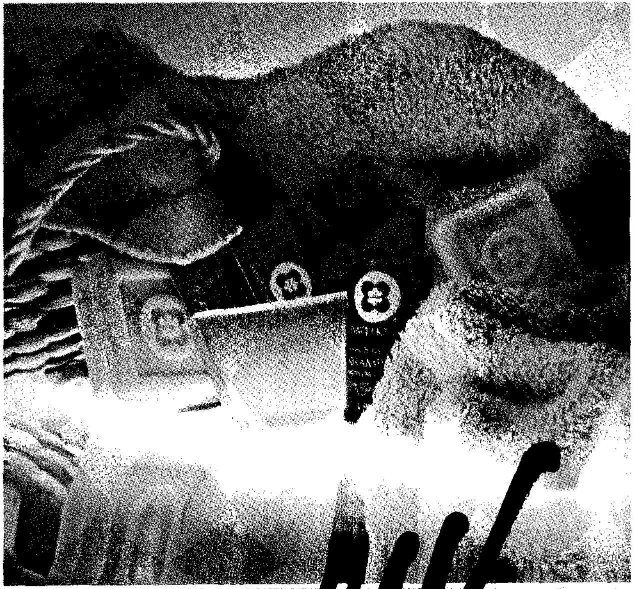

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right without payment to the studio. Having persuaded Seltzer to do the novelization himself, they went to the New American Library people and sold the mass-market-paperback rights for an advance of twenty-five thousand dollars and a percentage of whatever royalties the book might produce. Seltzer wrote the book on schedule, and N.A.L. published it shortly after the release of the movie, with the result that, according to Rosenberg, "the book acquired a life of its own and sold three and a half million copies, and everybody suddenly woke up to the value of novelizations." The movie did very well, too, but the Twentieth Century-Fox people resolved never again to give away the book rights to any screenplay they had bought. Within a short time, they and other studios began initiating licensing arrangements for the book rights to movies which promised the studios royalty income and provided for other promotional tie-in arrangements between the book and screen versions. At most of the bigger studios, the business of arranging for book tie-ins was transferred from the publicity department to the merchandising department, where novelization rights were marketed along with rights to manufacture T-shirts, games, puzzles, and other merchandise featuring the title of the movie to be promoted. One or two studios went further, and set up special departments to handle the novelization of screenplays they had bought and planned to produce. The first big studio to do this was Universal, which had come under the conglomerate ownership of MCA. Universal established an entity called the MCA Publishing Division, with Stanley Newman, a vice-president of Universal, as its chief officer. One of the big commercial successes of MCA Publishing was a deal for the novelization in paperback of the screenplay for the Zanuck/Brown production of "Jaws 2." This novelization seems to have borne about the same relation to Peter Benchley's 1974 novel "Jaws" that the Zanuck/Brown project for a novelized sequel to "Gone with the Wind" bore to Margaret Mitchell's book, except that "Jaws 2" actually was novelized, and from an existing script—and when the novelization was published, by Bantam, in 1978, its cover was blazoned with this description of its provenance: "A Completely New Novel by Hank Searls Based on the Screenplay by Howard Sackler and Dorothy Tristan Inspired

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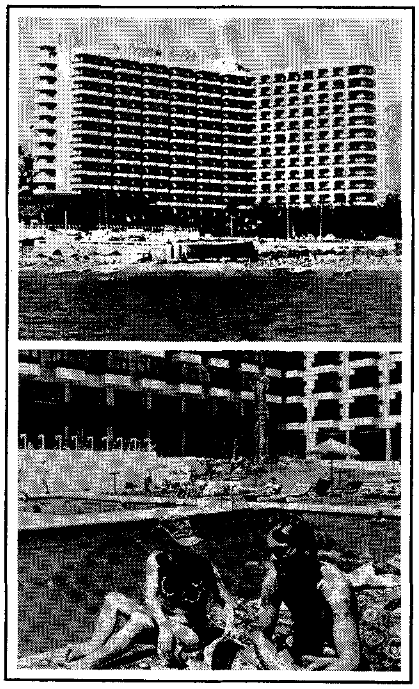

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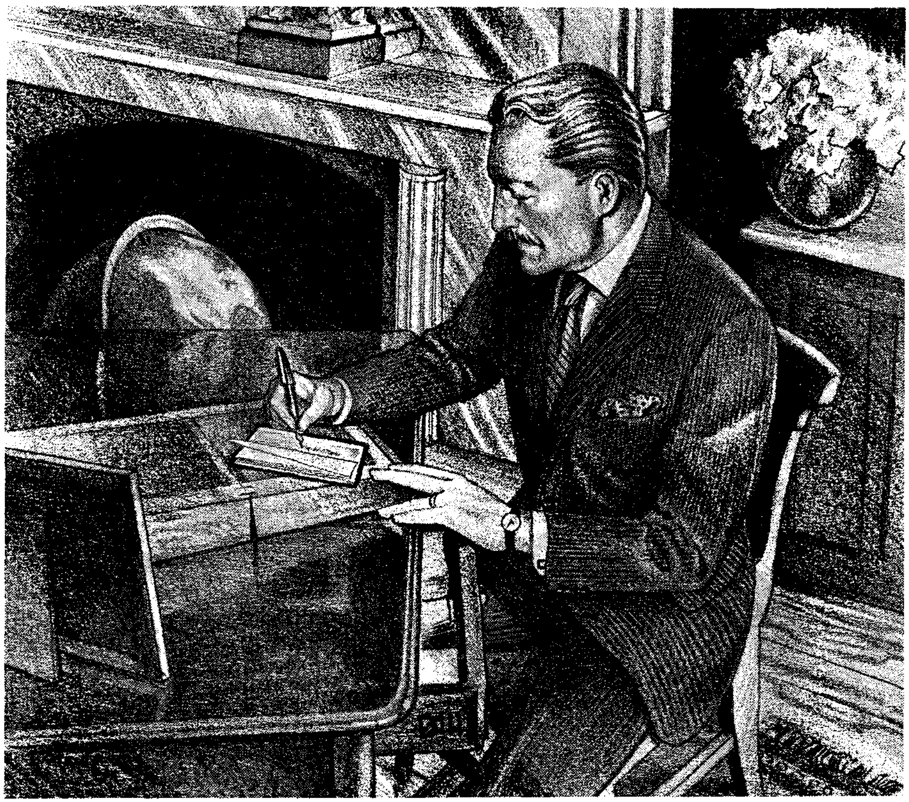
Such tie-ins may be arranged directly between studios and publishers, or they may be put together by West Coast agents or independent producers or by a combination of the two. Whatever prospects may be ahead for big-money novelization deals (and such deals are very much subject to the vagaries of the entertainment market), a number of Hollywood producers, agents, and publishers' representatives I have talked to say that they see a rich future in the increasing interdependence of the book-publishing industry and the motion-picture industry—a relationship in which television (including cable television and pay TV) may also be intimately involved. "The fact that so many publishers and some of the big studios are controlled by conglomerates or other big companies has made a shift in emphasis toward the West inevitable for the publishing industry," George Diskant, a partner in the agency of Ziegler, Diskant, told me a while ago. Michael Ovitz, the president of the Creative Artists Agency, which is one of the most successful of the newer talent agencies in the Los Angeles area, declared that the motion-picture business was "in the middle of the most amazing transition" in its relationship to publishing and television. In Ovitz's opinion, it is becoming increasingly difficult for either the movie industry or the book-publishing business to function separately. Almost everywhere he and his West Coast confreres look, they profess to see evidence of the inevitability of a commingling of the media. In Alex Haley's "Roots," the publishing, television, and motion-picture people see a striking example not only of how books can affect television but also of how television can affect books and the movie business. On the eight consecutive nights in January of 1977 when "Roots" was shown on ABC as a mini-series, the programs attracted an audience of well over a hundred million people, and attendance at movie theatres in the country is said to have dropped between forty and fifty per cent. Following the mini-series, sales of the hardcover book, published by Doubleday, rose from about six hundred thousand to a million one hundred thousand within two years. By the beginning of 1979, the combined hardcover and paperback sales of "Roots" had reached nearly six million. Even before that, in 1978, the publishing



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The taste worth acquiring a taste for.

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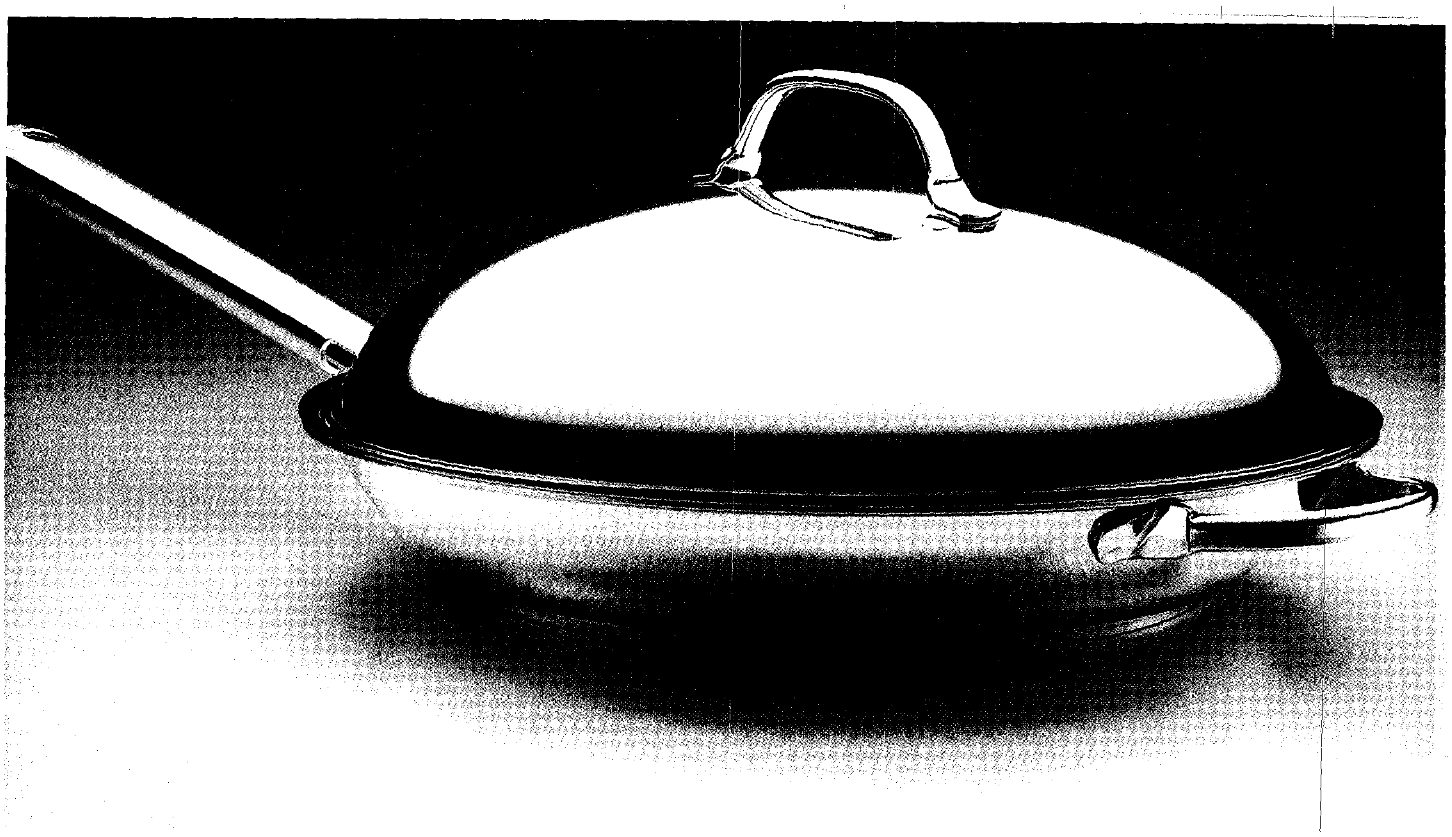

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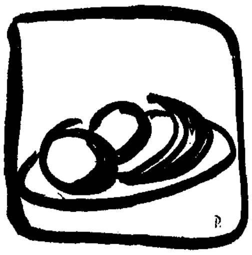
and movie people had a glimpse of what could happen when an original television series was adapted to book form. In April of that year, NBC ran a mini-series called “Holocaust,” and Gerald Green, its author, wrote a novelization of it, under the same title; it sold a million seven hundred thousand copies in paperback.

“The entire game is different,” Ovitz told me. “It’s not a question of dealing, as an agency, with just television or just motion pictures or just books, or even cable or pay TV, or shooting from the hip in the books-to-media business. Now there are a myriad ways of putting projects together, which is what we do here. We don’t operate like traditional literary agents. We represent writers *and* producers *and* directors. We basically develop material that we haven’t actually bought. We can put together all the elements for a project and, with the agreement of the principals, sell the result as a package. Or we can auction the work of an author straight to motion pictures or to TV or to books, or to all three. Books and movies, movies and books, books and television, television backward to books—it’s never happened this way before. We’re putting books together that are predicated on magazine articles, putting books together that are predicated on screenplays, and putting movies together that are predicated on books.”



In sum, the aim of such efforts is a multimedia merchandising program in which books, movies, and television programs based on a single work—and all associated promotion—are fused into a coördinated whole, as a packaged “property.” Such a package is composed of “elements.” A script is an element. So is a writer. So are a book, a producer, an actor or a troupe of actors, a director. In contrast to simpler times, in which it was taken for granted that a published book originated with an author, who conceived a set of ideas on a theme and then developed them in manuscript form, the existence of even an unfinished manuscript may not be a necessary precondition to selling a book for a large sum to a publisher in these multimedia deals, since actual authorship often becomes an ancillary consideration in what I have heard called in Los Angeles “the spontaneous generation of a literary property.” This “generation” does not have to take place in the mind of a writer; it can occur around a conference table in the office of a producer or an agent, who may then add to it “elements,” including the writer, who is “acquired” sooner or later in the packaging processes. A multimedia package thus assembled normally involves a sale of the paperback rights for the proposed book to a publishing house, and sometimes both a hardcover and a paperback publication deal. The terms of the deal specify that the publication dates and the promotion of the various editions of the book are to be coördinated with the promotion and release of the movie that is also to be manufactured from the original idea. In the case of the novelization of a screenplay for mass-market-paperback publication, the studio usually owns the logotype of the title shown on the cover of the resulting book and retains the right to control the use of the particular typeface or logo used for the title of the movie both on the screen and in ads in all media, and also retains control over the artwork, and even the colors used in the artwork, shown on the cover of the novelization. “A total manipulation of package” is how one Hollywood executive described it to me.

The essence of such a system is to make the promotion in one medium feed the promotion in another to achieve a maximum marketing effect in both. The sequence may go like this: A book based on the script of a movie yet to be produced or on an idea put forward by either a producer or an agent, or even a writer, is sold to a paperback publisher or to a hardcover publisher, who then sells the reprint rights to a paperback house. The book serves as a device to publicize the forthcoming movie well ahead of its completion and release, and in the meantime the movie company may put money into advertising the book. At the time the movie is released, the book, whose sales may well have passed their peak, embarks on a sort of second life, stimulated by the showing of the movie and by all the advertising attached to it. Since the promotion of the book and the movie are coördinated according to a prearranged program, both the producers and the publishers involved—not to mention the author—

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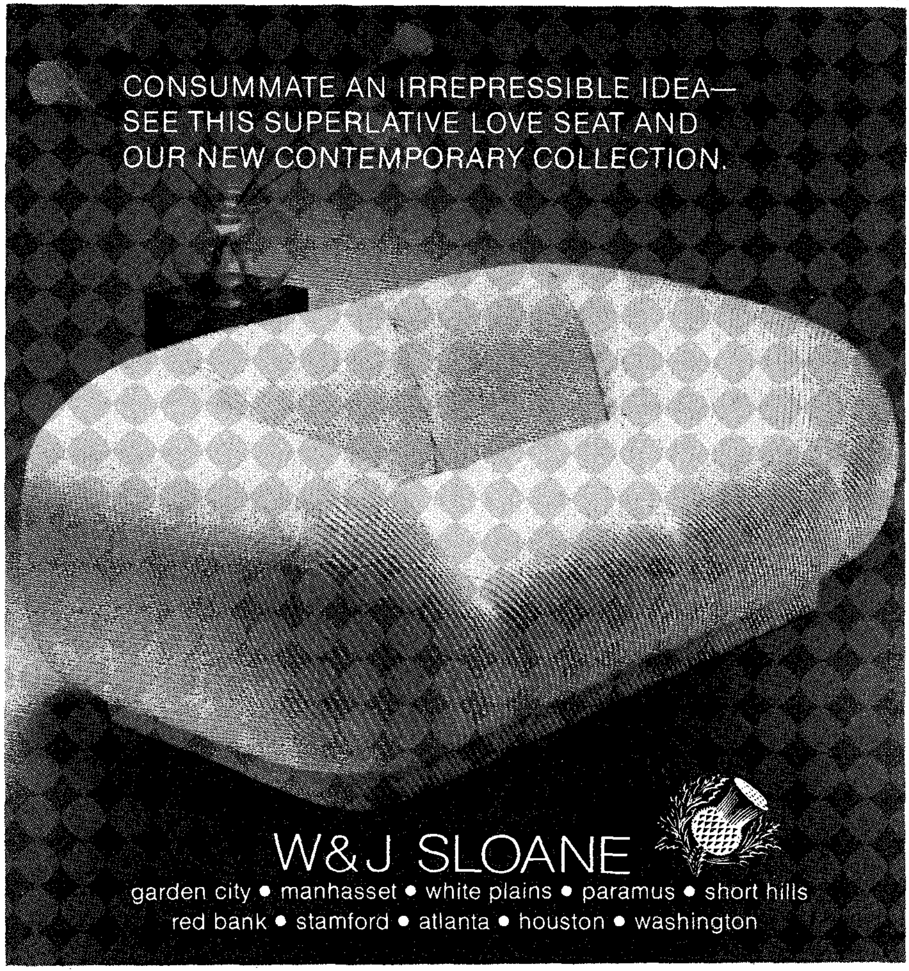

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For the movie people, this kind of multimedia deal has added advantages. Nowadays, even before book rights are sold, a movie project, once it reaches the production stage, can be advanced at low risk, in comparison to the risks once encountered, through what amounts to the sale of futures on the film in the form of various ancillary rights. "Just the prices obtained for TV use have gone up enormously," Diskant told me. "A movie that sold to TV for one or two million dollars a couple of years ago is now selling for six or seven or eight million, and some movies are selling for as much as twenty million. Those prices are there because the TV networks don't want the pay-TV industry to go out and license all the negatives. When you get a movie project set up, you can sometimes get advances from foreign and domestic distributors and from pay TV, and they can so reduce your risk that often a motion-picture studio can actually be out"—that is, financially in the clear—"before the picture is released. These multimedia rights even extend into the music business. Soundtrack rights have become a vital part of the assets of a movie, and you want to control those from the beginning. Look at the soundtrack album of 'Saturday Night Fever'—for a while, its sales outgrossed those of the movie! Unfortunately, the studio didn't get most of the proceeds of that album, but you can see that in other situations like this whatever benefits you can earn, and at no cost to the producers of the movie, from book-publication rights and through book-movie tie-ins may just put you that much farther ahead." David Brown agrees with this assessment. "Under the management that you find at big companies like MCA, the marketing and publicity people are a very efficient breed," he told me. "So with the sale of all these ancillary rights, including outside book-publishing rights, the financing and promotion even of what might turn out to be an unsuccessful film represent a very low risk to a studio."

From the point of view of the publishers, the risk tends to be higher, because a book or novelization on which they have advanced substantial sums may not sell, or the movie to which the book is tied in may not be successful. But when the tie-in works, the rewards can be great, and the huge sums that a motion-picture company may

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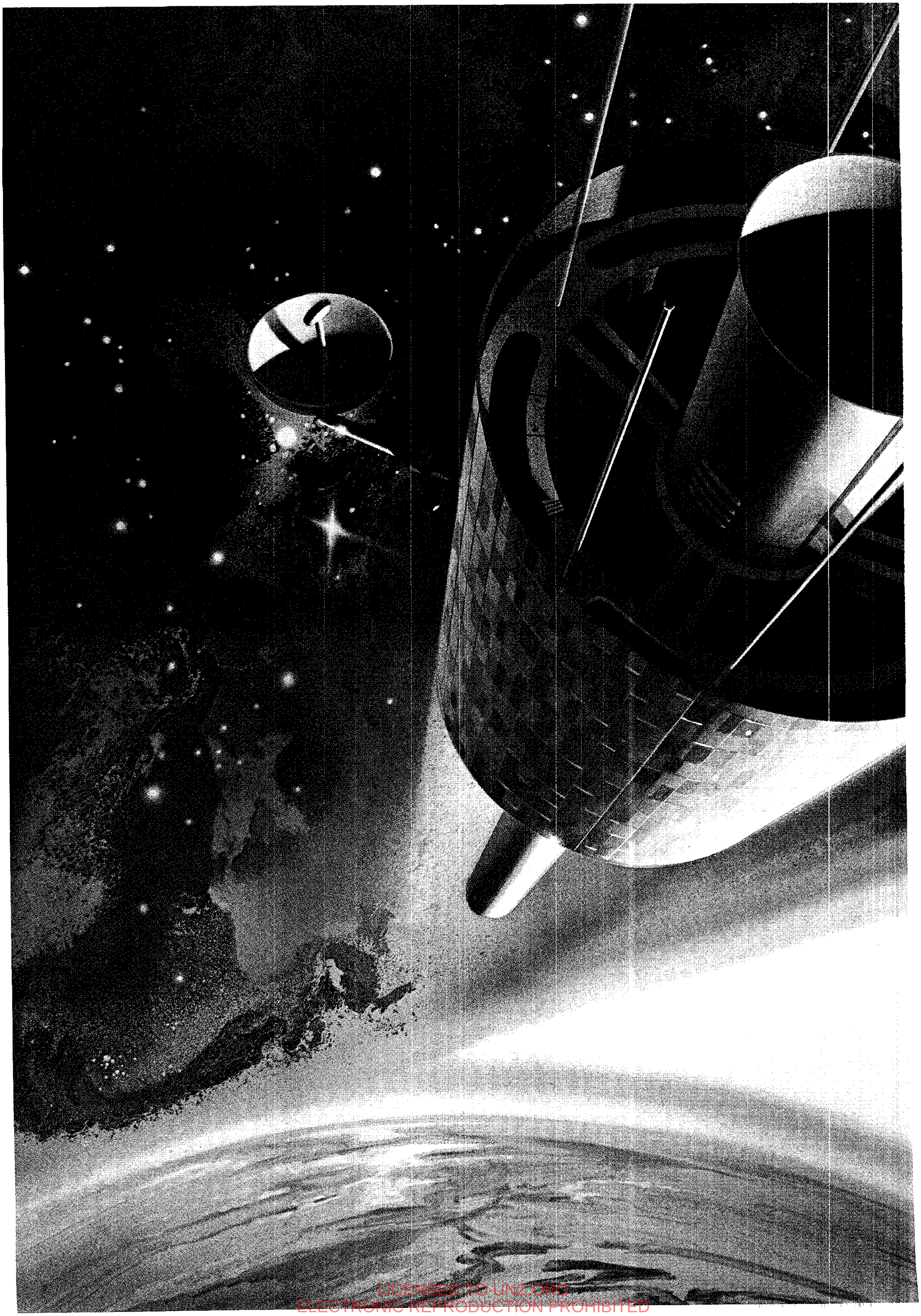

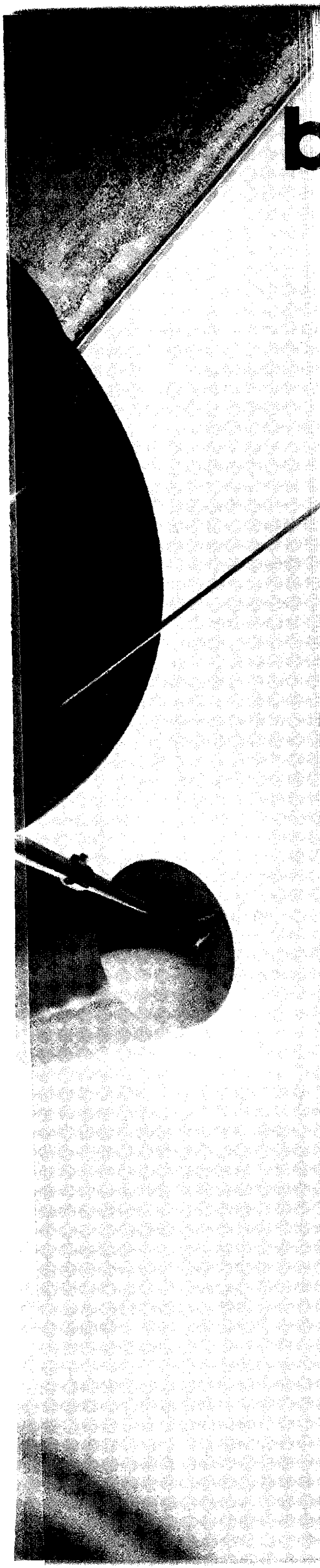

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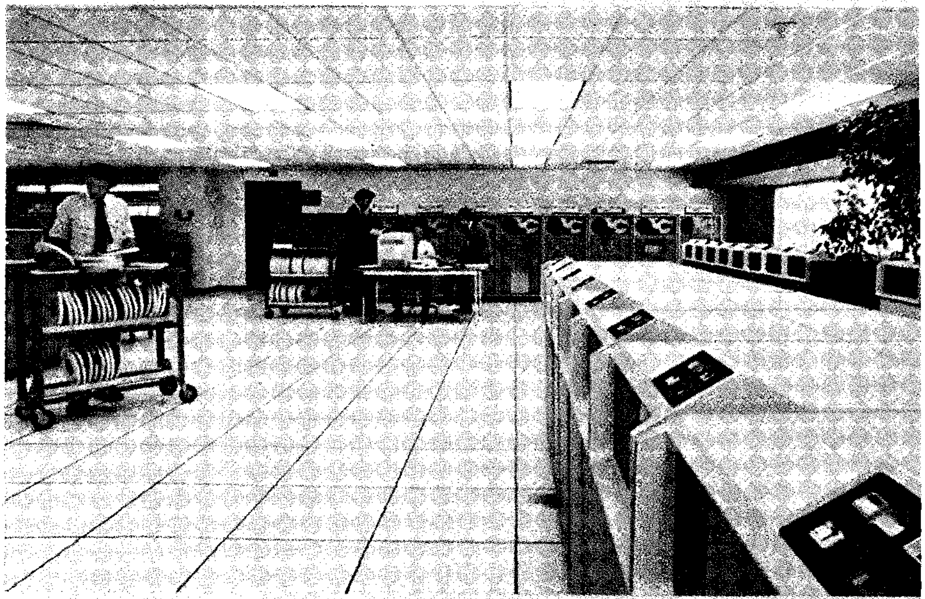

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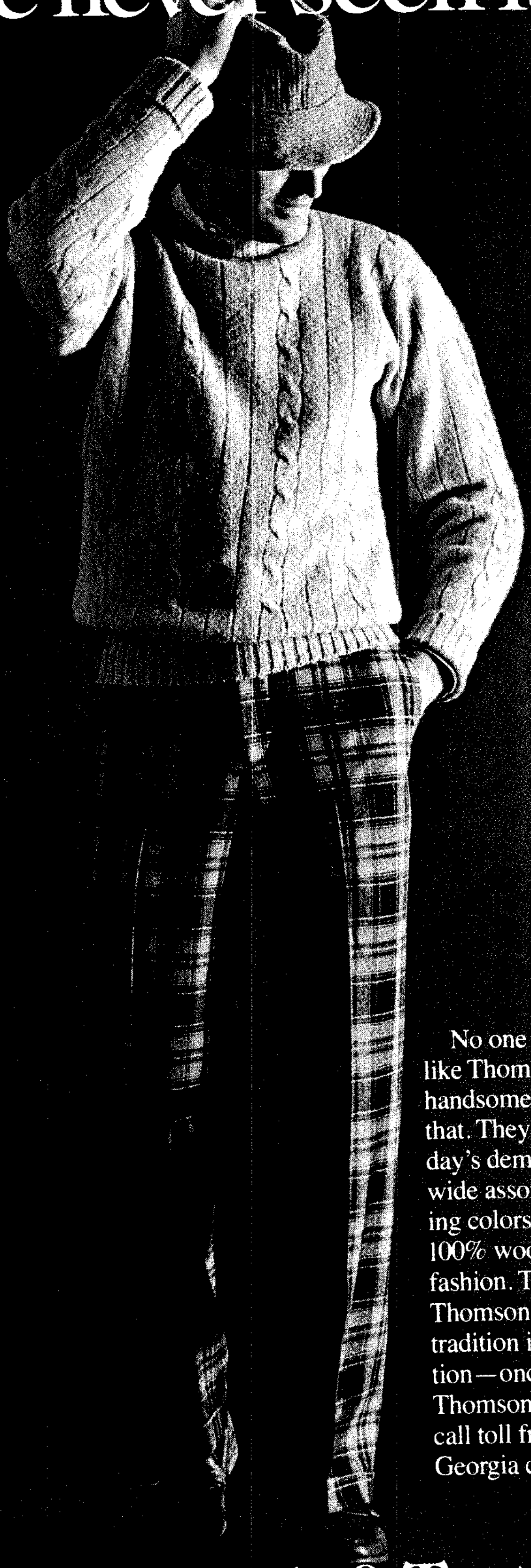

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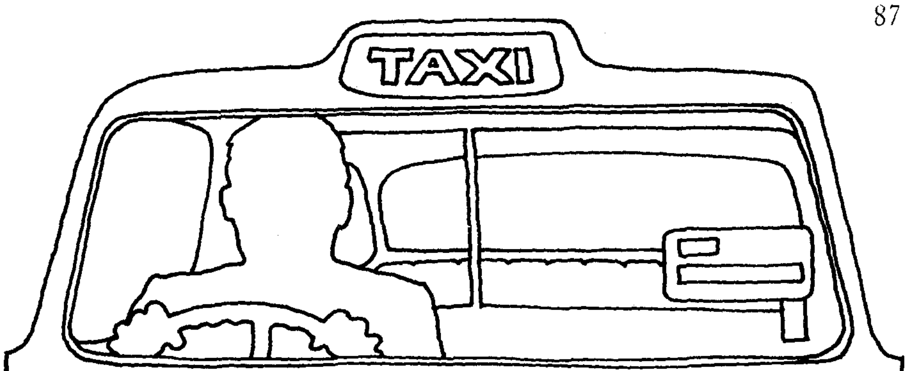
budget for advertising and publicity can give an enormous boost to the paperback sales of a tie-in book. "At the time a movie-book deal is made with a paperback publisher," Brown says, "he knows that up to eight million dollars may be spent by the studio on advertising for the film, which is certainly going to redound to the paperback company's advantage, because that title is going to appear not only on the cover of the book but on marquees everywhere and on all the TV commercials for the movie and in print ads all over the United States." Of the attitude of publishers toward the benefits that movie-book tie-ins can confer on them when properly "orchestrated," Ovitz remarked to me, "In the past four or five years, people in the book business have seen many things they had never thought would exist. Not only have they arrived at a point where paperbacks are being advertised and promoted on TV but books are getting exposure just everywhere. The publishers see book tie-ins placed right in the trailers for the movie, they see the books themselves sometimes on special stands in the lobbies of the theatres where the movie is showing, they see waves of publicity about their authors breaking again and again—with the publication of the paperback, the release of the movie, and the new campaigns for the book that are timed to follow this release."

Diskant told me, "Your successful authors have become personalities, and, with the publication of the various editions, your personalities are in all the media. They're all very merchandisable, and the income is such that they can live next to Steve McQueen. Look at Irving Wallace and that party he threw on his estate, for five or six hundred people, at the time of the last convention of the American Booksellers Association out here. That sort of thing is very rare these days in Hollywood."

Though failures inevitably occur, the proportion of big publishing successes among book-movie deals has been such that over the past few years New York publishers have been establishing offices on the West Coast to get in on the ground floor of movie tie-ins and other multimedia deals. Pocket Books has its own representative in Los Angeles. So have Bantam, and Warner Books, and New American Library had one for a while. Hardcover publishers, even though they usually have no control over the



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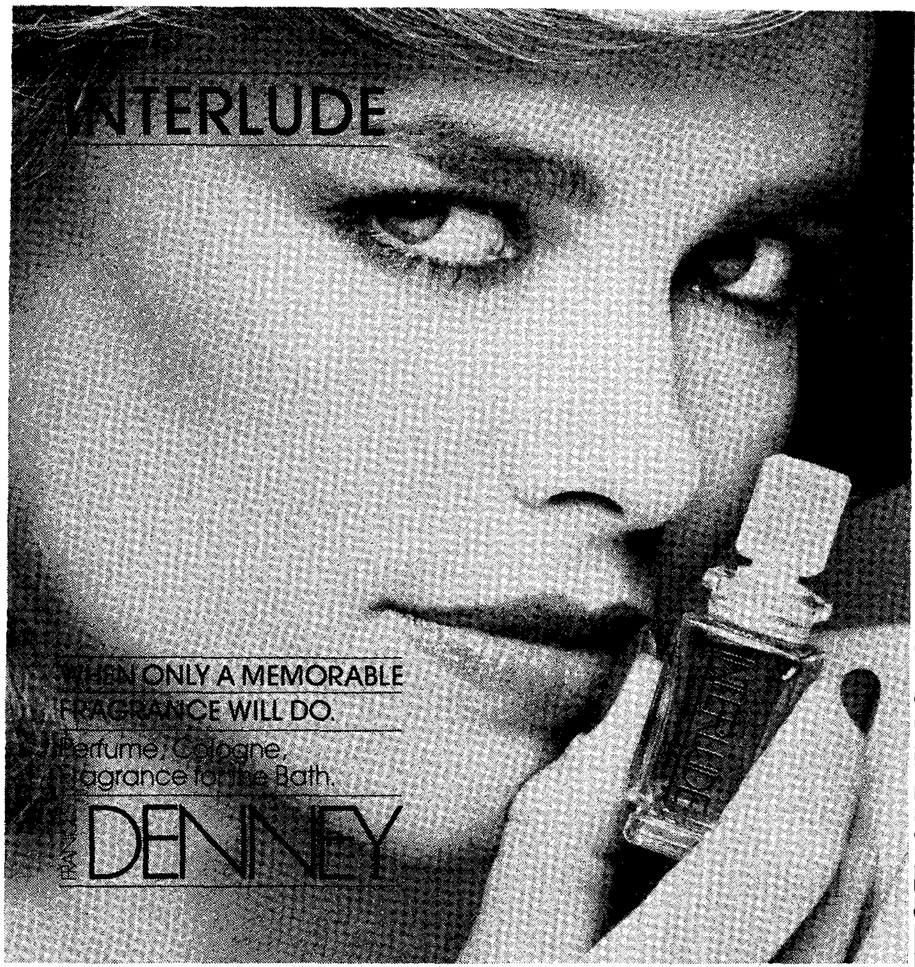
disposition of motion-picture rights to the books on their lists, have developed a keen interest in encouraging the sale of those rights, through the authors' agents. "The reason the publishers are extremely interested in having the agents offer these motion-picture rights, and as soon as possible after the manuscript is accepted for publication, is that the sale of these rights jacks up the price for the reprint rights, because it gives the reprinter two shots at the paperback—one before the movie is completed, and the other after it's completed," Brown told me. "Even an early *option* by a motion-picture company on an accepted manuscript has a profound effect on the paperback bidding." The effect of all this is to weave agents, producers, and publishers together in something that one hears referred to as "the deal fabric."

An example of the "generation of a literary property" and how it was wrapped up in a "deal fabric" was outlined to me a while ago by Diskant. The process—which involved the Ziegler, Diskant agency; George Englund, an independent producer who has been responsible for, among other films, "The Ugly American;" Paul Erdman, the author of the 1976 novel "The Crash of '79;" the director Sydney Pollack; the hardcover house Simon & Schuster; and the paperback house Pocket Books—was described this way:

"George Englund approached us with an idea. Englund is very close to Clifford Perlman, the chairman of Caesars World. Englund saw him as a great background source for a motion picture about the gambling phenomenon in this country—an important social and economic phenomenon, with gambling stocks becoming some of the hottest stocks on the stock exchange. Englund wanted to discuss with us the possibility of developing a motion picture on this subject. Englund had no beginning, no middle, and no end for the movie, and he had no characters. He had an idea, and he figured that his relationship with Cliff Perlman would provide him with top-level access to the gambling scene all around the country. We thought the idea had great possibilities. A few days later, taking things a step farther, we put Englund in touch with Paul Erdman as a possible writer—after we had explained to Erdman what it was all about. Erdman loved the idea. We discussed with Erdman the possibility of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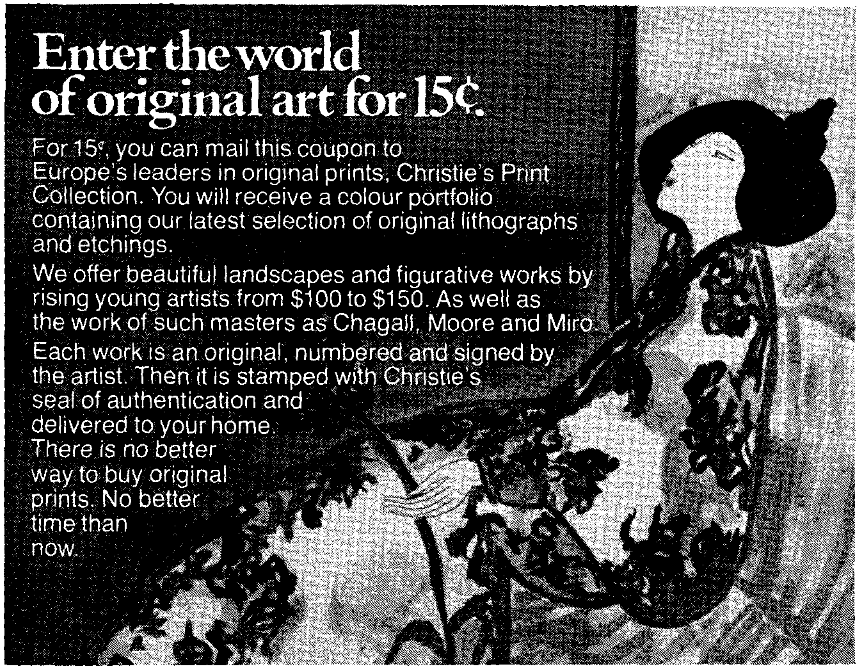
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developing the idea as a *book*. He said he'd love to do a book about it. So I told Englund, 'We're planning on making a book deal.' I explained that an author of Erdman's stature would have to have complete autonomy—he'd have to control all the literary rights. Then, early in 1978, I called up Dick Snyder, of Simon & Schuster, who's Erdman's publisher and did a very good job in promoting 'The Crash of '79.' I said, 'Dick, I've got a great idea.' I told him about Englund's approach and what the subject of the movie would be. I said, 'We've got the producer; I want to get an important director involved, and an important writer. I want this to start with a book. I want to have it published even before the screenplay might be completed. I want the book to be a publishing event on its own. I've got the author to agree to consult with the screenwriter while the book is being written.' Dick reacted to the project with enthusiasm. I had Erdman prepare a two-page outline of what the book would deal with. It would be called 'Atlantic City.' After a few months, on the basis of conversations between Dick and me, and Erdman's outline, Dick agreed to publish the book under our terms. In June of 1978, Simon & Schuster agreed to a seven-figure advance—a *hard* seven-figure advance. Dick gave me some advice about the project. I sat down with the producer, and our next step, in April or May of 1979, was to bring in Sydney Pollack as director—Sydney happens to be a client of mine.

"All the details of the book-movie deal were spelled out in the contract with Simon & Schuster. It's a hardcover-paperback deal, with Pocket Books—which, of course, is owned by Simon & Schuster—doing the paperback. The author will earn royalties of fifteen per cent from *both* editions. He doesn't share them. And he retains all ancillary rights. It's important for the agent to control all the markets that an author's book is going to be in—foreign translations, television, video cassettes, motion pictures, hardcover, paperback, what have you. And that's also important to Erdman, who is very sophisticated about these things. As for us as agents, we make sure that we not only control all the markets but *choreograph* their interplay. You want the hardcover coming out at a certain time. Then you want the paperback out at a properly calculated time. This

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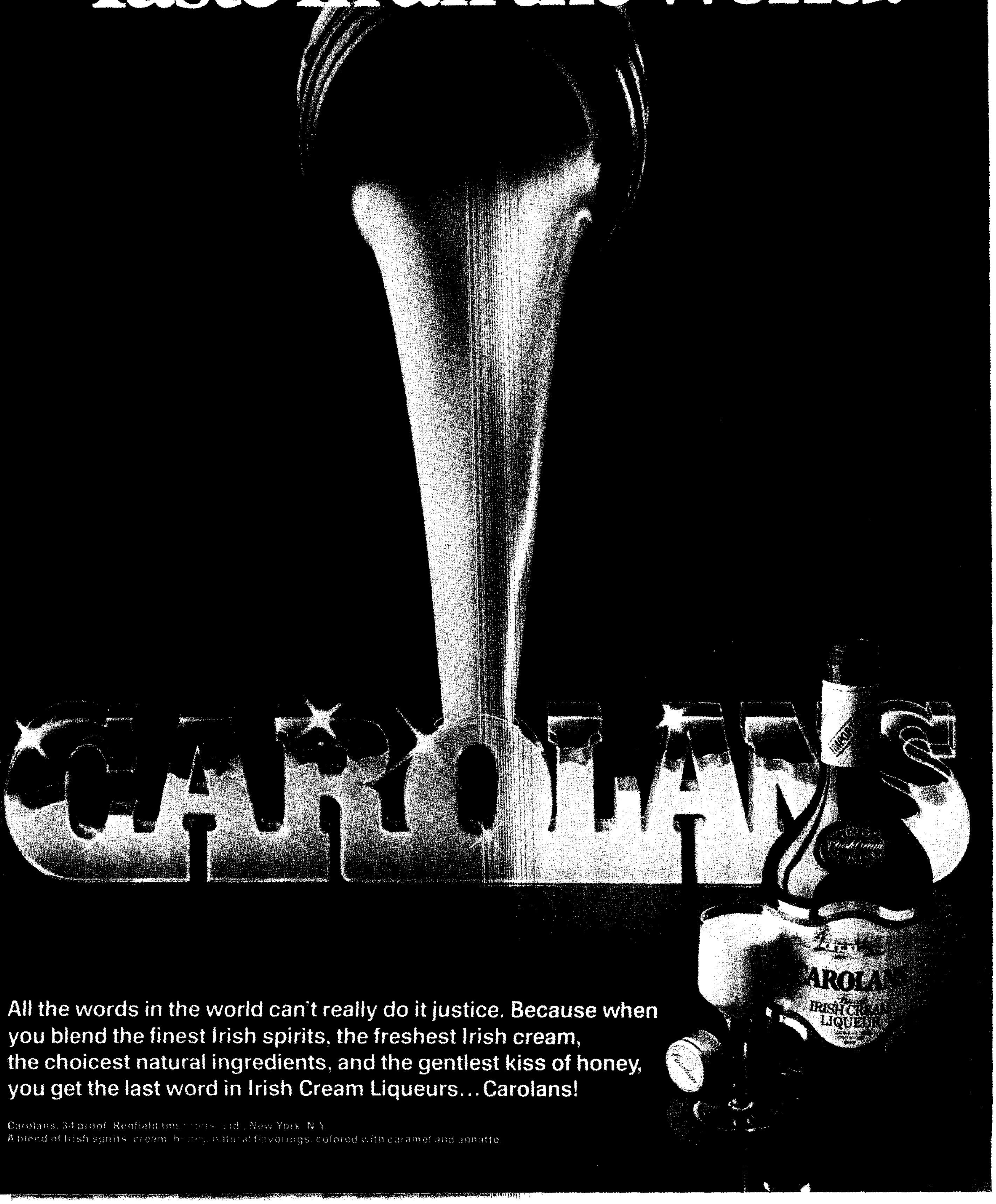

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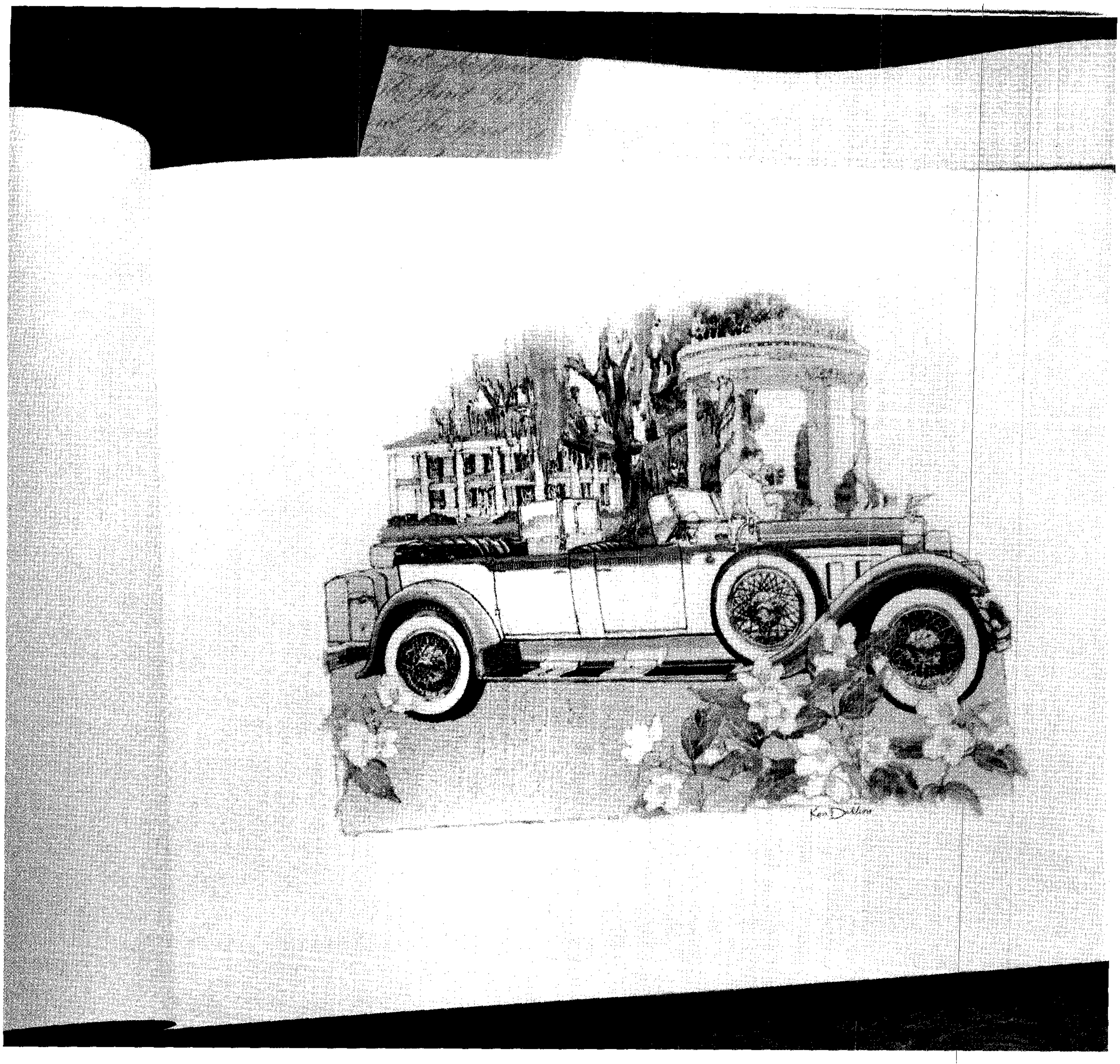

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A limited-edition art anthology of the great Rolls-Royce motor cars: 24 full-color renderings in period settings by the renowned artist, Ken Dallison; a foreword essay by Lord Montagu, founder of the National Motor Museum of England; the portfolio bound in genuine Rolls-Royce leather; each portfolio numbered and signed by the artist; the binding permits removal of individual prints for framing.

In sum, *The Spirit* is quite magnificent. Described by the New York Times as "luxuriously produced," it is sufficiently magnificent to have been placed on display at the Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace.

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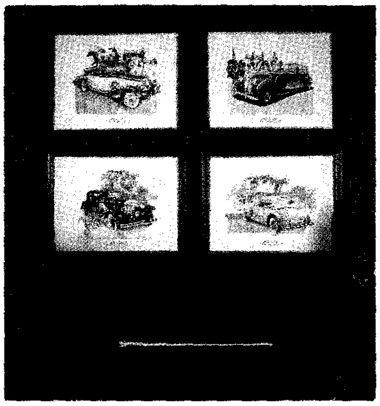

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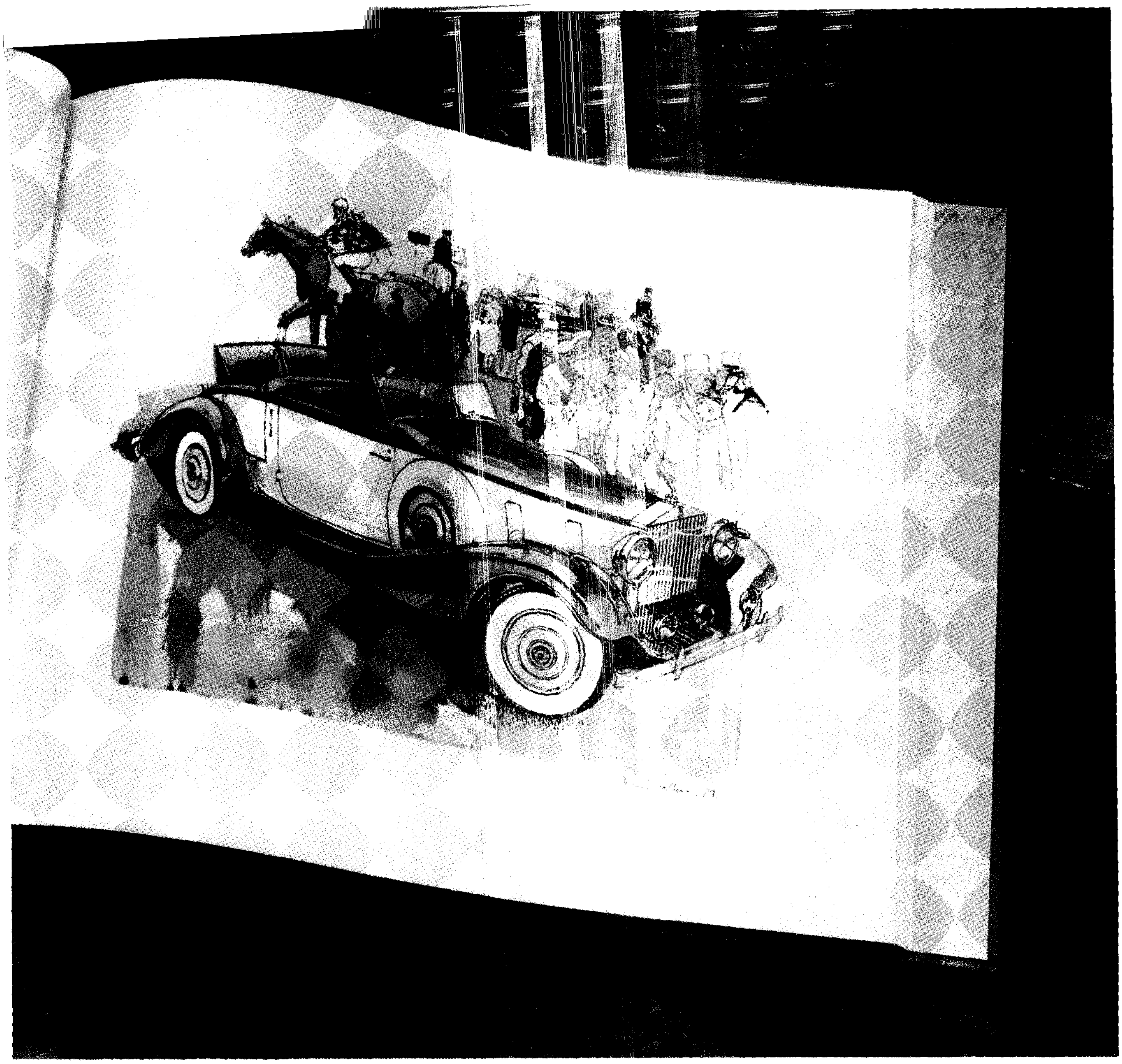

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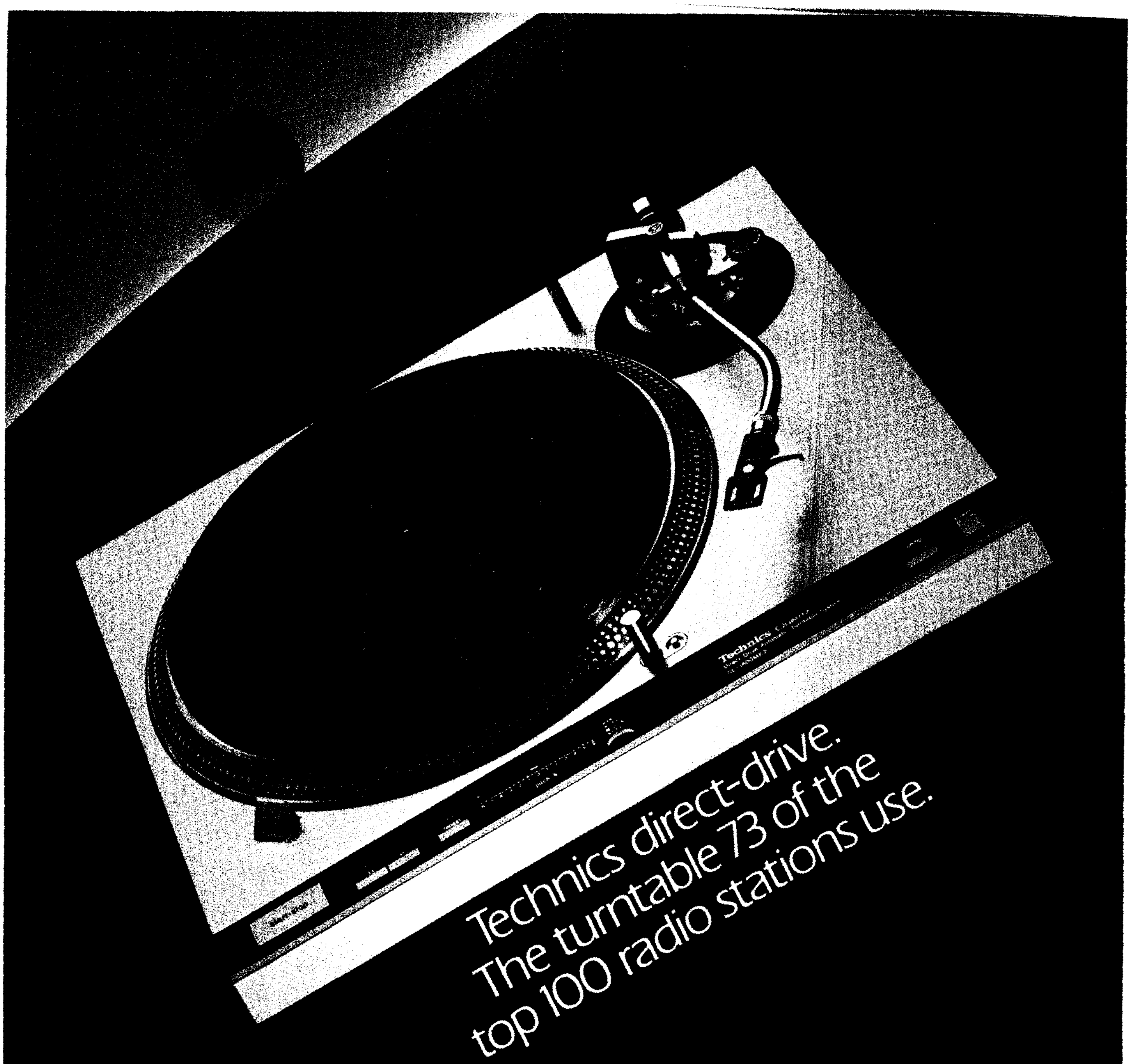

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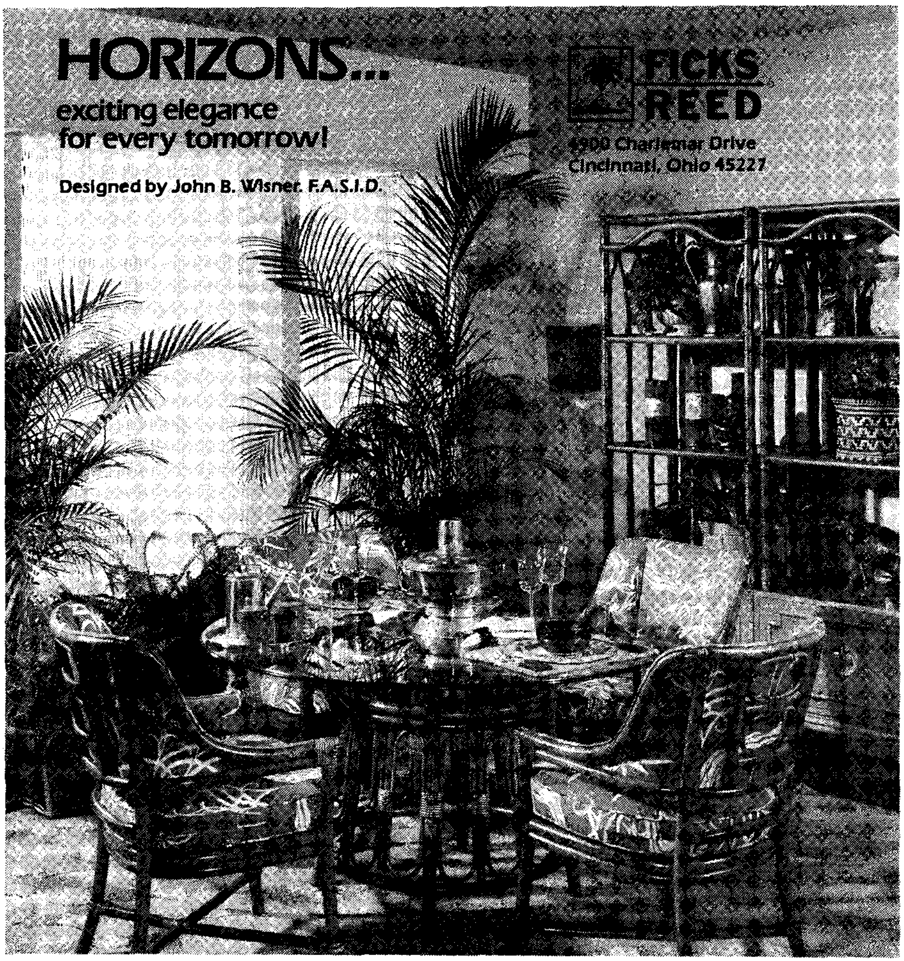
movie will probably cost fifteen million dollars to make. We had to find a partner to finance and distribute the movie. For this, we went to Warner Brothers, and in late spring of 1979 we made a deal. The next step was to hire screenwriters. Paul is working on the book now. He's also feeding his manuscript to the screenwriters as he turns it out. If all goes according to schedule, the hardcover version of the book will be published in 1981. Filming of the movie will probably start at the same time. Then will come the first paperback edition. It'll be presented as a *true* paperback edition rather than as a tie-in with the movie. During this time, the hardcover and paperback editions will be getting all the visibility; they will be building interest, and an audience for the motion picture that is being made. By the time shooting is finished and the movie is edited and ready to show, the paperback edition of the book should have been out for three months or so. The paperback will have had the benefit of an enormous amount of publicity and advertising money in print and on TV, and it's probable that the movie studio will contribute to the publisher's advertising appropriation for the hardcover book, too, and undoubtedly Erdman will be making TV appearances all over for the hardcover and paperback editions. Then, after the paperback has been out those three months and the movie is released, a *new* paperback edition of the book, with a new cover, explicitly tying the book in to the movie, and bearing the movie artwork and logo, will be published. And that will set off a new round of publicity, promotion, and advertising." And perhaps a new round of TV appearances by the author, too.

A PERFECT illustration of Snyder's dictum about the book business being the software of the entertainment industry, the "Atlantic City" project also serves to illustrate the difference between the approaches used in what one could consider an older era of "publicity" and a newer era of "hype." Up to now, publicity—intense publicity—concerned itself essentially with affairs of the moment. But the idea of hype implies something more than mere publicity. It implies not one event but a series of events (or pseudo-events), each of which is calculated to interact with, and heighten the effect of, the next one. And it seems that hype—as it applies to modern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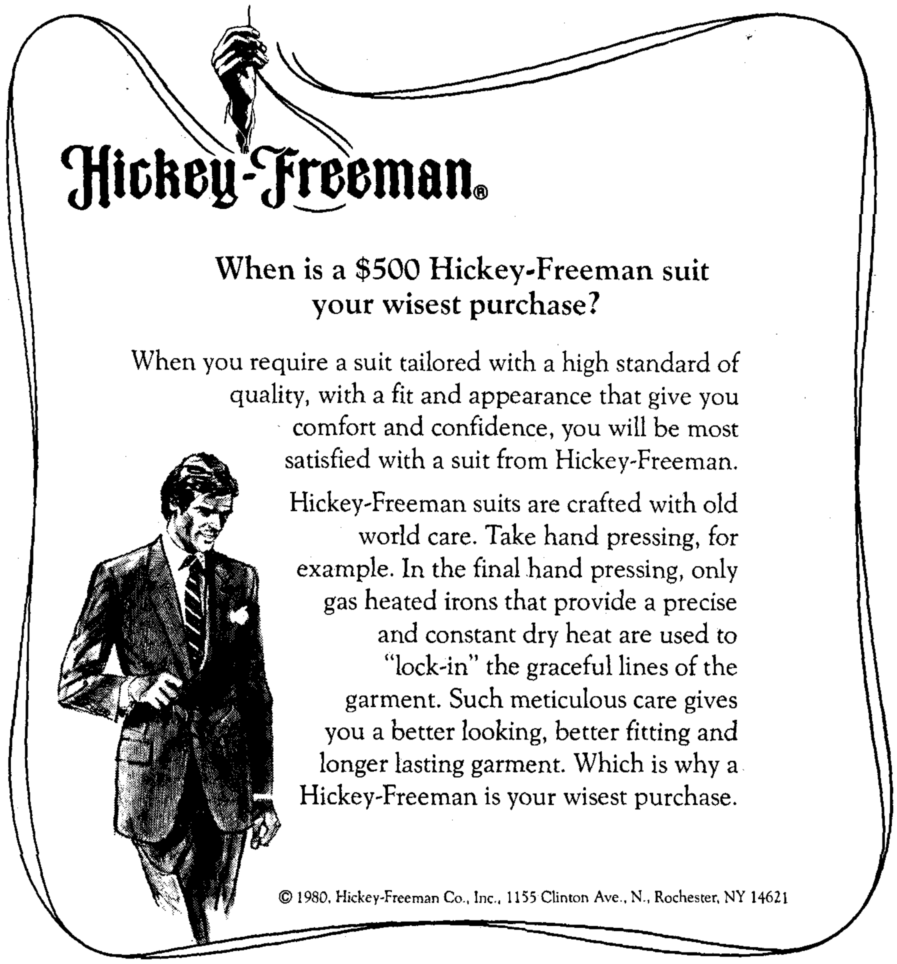
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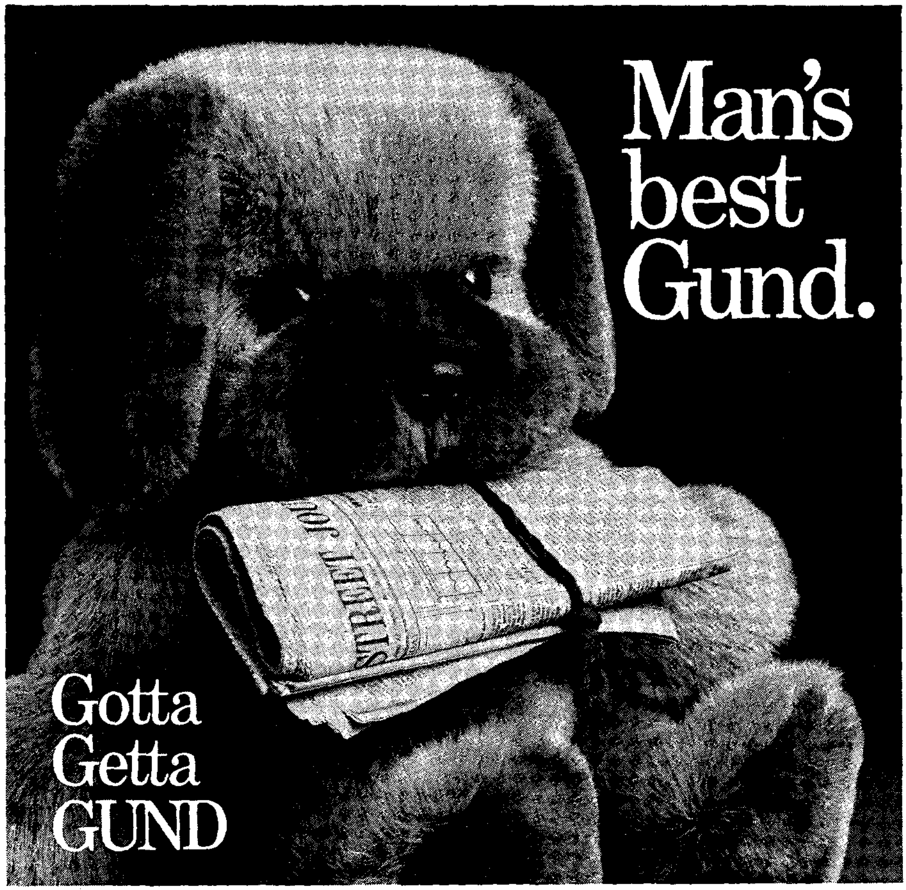

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multimedia promotion and merchandising, at least—tends to take on even greater force than what it purports to help bring about. It's a kind of symbolic overdrive, to which the customary gears in the promotional machine become subordinated. With hype, a hardcover book, say, may be heralded as an event, but when the time for the event arrives, and sometimes even before it arrives, the significance of the event quickly declines, because the significance lies not in the event itself but in its precursive and interactive function as part of a series—the hardcover, the author's TV appearances, the big auction, the paperback, the movie, the paperback-movie tie-in, the TV spin-off, and so on. With hype, it's the shadow of expectation concerning some subsequent step in the series—the sense of what's-coming-next—that somehow seems to assume greater substance than the event that has just materialized. "Soon to be a major motion picture"—that is not only hype for some future film version of a book but also a shadow intended to confer a strange kind of reality, or "credibility," on the book itself. And this situation has a corollary in which the book is a shadow and some future movie the reality. One Los Angeles agent, speaking of his efforts to "shepherd and orchestrate the literary and creative evolution of a property" that was based on an idea being developed by his agency for a movie, told me that, having "acquired" a writer, he was proposing a hardcover-paperback deal with a New York publisher in order to "get credibility" for the acquired writer and for the eventual paperback edition of the book itself, which, if it was successful, would serve as "an exploitation device" for the proposed movie.

One of the first of the big mass-market-paperback houses to establish a representative in Los Angeles to specialize in acquiring movie novelizations and arranging movie-book tie-ins was Bantam Books, and in the last couple of years or so Bantam has broadened its participation in the movie business. At last year's convention of the American Booksellers Association, in Los Angeles, Marc Jaffe, then the president and publisher of Bantam (he has recently left Bantam, and become executive vice-president of Random House and executive vice-president and editor-in-chief of Ballantine Books), informed a discussion group that his company was adopting "a

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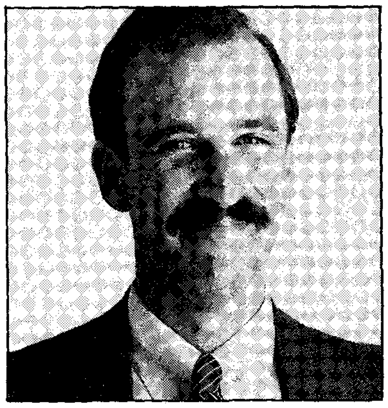

Ray R.

“I limped through college and graduate school with one crummy used car after another.

“But now that I've got a grown up job with grown up responsibility, I thought I'd treat myself to a brand new car.

“Well, at first, I thought the world had passed me by—all those cars were so boring!

“Then I discovered the Alfa Spider. First of all, it's a convertible! And most of all it's an Alfa Romeo.

“What a machine!

“Today when I leave the office after all those meetings, my hair cut short, necktie in place, I'll jump into my very own Alfa Romeo Spider.

“You know, all that college was worth it.”

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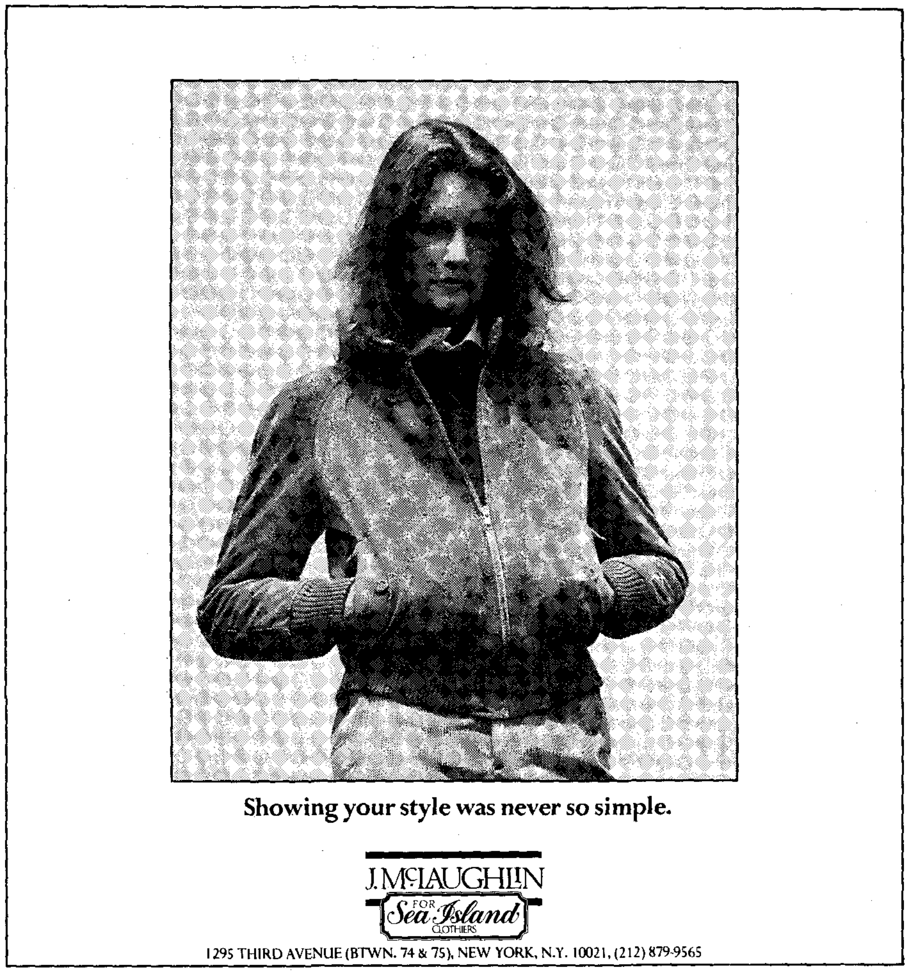
Alfa Romeo

whole new way of working with films." This, he said, was a scheme whereby Bantam editors would enter into what he called "a co-creative" relationship with producers or agents; that is, the editors would sit down with these people to "generate" ideas for book-movie combinations.

Bantam's principal West Coast representative concerned with such matters is Charles B. Bloch, who directs a wholly owned Bantam subsidiary in Los Angeles called Entertainment Discoveries, Inc. E.D.I. was formed in 1977, Bloch told me a while ago, as the result of a growing conviction among the Bantam people that, "with the proliferation of all these mergers in which motion-picture companies and book-publishing houses were involved," it would be advisable for Bantam—which is under the ownership of the Bertlesmann publishing empire, in Germany, and has no conglomerate connections in the United States—to take steps on its own to develop a closer relationship with the movie industry. E.D.I. is set up as a movie-production company, with Bloch as the executive producer. Bloch not only arranges with studios or various independent producers or agents for novelizations of screenplays which will be published by Bantam as tie-ins to the movies to be made from those screenplays but also arranges joint ventures in which Bantam may actually co-finance the writing of screenplays in conjunction with certain Bantam books; in effect, that is, Bloch hires the scriptwriters for E.D.I. in addition to signing up the authors of the Bantam books dealing with the same subject matter. In part, this new step seems to have arisen out of Bantam's reaction to the constantly rising prices being paid to hardcover houses by paperback publishers—because of which, Bloch told me, "we have been developing our own original books, which we have acquired full basic rights to, so that we are not only publishing the originals in paperback but also making these reverse deals by licensing the hardcover rights to them to hardcover publishers almost every month." Bloch describes this increasingly common practice as "our protection against the OPEC of the hardcover publishers." Once Bantam had initiated this practice, Bloch told me, it seemed natural, in view of the firm's parallel involvement in the movie-book tie-in business, to get actively involved in the movie business as well.

The first feature film developed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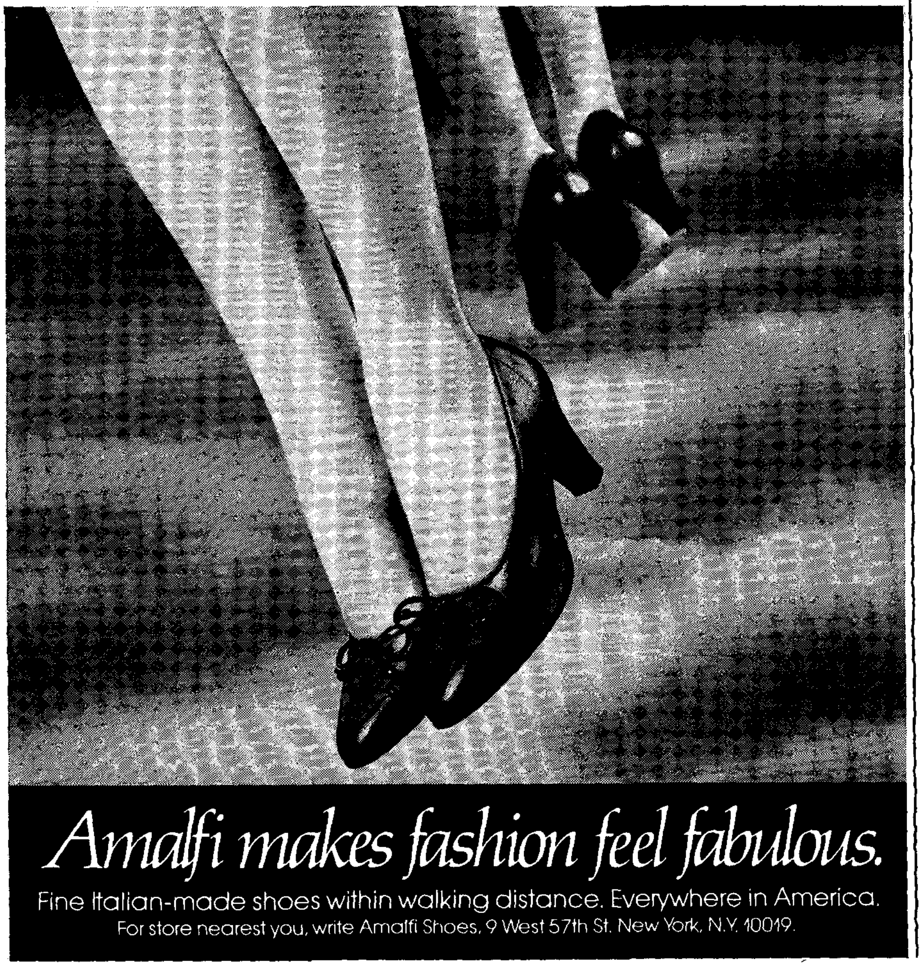
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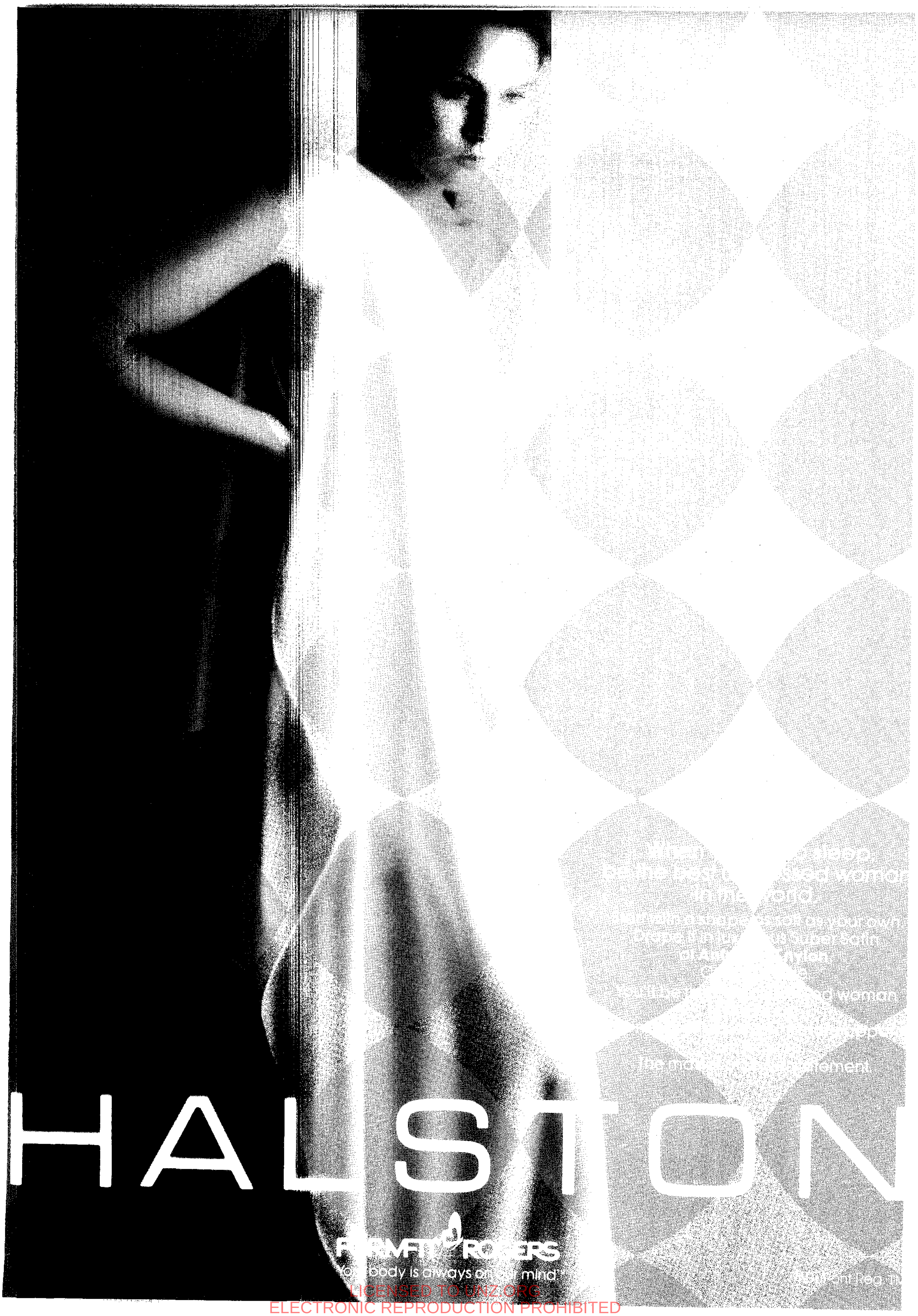
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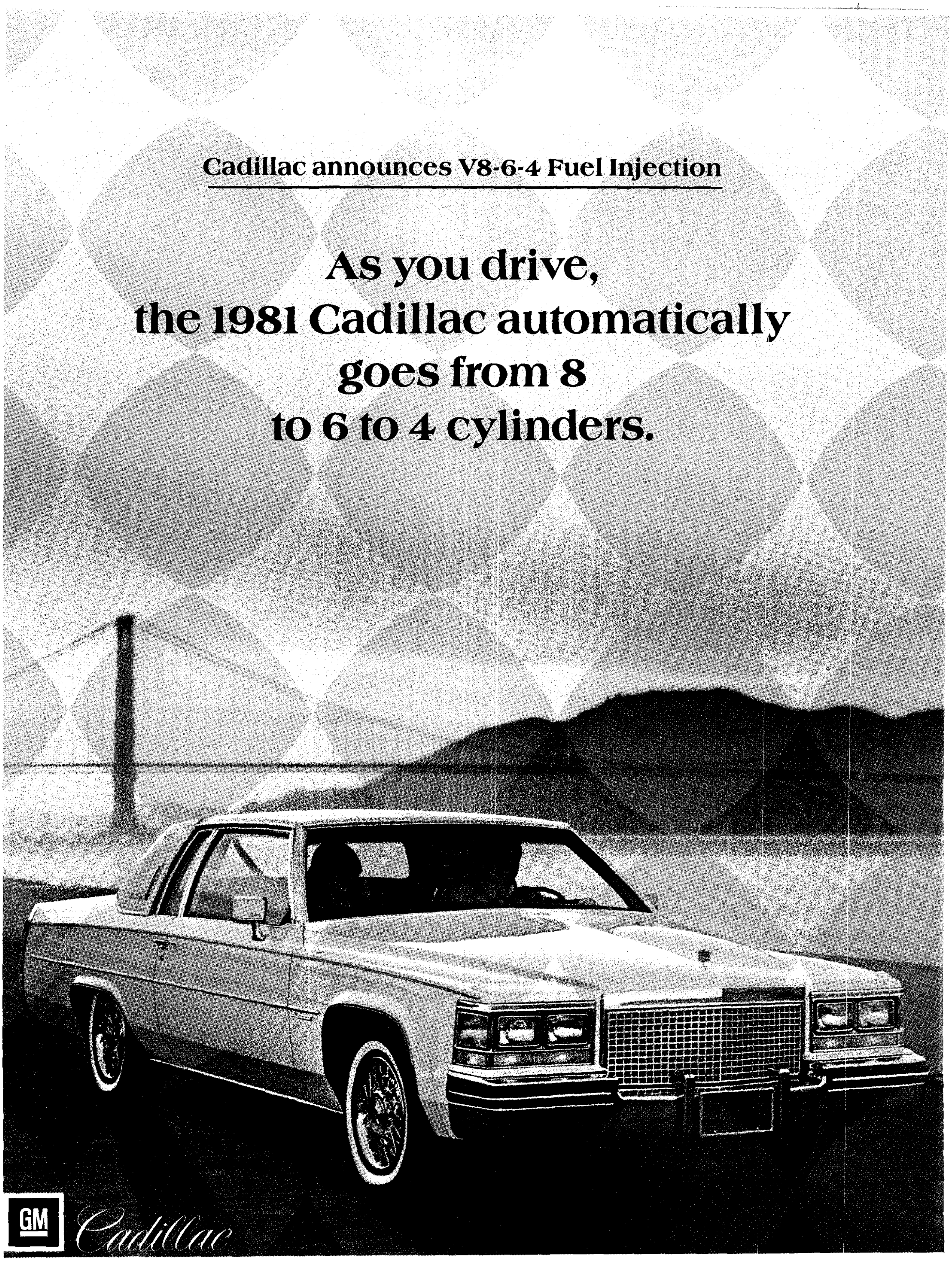

GM Cadillac

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Is V8-6-4 Fuel Injection standard equipment?

Yes, the V8-6-4 fuel-injected engine is the standard gasoline engine for all 1981 Cadillacs.

6 8 4 FUEL INJECTION

How does it operate?

As you leave your driveway, all 8 cylinders in your gasoline-powered 1981 Cadillac are in operation. Then, as you reach intermediate speeds on a street or avenue and your power requirements lessen, the car automatically switches to 6 cylinders. And then, when you reach cruising speeds and your power needs decrease further, the car automatically switches to 4-cylinder operation.

Does any other carmaker offer anything like this?

To our knowledge no other carmaker offers it—foreign or domestic. It serves as a prime example of American innovation.

It sounds complicated—is it?

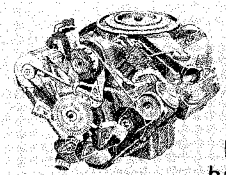
No. It's surprisingly simple. The on-board digital computer of the Digital Fuel Injection system senses the power requirements of the engine and closes off two, four or no cylinder valves, depending on those power needs. Then, as your power needs change, it opens fuel valves.

Can you feel the car going from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders and back again?

Some people can. Some can't. The perceived sensation is slight. Because, in a sense there is no shifting. Fuel valves simply close or open as instructed by the computer.

The idea of 4 cylinders in a Cadillac bothers me—should it?

No. The system only goes to 4 cylinders when your power needs are relatively low. To pass another car, push down on the accelerator and the system instantly goes into 8 cylinders for added power. Then, as your power needs decrease again, the system will return to 4 cylinders.



How reliable is it?

This system has been proven in over a half-million miles of testing. It's *that* reliable. All electronic components are solid-state, including the digital computer itself.

Is this the same as overdrive?

No. Overdrive is a function of gears. V8-6-4 is a function of the number of cylinders receiving fuel. By way of interest, overdrive is a feature associated with the V6 engine available on 1981 Fleetwood Broughams and DeVilles.

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Can I tell how many cylinders are active at any given time?

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Is it true that this combination could help a person to become a more efficient driver?

Absolutely. Knowing your active cylinders and instantaneous mpg can help you adjust your driving habits accordingly. And thereby help you become a more efficient driver. You can further demonstrate it to yourself by resetting the MPG Sentinel before a trip. Then push a button at trip's end and the MPG Sentinel will tell you how well you did by displaying your average miles per gallon to the nearest tenth.

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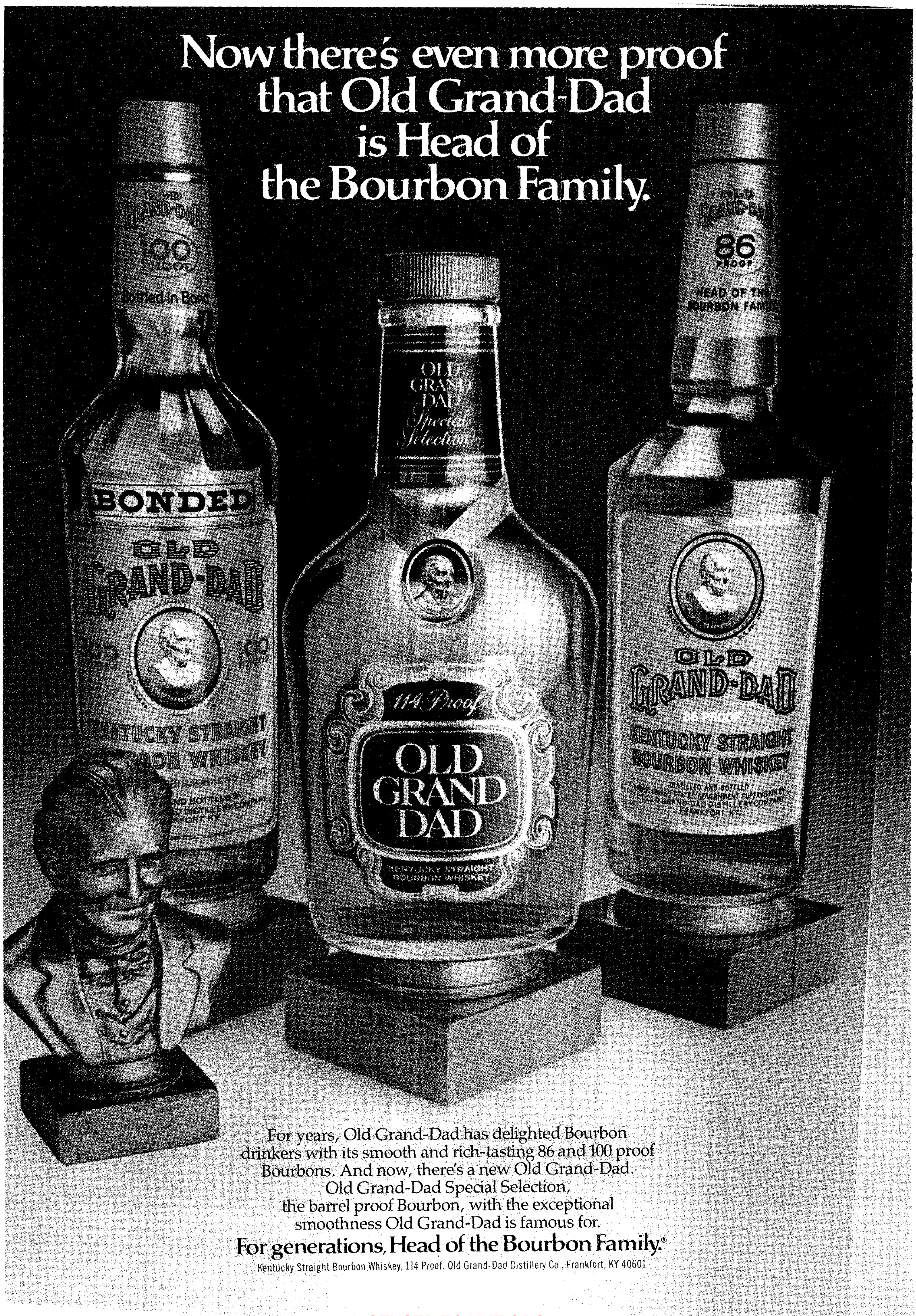
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 114 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601 through the efforts of E.D.I. and Bantam was "The Fog," a horror film that was released in February of this year. The project began with a two-page outline for a screenplay which had been prepared by two scriptwriters, John Carpenter and Debra Hill, and had come to Bloch's attention. Bloch sent the outline on to Jaffe, at Bantam, and as a result, according to Bloch, "we selected the property for development as a book and as a motion picture, and E.D.I. financed the writing of the screenplay, while Bantam financed the writing of the book." Bloch became the executive producer of the film, which was eventually produced by Debra Hill. Financed and distributed by Avco-Embassy Pictures, "The Fog" was released in neat synchronization with the publication of Bantam's paperback ("The Terror-Filled Novel THE FOG, by Dennis Etchison, Based on a Motion Picture Written by John Carpenter and Debra Hill"), and, of course, the promotion of the book was helped along by lavish advertising for the movie. So far, the sales of the book are above three hundred thousand. As for the movie, Bloch declares that it is expected to gross thirty million dollars in box-office receipts worldwide. And Bantam, which has a guaranteed share of the movie profits coming to it, will eventually be a major beneficiary of the movie venture as well as of the book publication.

A current Bantam-E.D.I. project involves a film called "The Iron Mistress of Malibu," which began as a movie script that was owned by an independent producer, Stanford Blum, and had been submitted to Orion Productions but, according to Bloch, was not found to be "shootable" as a motion picture by the Orion people. To convert the script into something shootable, Bloch made an arrangement with Marcia Nasatir, a producer for Orion who had formerly been an editor at Bantam, whereby Bantam paid a writer, Barry Kaplan, to adapt the script for publication as a "true" book rather than a tie-in. At the same time, E.D.I. entered into an agreement with Orion and with Stanford Blum under which the original screenplay of "The Iron Mistress of Malibu" would be discarded and another screenwriter would adapt the Bantam novel—when that was completed—as a new screenplay. The movie would be produced by Blum and Marcia Nasatir. "It seems like a tortuous way to go," Bloch conceded in discussing the project with

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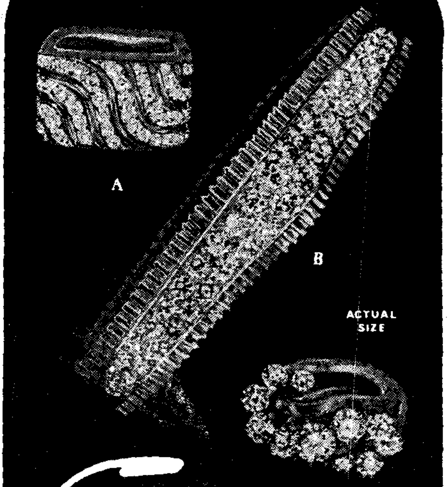
me. But, he added, "it also seems that there aren't any simple deals anymore."

Other paperback publishing houses are trying to set up similar joint-venture arrangements, in which they obtain, in effect, a proprietary interest in movie productions, but such efforts by publishers are not confined to the mass-market-paperback people. Some hardcover publishing houses are also attempting to make book-movie deals based on the "co-creative" development of ideas for books and movies, with the hardcover publishers putting up some kind of financial stake, which, they calculate, is worth risking because of the handsome payoff in box-office as well as book sales if the movie part of the deal goes forward. "Moving for the most part in a very quiet way, hardcover publishers are developing motion-picture material," one Hollywood agent told me. "An author comes to them with an idea that the hardcover publishers think smells theatrical, and soon the publishers are in there trying to put a movie-book-development deal together." When I asked Michael Ovitz about this, he said there was no question about the reality of the trend. "These hardcover publishers want to be equity partners in motion pictures," he said. "They feel that if they get into the development process at an early enough stage, they can wind up retaining a major equity position in motion-picture rights to certain books. All the publishers are on the lookout now for that nine-million-dollar movie that will gross two hundred million dollars—on the lookout for the hot script that'll be next year's runaway hit movie, so the publishers can control the rights to the paperback tie-in. And some of them are trying to get in on the ground floor by also doing a hardcover on the material for the movie, so they can get control of the paperback rights in anticipation of the movie-tie-in edition."

One representative of the hardcover industry who is actively on the lookout where Hollywood is concerned—and is not so quiet about it—is David Obst, the president of Simon & Schuster Productions. Obst, a brisk and bearded man of thirty-four, got into publishing by becoming an agent in Washington, D.C., where he scored a big success by representing Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein in the sale of their books "All the President's Men" and "The Final Days," and also in the sale to



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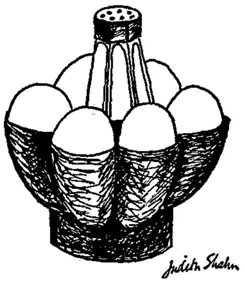
Robert Redford's production company of the movie rights to "All the President's Men." Soon after making those sales, Obst moved to Random House and then to Simon & Schuster, where he had his own imprint. He is enthusiastic about the potential rewards of strengthening the connection between Simon & Schuster's publishing activities and the movie industry, and to pursue this course he recently moved out to Los Angeles. I had a talk with him just before he made the migration.

"What's happening is that East Coast editors and publishers have been going out to the West Coast and spending *a week or ten days at a time* there, staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel, calling on all the same people at the studios, cherry-picking what's available, and bringing it home with them," Obst told me. "I learned, having come into the publishing business in Washington, that you had to be on the scene to know who the potentially successful writers were. I'm gambling on the theory that there is intelligent life on the West Coast. Which I can develop in book projects. Projects for which I can come up with original story ideas and find authors capable of working with them. Projects having spectacular rights potential. When *something like this works*, it's very lucrative, because the film companies are so hungry for material. They're willing to buy for enormous sums of money the rights to books that we can develop, and, more important, they're willing to put their resources into breaking these books further into the public consciousness through advertising dollars and promotion.



"One thing I've learned from being an agent is that to get people to pay attention to a book you have to hit them in the media. Take 'The Final Days'—we broke that on the cover of *Newsweek* as a hard-news story, and the book just *flew* out of the stores. I've always contended that in order to make a book work you have to have the public hear about it at least five times in three days, through the news or ads or word-of-mouth, or all three. Books and movies feed off each other. And in the financing, too. When the book is bought for hardcover and the rights are sold to a reprint house, the reprinter knows that he may have two shots at the market, the second being a movie tie-in if a movie is really made. And in the meantime there has been such a financial commitment by the studio that has entered into a book-movie deal that the chances of the book's actually becoming a movie may well be greater than they would be otherwise. Then, of course, if the movie actually is completed, the reprinter has his second chance to recoup with a tie-in edition.

"I want to develop properties through which talented screenwriters would be given an opportunity to write in a different medium. There's an economic need for this. What you're *dealing with in publishing*, fundamentally, is a limited and shrinking pool of talent that is being bid for by an expanding group of conglomerates, so the prices for acquisitions are going through the roof. I hope to come up with new rules that will encourage talented screenwriters to write books. The kind of people I'm talking about normally get six figures to write a screenplay. For a publisher, six figures as an advance for a first novel is just too high; the kind of money these screenwriters are used to is not normally there in publishing to entice them. So I've worked out formulas to make it possible for them to be enticed."

Essentially, the formulas consist of joint-venture arrangements between Simon & Schuster, the screenwriters, and studios interested in producing movies that are based on scripts written on the same theme as the book manuscript paid for by Simon & Schuster. Obst explained, "I go to the studio and get the people there to put up seventy-five thousand dollars, I put up seventy-five thousand, and I develop the book, and when it's finished and if it's terrific, I get the studio enthusiastically behind it—and with that I go out to the reprinters and sell the reprint rights."

Or, instead of approaching a writer first, Obst can begin with a conference with a producer during which, again, there occurs a "spontaneous generation of a literary property." One such conference involved Obst and Peter Guber, who produced the movies "The Deep" and "Midnight Express" for Casablanca FilmWorks. "Peter is one of the best promoters in the business," Obst said. "Peter and I were sitting

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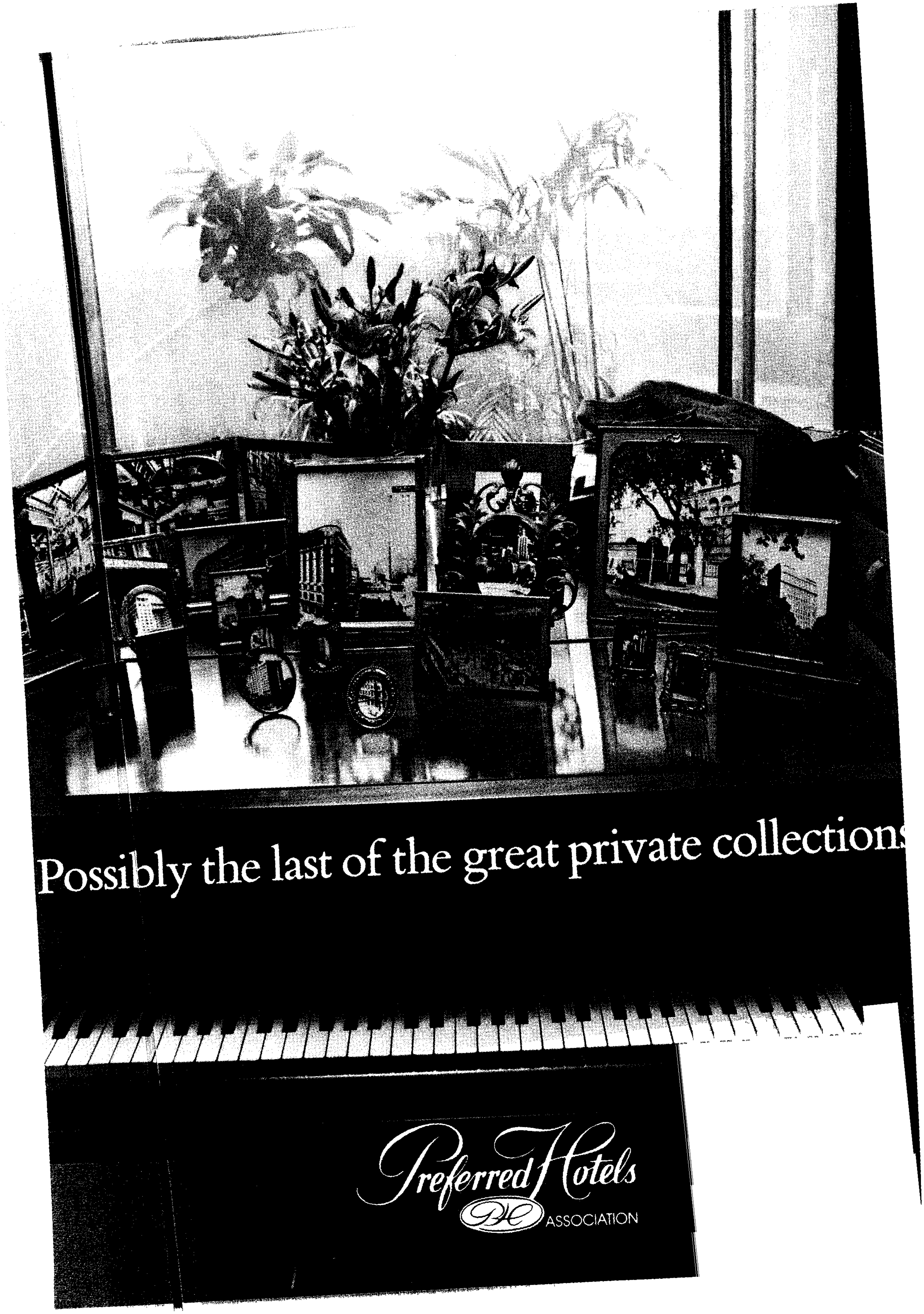
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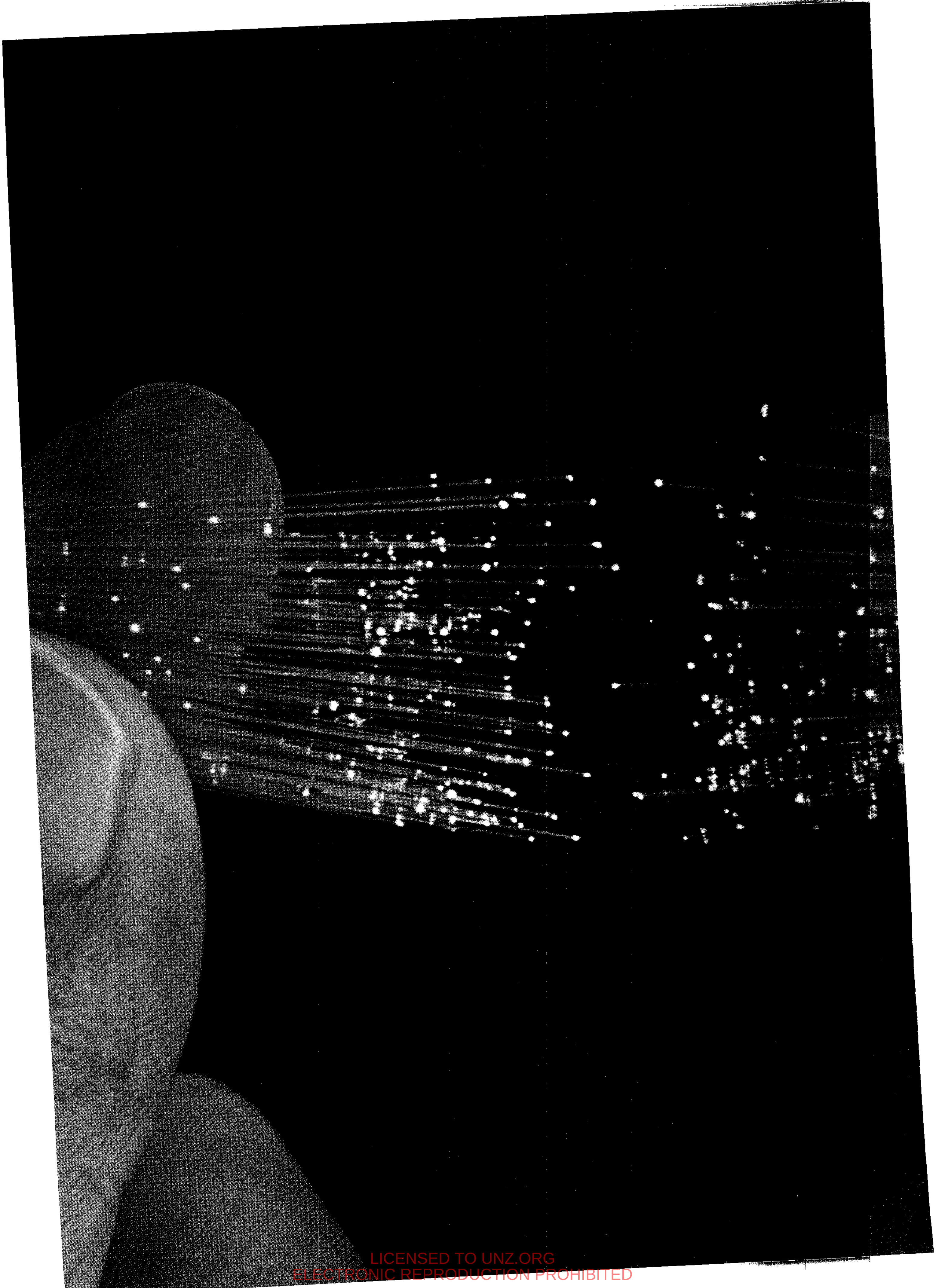

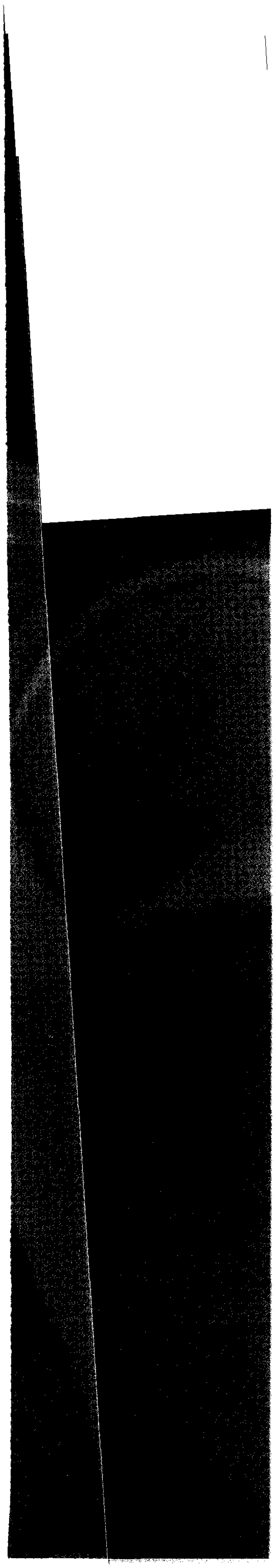

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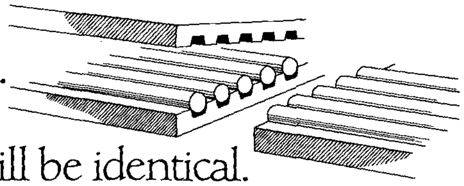

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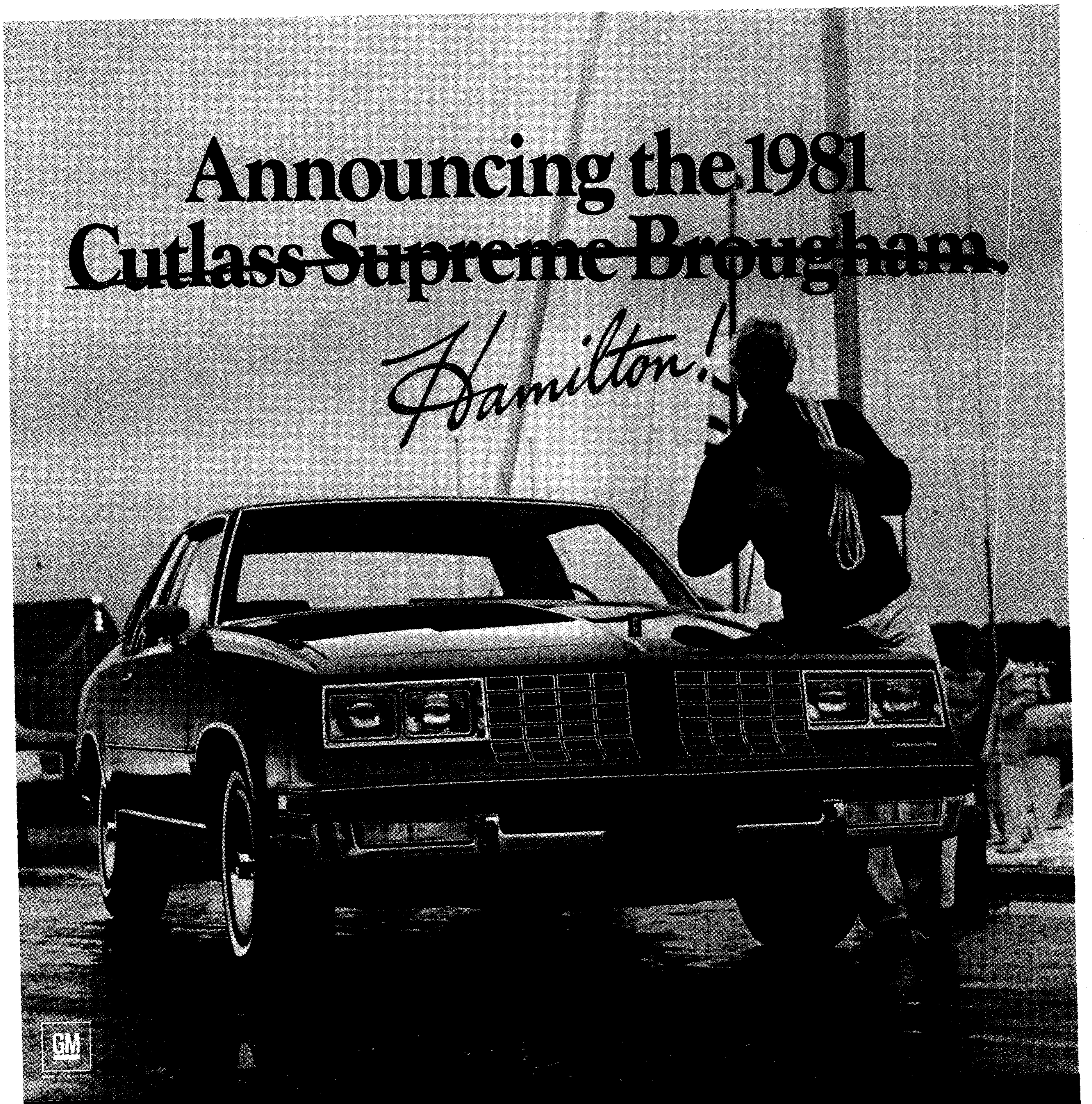
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around one day outside his house, talking about books and movies we could do together. Peter lives up on Mulholland Drive, overlooking the city. He said, looking down on the city, 'What would happen if all this burned down?' I said, 'There would be a terrible L.A. fire. Let's do the terrible L.A. fire as a book and as a movie.' So all right. So I found a writer, and we came up with a concept, and Peter and I came up with a story line, and we gave it to the writer, and the writer wrote the book. It was O.K.—we did have revisions on it." The book, which was written by Edward Stewart, was called "The Great Los Angeles Fire." Simon & Schuster has published it in hardcover. Obst went on, "And because Peter is such a good promoter we took the project to Columbia Pictures, and because of Peter's track record of having two enormous successes as a producer the studio bought a share of the book rights and the movie rights to the book for more than ten times what we'd had to pay the author. Then, because we'd made this big movie sale, we went to Fawcett, and Fawcett gave us a six-figure advance for the paperback rights.

"We did something innovative in selling the paperback rights. In addition to sending the book around to all the paperback houses, we produced a five-minute video cassette about 'The Great Los Angeles Fire.' What it was was L.A.-TV-station outtakes with voice track over it taken from the book, and it was like this stirring five-minute movie, and at the end, coming out of the flames, was a copy of the book. Peter's just a genius at that sort of thing. And we got a book that if we'd done under normal circumstances"—that is, only as a book—"would have had a mediocre life, but now it's almost an assured success, because we're close to four hundred thousand dollars in sub-rights sales on it before we've even published it. We gave the author a thirty-thousand-dollar advance to write the book, and Peter's risk was only ten thousand dollars, as his part of the author's fee. This is an example of almost-no-risk publishing."

THE changes that have beset book publishing over the last two decades have inevitably created considerable turmoil among those who work in trade-book publishing. This turmoil is evident in the shifting of editors and authors from publishing

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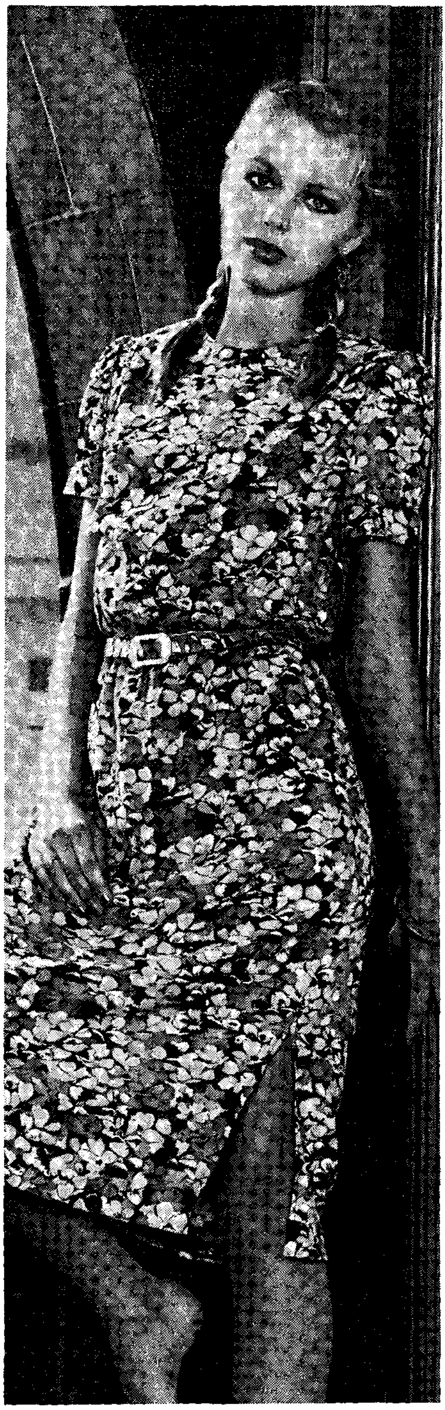

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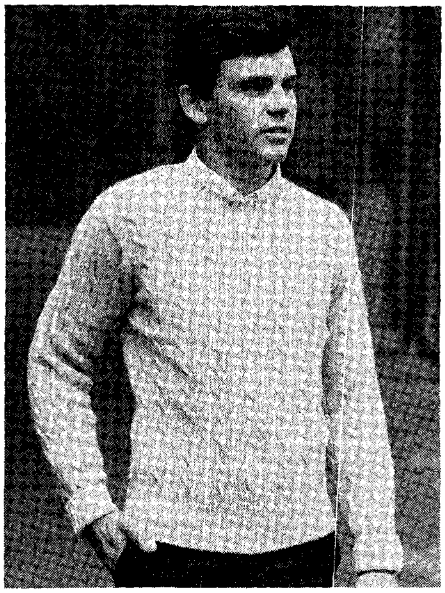
house to publishing house in search of more secure or more advantageous arrangements; in changes in the traditional role of many trade-book editors, and also in the editorial process itself; in changes in the kind of people who enter publishing or who seem to be on the ascendant in the business; in what many editors feel is undue pressure on them to produce highly promotable books; in changes in the basic quality of competition between publishers, with complaints by the few remaining independent trade-book publishers that they are having trouble holding their own in a conglomerate-dominated business; in difficulties that certain categories of published authors are encountering in having their works kept in print and in the bookstores; and in the serious problems that some authors appear to have in getting their works published at all.

The infusion of large amounts of corporate money into book publishing in the nineteen-sixties and seventies was bound to mean that many publishing houses could not be run as they once were—in the business sense, at least. In contributing not only large pools of money but also centralized and highly computerized systems of accounting and inventory control to an industry that in many ways was antiquated and inefficient, the conglomerates wanted to turn the publishing houses they had taken on into financially rational structures. To this end, they commonly imposed long-range financial-planning programs and profit goals on the houses they acquired. But although it was clearly in the interests of the acquired publishers to provide, in their financial planning, for future expansion and for certain long-range publishing programs, such as a projected series of books requiring large outlays of money, there were areas of trade-book publishing in which any attempt to plan was bound to be futile. No matter how readily a sort of profit-quota approach might be imposed by conglomerates on, say, their manufacturing divisions—and that is often done in a ruthless manner—trade-book publishing tends not to be amenable to such programming, for it is inclined to be very much of a variable, up-and-down business from year to year. Alan D. Williams, the vice-president and editorial director of Viking-Penguin, Inc. (which is now owned by Penguin Books, which, in turn, is owned by a British conglomerate known as the Pearson-Longman Group), observed



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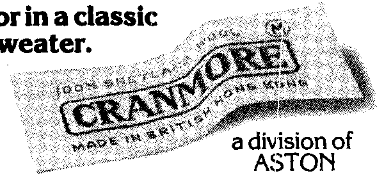

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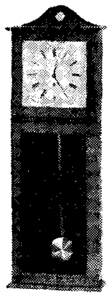

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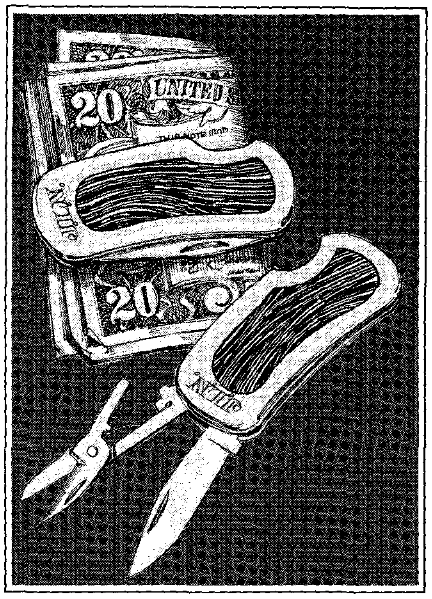

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to me a while ago, "One of the most unpleasant fallouts from some of the conglomerate operations is the devotion to budgeting. It's true that in the past too many trade-book publishers were operating without budgeting of a rational sort. But the expectation of some conglomerateur that as a trade-book publisher you can sit down and project five years of sales is really absurd. To do so, you would have to count on the works of authors whom you might not even know about, on the output of people who are in the process of being discovered or who are busy writing books whose artistic and commercial worth you couldn't even estimate for another two or three years." Aaron Asher, the editor-in-chief of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, which is one of the few independent trade houses left, says of trade-book publishing, "It's a business that even when it's well run still shows jagged peaks and valleys in its financial statements. It drives the broker types, the business types, crazy. Because what they teach you in the Harvard Business School is that if you merge a company properly and plan it properly, with five-year plans and all the rest, your curve is going to go like *that.*" He made an upward-sloping gesture with his arm. "One of the things that have continued to astonish me is how little sophistication about this business there is among outsiders."

At any rate, the gap between the desires of the conglomerate owners and the recalcitrant nature of the publishing business was bound to create certain fundamental pressures on the financial officers of the acquired publishing houses, and a sense of such pressures was bound to filter out into editorial departments. The conglomerate owners felt, of course, that what they wanted was quite reasonable. They had paid large sums to acquire the publishing houses, and that money was supposed to be recouped, and recouped again, in an orderly way. Given the vast resources of the conglomerates and their experience with and understanding of modern merchandising techniques, a determined program of seeking out, buying, and promoting best-sellers seemed to be the surest way for the acquired companies to exert their new economic clout and capture dominant shares in the trade-book market. And the acquired publishers themselves were eager to use the financial resources of their owners to tie up as many likely winners as

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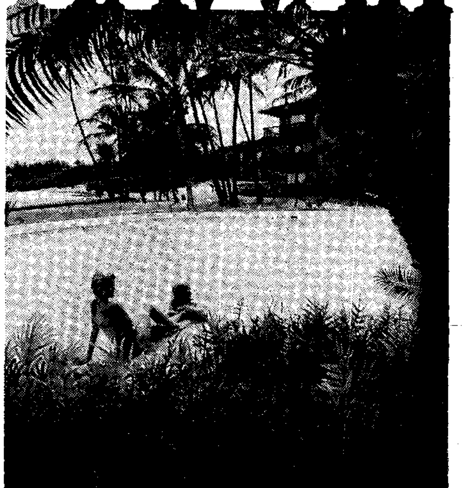

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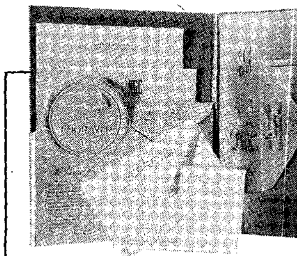

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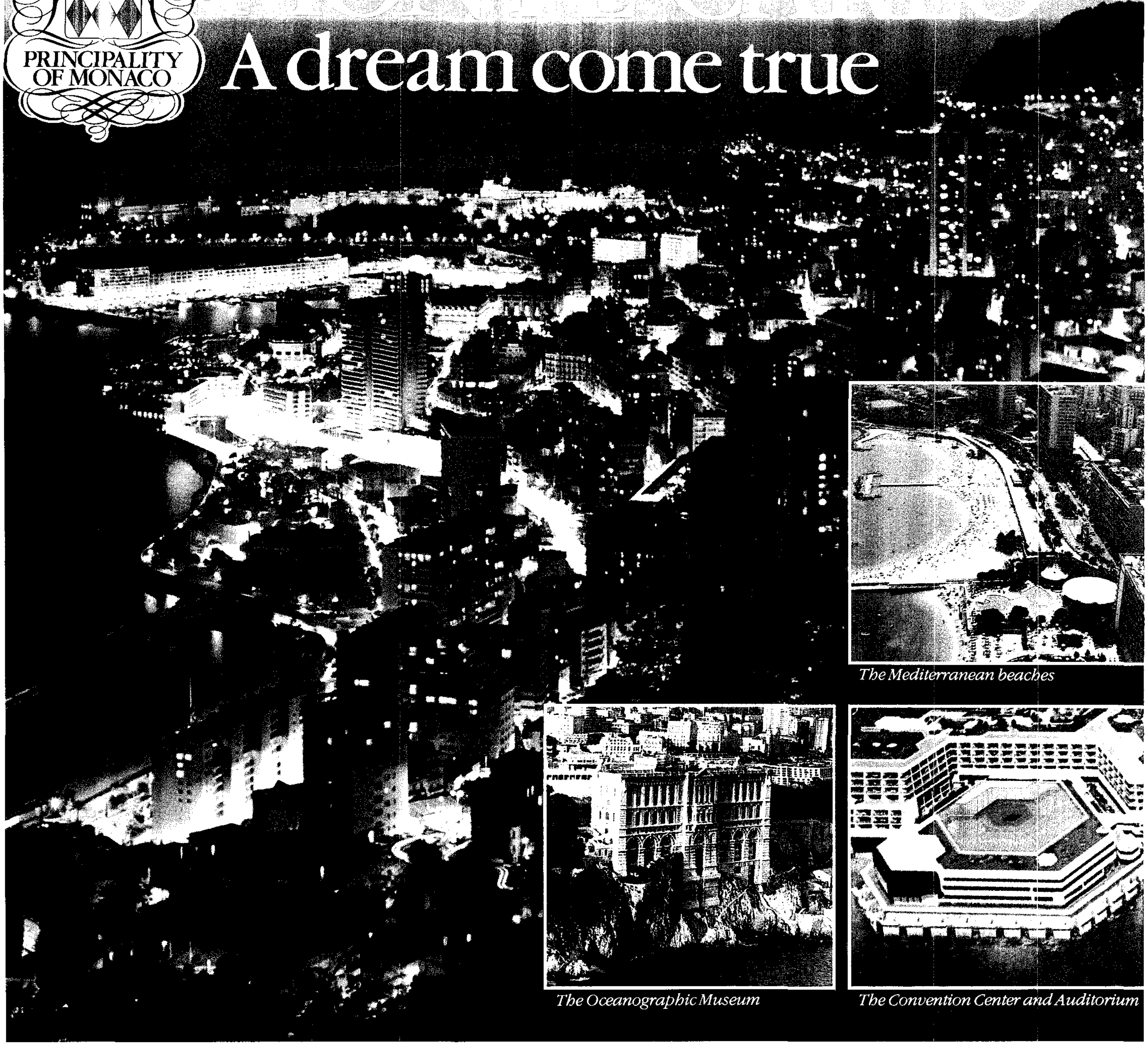

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possible in the best-seller sweepstakes; Ronald Busch, the former president of Ballantine Books, was quoted in *Publishers Weekly* as saying, "With all the conglomerate money in publishing today, it's like playing Monopoly."

The consequences of this approach—notably including the headlong pursuit of best-sellers, which has become a controlling force in book publishing—could only be far-reaching. One of the most noticeable effects has been that in respect to editors the management of publishing houses has tended to place more and more emphasis on their ability to seek out and buy publication and subsidiary rights to potential best-sellers; that is, editors have tended to be regarded primarily as acquirers of literary properties rather than as editors per se. Parallel to this new emphasis has been a change in the organizational standing of the subsidiary-rights department. In many publishing houses today, the subsidiary-rights directors, who negotiate and auction off paperback, book-club, and other rights of acquired works, seem to have attained the kind of prestige and authority that were once possessed by experienced editors. And rising in status along with the subsidiary-rights people are the marketing people, the promotion and publicity people, and the advertising people, all of whom may work to promote a book not simply in order to help hardcover sales but to use the resulting publicity and commotion as leverage toward getting a large price for the paperback rights. And then there are the business-oriented people who have been entering publishing in increasing numbers since the conglomerates took over much of the industry—the cost-accounting specialists and the inventory-control managers, whose computer-system formulas apportion and control the use of scores of thousands of square feet of book-storage space in warehouses, and whose calculations seem to be increasingly heeded in the process of determining which books can most profitably be kept in stock. And, inevitably, along with these organizational developments there has been a growth of internal review-committee systems, which in many publishing houses has had the effect of diffusing certain literary responsibilities that used to be assumed directly by editors, and of tempering their judgment concerning literary matters.

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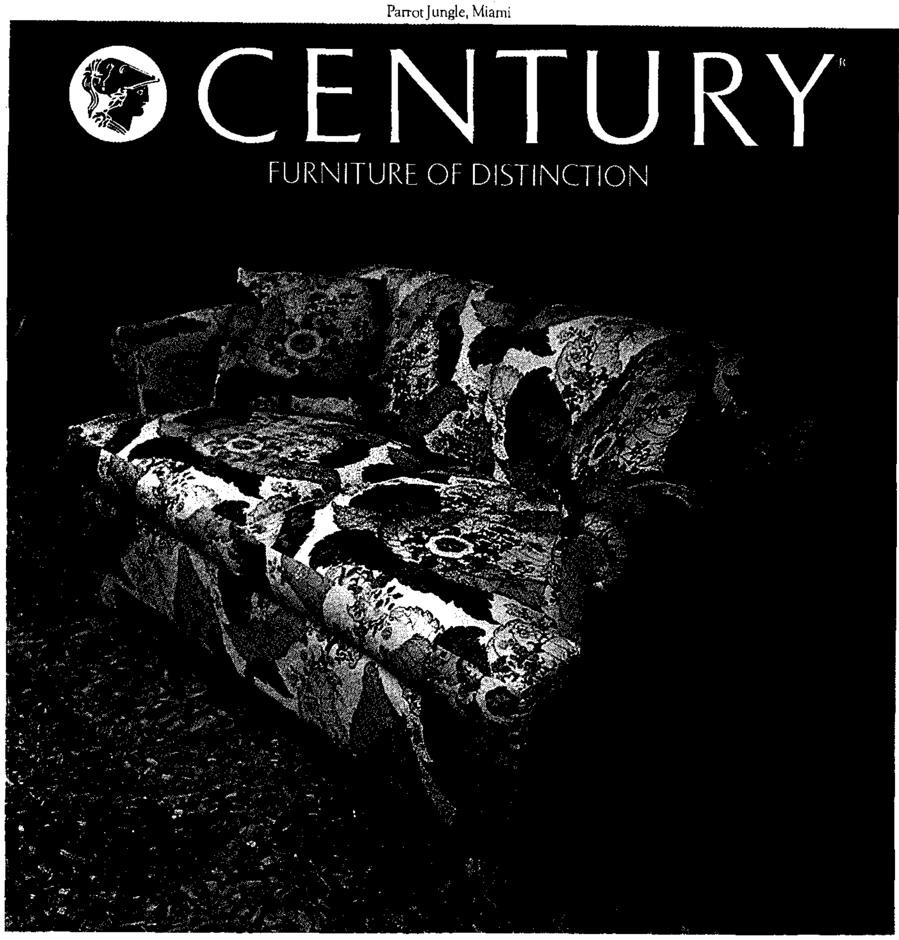
glomerates, but they have happened in enough of them to create widespread changes in publishing. One general effect of such changes has been to polarize the people in the business into groups that might be roughly characterized as the corporate entrepreneurs and the littérateurs. The entrepreneurs are unabashed advocates of the new departures in publishing which have been associated with the era of the conglomerates, and they certainly do not view themselves as the yahoos that their most vehement critics have made them out to be. Their outlook has an ideological tinge. They tend to see themselves as Young Turks fighting against the backwardness of the literary establishment, and as literary populists and innovators who are bringing books to the people on a previously undreamed-of scale, and to attain such a desirable end they are unafraid to use as their means the techniques of modern merchandising, publicity, and multimedia market saturation. Their general attitude is that the publishing business can isolate itself from the mainstream of lively commerce only at its peril.

As for the littérateurs, they tend to see their work as increasingly subjected to the harassments of cost-accounting and cost-benefit calculations, on the one hand, and, on the other, to an ominous emphasis on editors' "performance," which in effect means on their development, promotion, and sale of the big book, of the profit-boosting current best-seller, at the cost of their concerning themselves, as they feel they should, with the discovery and nurturing of perhaps less profitable but artistically more meritorious works. As things now stand, the forces of the entrepreneurs are clearly in the ascendant, but the conflict between them and the littérateurs has brought about a state of great tension within the business. Early in the summer of 1979, this tension was manifested by a controversy that arose over the decision of the Association of American Publishers, in July, to replace their annual National Book Awards, in which meritorious books in seven categories were honored on the basis of recommendations made by a board of writers and book critics, with a new program, to be called the American Book Awards, in which books in seventeen categories, including Westerns, mysteries, and something called "current interest" (this one would include books dealing with "lifestyle, sports, self-improvement") would be chosen for awards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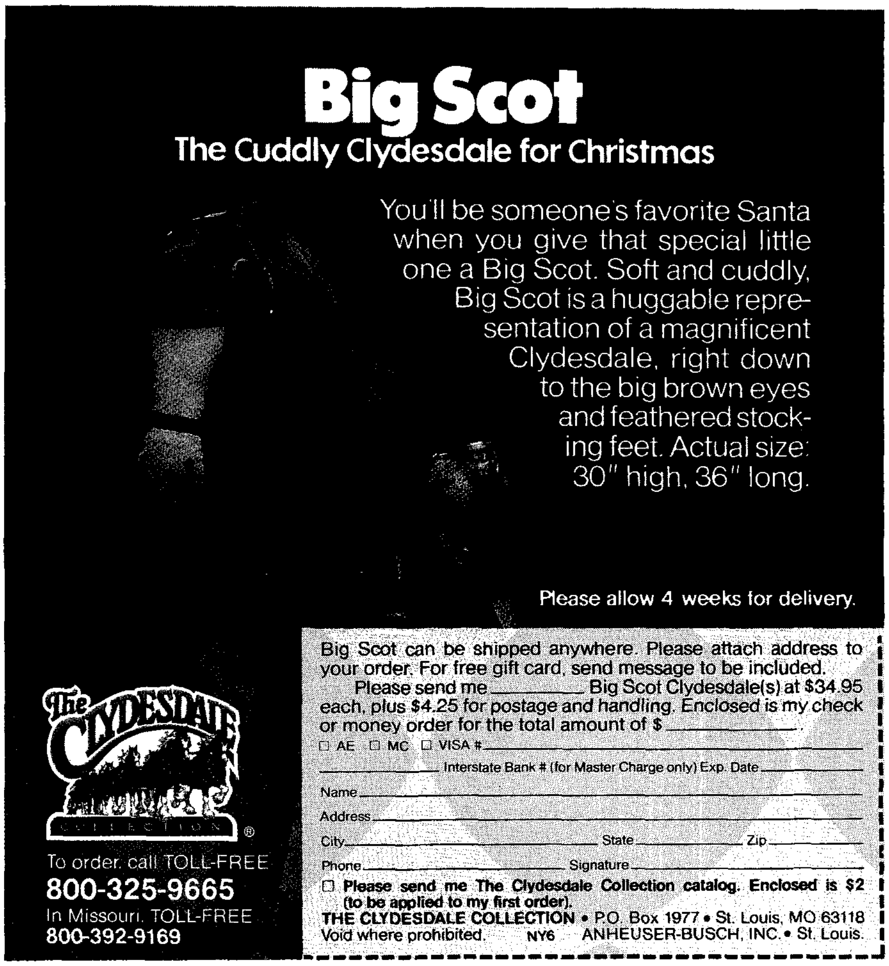
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through a process of balloting by publishers, critics, booksellers (including representatives of national chain bookstores), and librarians as well as writers. According to Franklyn L. Rodgers, one of the co-chairmen of the new program, its purpose was to make books "more visible to the public and to reflect their reading interests." The assumption was that the National Book Awards had reflected an élitist attitude toward the tastes of the reading public which was inappropriate to the present circumstances. Reacting to this new method of honoring books, Roger Straus and Aaron Asher, of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, sent off a letter to the co-chairmen of the American Book Awards in which they charged that the new awards "reflect an emphasis on marketing and industry public relations offensive to anyone concerned with the disinterested recognition of literary merit," and that the program promised to be "nothing more than a popularity contest, another ratification of the best-seller lists." Straus and Asher declared that Farrar, Straus & Giroux would submit none of the firm's books for consideration by the new nominating committee.

In August, this letter of protest was followed by another, which had been drafted by the novelist Alison Lurie and signed by forty-four well-known writers and critics, including Nelson Algren, Saul Bellow, Malcolm Cowley, Elizabeth Hardwick, Irving Howe, Elizabeth Janeway, Alfred Kazin, Bernard Malamud, Joyce Carol Oates, Walker Percy, Jay Saunders Redding, Philip Roth, Susan Sontag, William Styron, Wallace Stegner, and Richard Wilbur. The statement charged that awards under the new program were designed to be "a rubber-stamp prize for best-sellers," as a means of insuring that "no more shockingly noncommercial choices," like those by the National Book Awards judges, "are made in the future" and as a device that would "transfer decision-making" concerning the outstanding merit of certain books "from those who write books to those who sell and buy them." The signers called on authors and critics to boycott the forthcoming 1980 American Book Awards ceremonies. But the new awards program committee was undeterred. In October, the American Book Awards people held what was billed as a "marketing-promotion" meeting in the New York headquarters of the American Association of Publishers, at which, according to a subsequent bulletin, such ideas as

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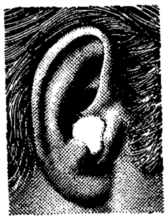

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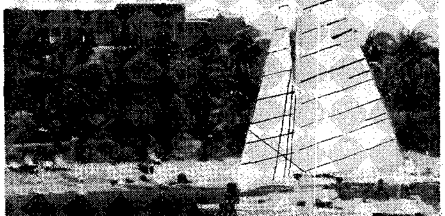

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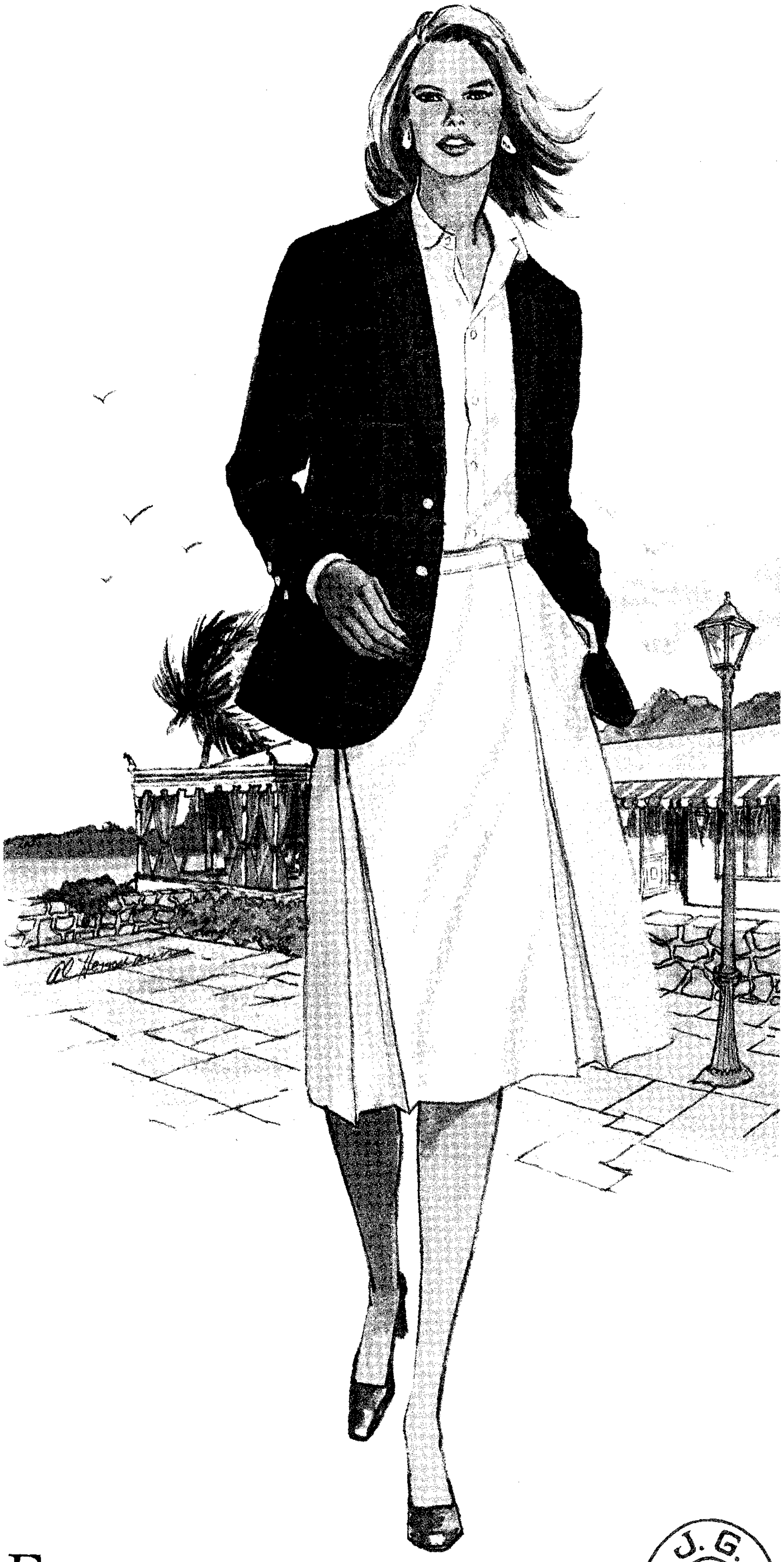
these were advanced: "creation of an American Book Awards Week;" "use of non-traditional methods and media in order to reach new audiences;" "creation of a seal for both nominated and winning titles;" "the need to reach booksellers early and to have their coöperation and input on marketing ideas;" and "the value of suspense after the nominees have been announced." And, among "non-traditional methods" recommended, "as much exposure on television and radio 'talk' shows as possible should be sought," and, further, "we could consider inviting the public to vote in a 'straw ballot,' with ballots published in local newspapers and a prize for people who guess the winners correctly."

Nominations for the 1980 American Book Awards were announced in February and early March, but in mid-March three authors—Norman Mailer, Philip Roth, and William Styron—whose novels were among five nominated for awards in the category of hardcover general fiction (nominated against the wishes both of the authors themselves and of their publishers) sent a letter to the Book Awards committee in which they stated that the awards seemed to them to arise out of "commercial and public-relations concerns that should have little to do with the recognition of literary merit," and requested that their books be withdrawn from consideration. The award ceremonies were held on May 1st at the Seventh Regiment Armory, on Park Avenue. According to a subsequent account in *Publishers Weekly*, the prize-giving process involved "an elaborate audiovisual presentation" and, "after a presenter had ripped open the envelope and announced a winner, very much in Academy Award style, a roll of drums."

THE growing polarization of attitudes within the publishing industry is not always manifested in such dramatic fashion. One difficulty that observers have in trying to catch the spirit of what is going on in publishing is that the idiosyncratic qualities that persist within the business make almost any generalization one might offer subject to important exceptions. Certainly it would be a disservice to the small number of dedicated editors and publishers within the business who have shown themselves determined to maintain their standards of excellence and their encouragement of new writing talent to imply that economic pres-



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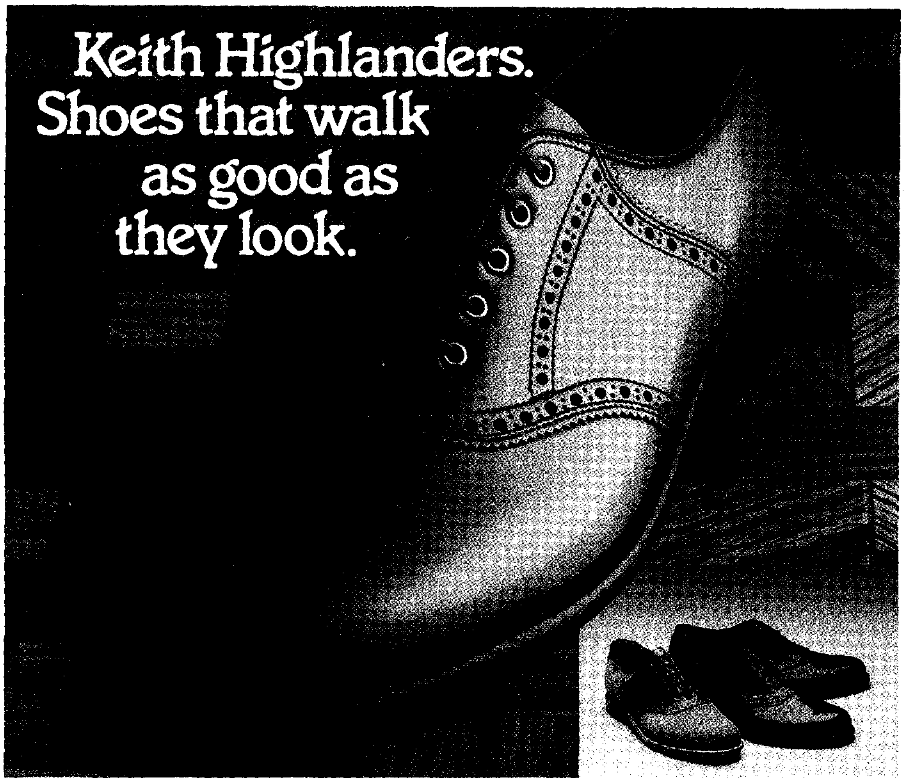
sures have diminished either their personal force or the value of their contributions to literature. Even within the most seemingly monolithic publishing companies, there are individual editors whose professional skill and energy and devotion to literature are such that they have been able to establish, in effect, their own imprints within those companies. Some of the most notoriously commerical of the houses do publish books of high literary worth, and publish them regularly; and some publishers with the most high-minded of reputations don't hesitate to grab for and publish books whose greatest merit is that they can probably hit the best-seller lists and earn a huge amount of money. Human nature being as unsimple as it is, the conflicting forces of the entrepreneurs and the littérateurs in the publishing business may often turn out to be embodied in the strivings of a single editor or publisher. And perhaps it is the strain that such people undergo in attempting to make simultaneous accommodations with these two forces which accounts for at least some of the prevailing tension among those in trade-book publishing.

The frequent movement of editors from publishing house to publishing house as a result of all the mergers, remergers, and acquisitions that have taken place in publishing in the past several years has had a disruptive effect not only on their own professional lives but also on their relationships with the authors they were accustomed to work with, and often on a very intimate kind of understanding concerning artistic matters which may have taken years to arrive at. "A number of my friends in the industry have moved around in four, five, even more houses in the past ten years, during all these conglomerate takeovers," one woman in a trade-book house told me a while ago. "Now you have a situation where you have valuable editors who are working in an atmosphere of fear and anxiety and who have been turned to marking up profitable production records instead of spending their time looking for literary excellence. When I started in publishing, during the sixties, the advertising business had that reputation, but now the kind of anxiety we used to associate with advertising has permeated the publishing business itself." And, it seems, the difference between the quality of the pressure felt by an account executive sewing up a new account and a trade-book editor signing up a potential best-seller is



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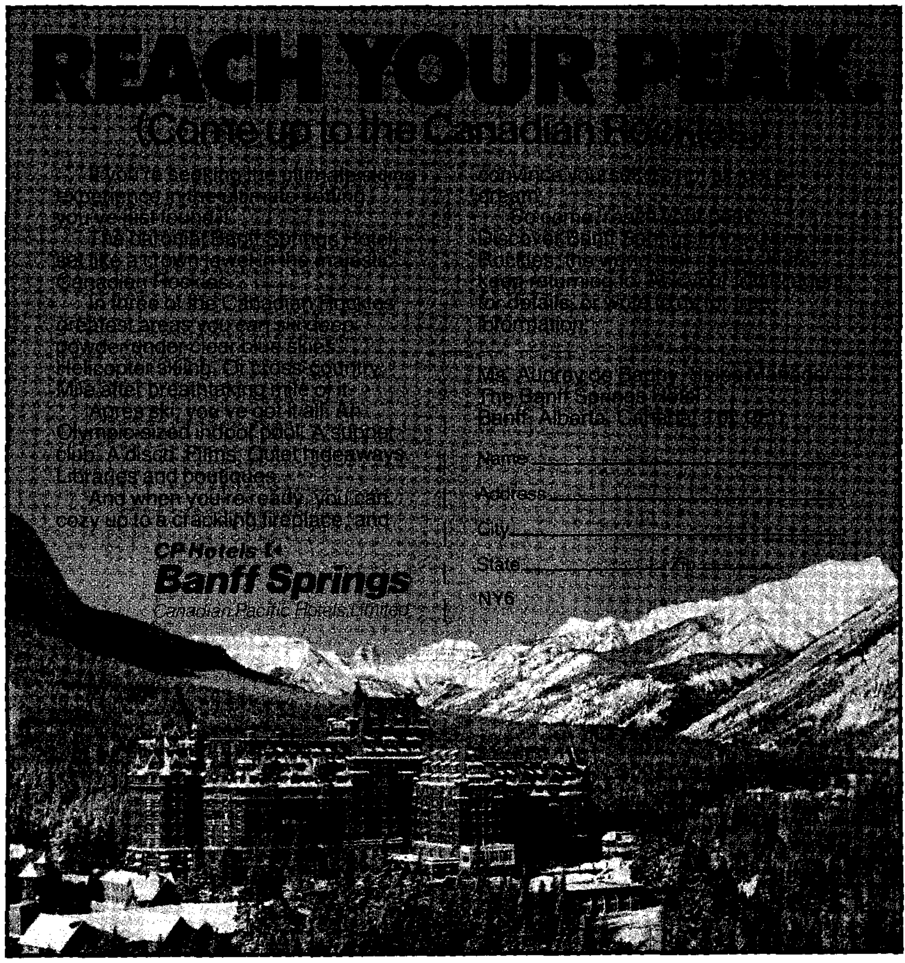

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steadily diminishing. An extreme example of how things have changed in the once supposedly genteel world of publishing lies in what befell six editors and executives at the publishing house of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich one day in March of 1978. According to an article in *Publishers Weekly*, "Six top people in the general-books department of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich were dismissed suddenly March 20 as William Jovanovich"—the chairman of the publishing conglomerate's board—"announced that he would 'immediately assume direction' of the department. Those fired included Kathy P. Robbins, director of the department since September 1974 and a vice-president of the company, and J. Alan Kahn, whom Robbins had hired last November 1 to serve as editor-in-chief." Others dismissed, according to the article, were the marketing director of the general-books department, the subsidiary-rights director, the general manager, and a senior editor. The article quoted Jovanovich as giving this explanation for the multiple firings: "Over the last eight weeks, the Office of the President and I have been conducting thorough studies, and we are not satisfied with the level of income in relation to outgo. What you spend ought to come back sooner or later. In order to reorganize in a way I thought was sensible, we had to start at the top." The *Publishers Weekly* article said of the people dismissed, "All were told in the morning that they were to be out of their offices by 5 P.M." And according to a report in *Newsweek*, "Guards appeared to supervise the exodus and stand watch at all exits and entrances." While the details of the situation that led to the abrupt editorial dismissals are not public knowledge, one suspects that the performing sea lions at Sea World—the series of marine entertainment parks forming a corporate subsidiary of the Harcourt Brace Jovanovich empire—are accorded more considerate treatment than that.

Of all the questions that have been raised concerning the effects of the big-company, big-book trend in publishing, none have more serious implications than the one having to do with how the present structure of publishing affects works of literary merit which may not be readily marketable by prevailing standards. When editors at hardcover houses are looked upon more as acquirers than as editors, the sheer demands of the acquiring process

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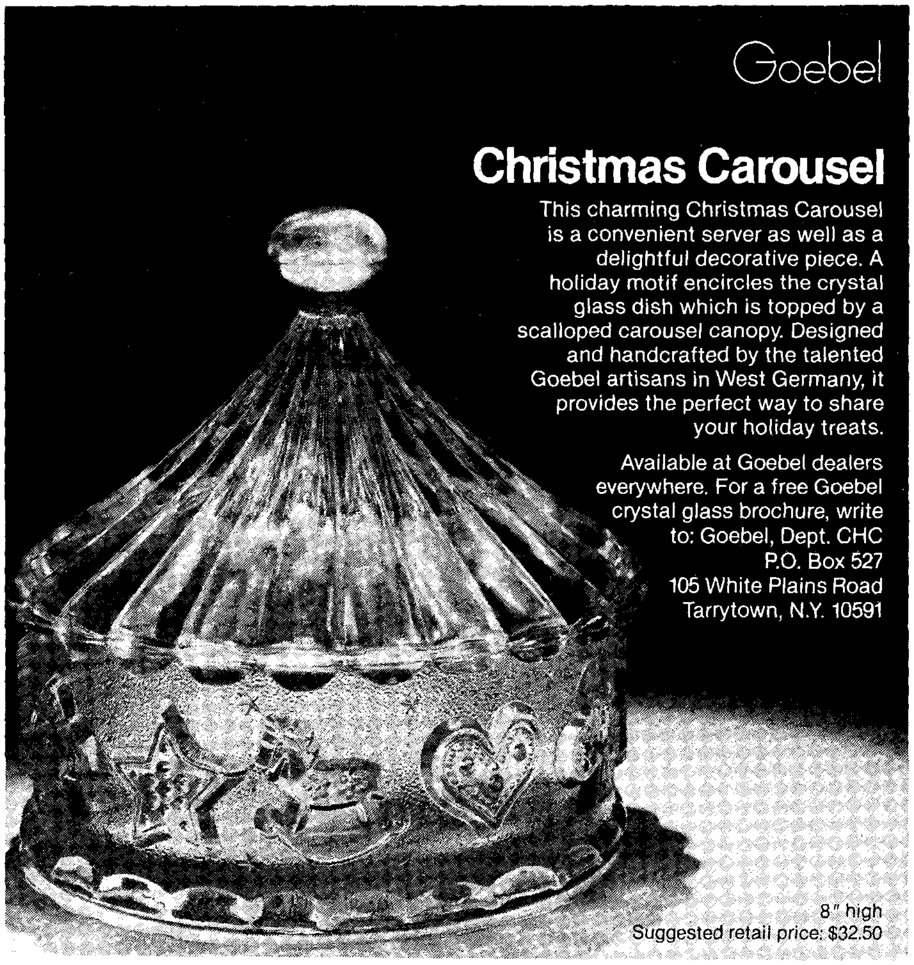
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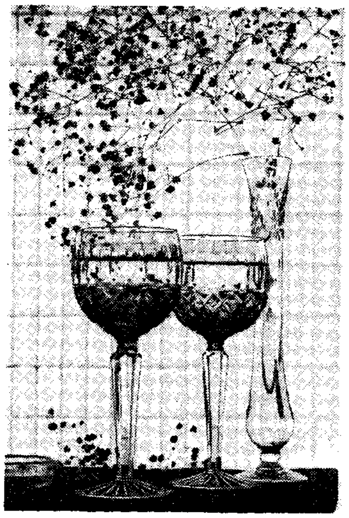

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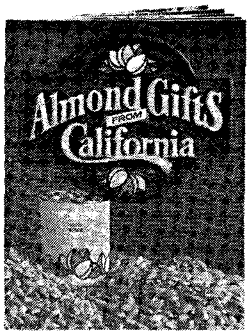
have obliged many of them to devote far less time than ever before to the actual literary, or even the grammatical, details of their authors' manuscripts, and to the kind of lengthy discussions and constructive reviews of the progress of their literary work which were common not so long ago. Robert Lescher, a literary agent who was formerly an editor at Houghton Mifflin and who is noted for the individual attention that he gives his author clients, says, "You have nowadays a great array of editors of some prowess, who are being well paid, but not really for exercising their editorial skill as such. They certainly have enough of that to talk to an author about his or her manuscript, but they don't really stay with the work once it has been bought. They don't even do the final editing. That's turned over to some anonymous person in the house, whom the author may or may not know." In effect, the continuity of the author's relationship with the person who should be his real editor is disrupted, and his work is thrown into a kind of organizational word-processing machine whose reliability is left to chance. Since the quality of the editing of book manuscripts as well as the quality of the writing itself is a touchstone of a publisher's true dedication to literature, this depersonalization of the editor-author relationship has to be less than auspicious for publishing as a whole.

Aaron Asher, who before coming to Farrar, Straus & Giroux had been an editor at Viking and then was head of the trade-books department at Holt, Rinehart & Winston, expressed his views on the current pressures on editors during a talk I had with him some time ago: "When things were more open in this business, there was a lot more concern and attention paid to the artistic relationship between editors and authors, and, to put it crudely, less talk about deals. A glance at most of the books in bookstores today will reveal that this isn't just nostalgia talking. It's clear that there are now more books appearing that are badly edited and badly written—bad in every aspect, from syntax to structure and internal organization—than there used to be. There has been a definite decline in editorial standards over the past twenty years or so, and it's apparent all up and down the line in the editorial process, beginning with the editor per se and going on though the copyediting and proofreading stages. Perhaps this decline can be connected with a



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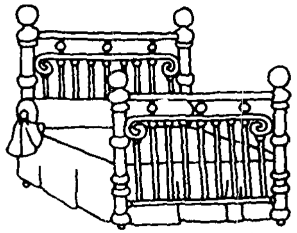

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widespread decline of standards in our society. The cause-and-effect relationship is obviously difficult to disentangle, but certainly in publishing the influx of conglomerate money, the increase in the size and pace of publishing operations and in the shifts not only of editors but of authors from house to house, the decreasing loyalties that go with all that, and the whole concept of editorial packaging—all these things tend to distract even the best-intentioned editor from what he used to focus his professional attention on. Not that editors lived in any kind of utopia. Not that editors haven't always been under pressure to produce. You *never* really had time at the office to read and edit as you should. There were so many other things that were part of the editor's job—not only working with agents but worrying about the details of contracts, dealing with authors whose books were published last season, and so on. Reading a manuscript closely or editing it line by line was not something you could ever accomplish properly with a ringing telephone close to you, but now the telephone is going more incessantly than ever. As I say, the pressures were always there, but now they are stronger, because much more money is involved and the big daddy sitting on top is not an Alfred Knopf or a Roger Straus but some anonymous board chairman. You find more and more that editors are people whose title is a misnomer. And you find more and more that as the acquisition of rights has become the primary part of an editor's job, the relationship between the editor and the author has become more limited, with the actual shaping and line-by-line sharpening of the manuscript being relegated to, at best, younger assistants, and in many cases that stage is skipped entirely, with the manuscript going straight into the copyediting phase"—the final editing and styling of the book.

Carol Brandt, whose literary agency, Brandt & Brandt, is one of the oldest and most respected in the business, concurs in the view that the standards of editing, particularly a recognition of the need for internal logic and stylistic consistency in manuscripts, have shown a marked decline in the big-company, big-book era in publishing, along with a general decline in the close relationship and the kind of continued artistic discourse that formerly tended to prevail between editors and authors. Some of this Mrs. Brandt attributes to the constant shuf-

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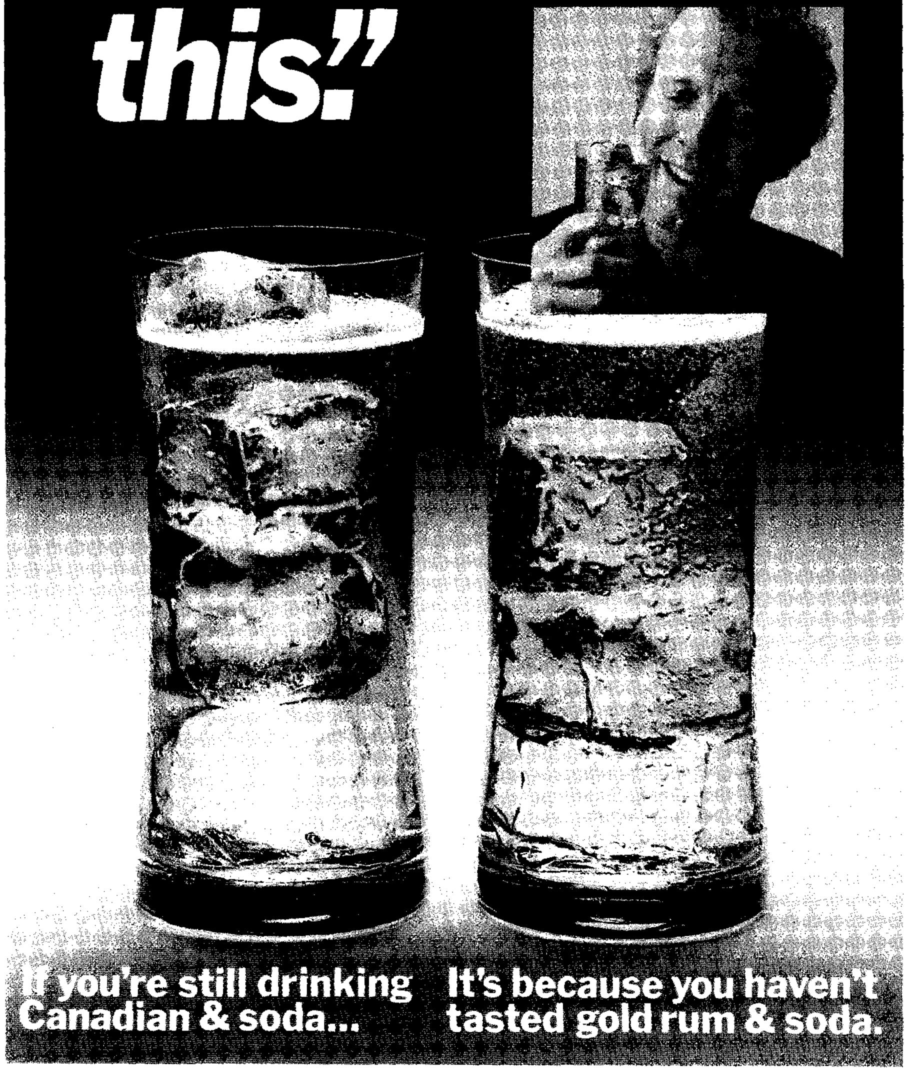
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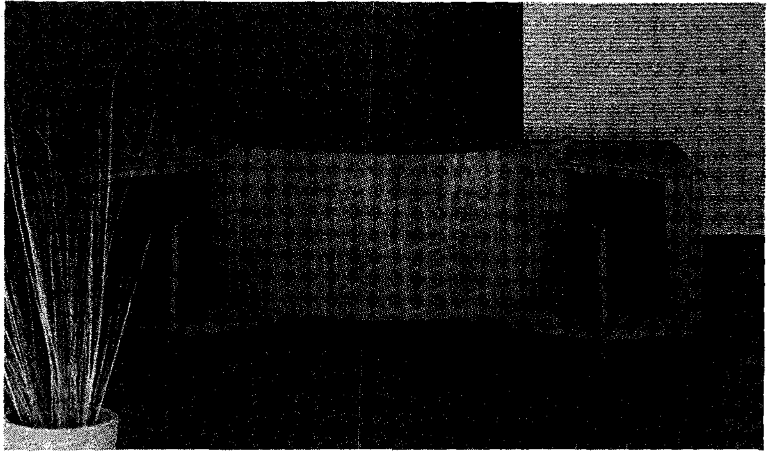

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fling of editors from house to house in search of more satisfactory working conditions. "You see such a game of musical chairs going on in book publishing," she said to me. "If an editor comes into a publishing house and hasn't made good in two years—in terms of bringing in profitable books—he's out. There has been just a constant movement of editors. By the time people have gone on to three, or even four, publishers, they've become bruised by the system, and they are no longer truly creative as editors."

Given the preoccupation of publishers and editors with acquiring and promoting best-sellers, and the evident decline in editorial standards, the question of how authors whose works have more literary than commercial promise may fare today is a crucial one in the industry. From what I have been able to observe, apprehension is widespread—among authors, among many agents, among some editors, and even among some heads of conglomerate-owned publishing houses—that in the blockbuster era the artistic worth of many individual authors is being slighted or ignored, and their minimum means of livelihood rendered more precarious than ever.

Many publishers have defended commercially successful works of no great literary merit by saying that the revenues from these helped support, through royalty advances on works in progress, young or beginning writers of talent. This has certainly been true of many of the best-known publishers of serious books. Roger Straus, of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, is known to be such a publisher, and some of the profits derived from best-selling Farrar, Straus authors do, in effect, help support young writers of talent through royalty advances. Moreover, these profits from commercially successful books also help Farrar, Straus to keep publishing such authors, even though their works may sell only modestly over a period of years. Apart from the artistic principle involved, this kind of modest subsidizing is looked upon by the publisher as a long-range investment in people whose work may ultimately turn out to be very profitable.

Of the atmosphere prevailing in most publishing houses, Straus said to me, "Concentration on the big book is at the cost of other books, and this goes contrary to the claim made by publishers who are specializing in the big book—that profits from the big book are used to carry the rest of their lists, the works that aren't going to be big books but, rather, are going to sell *only* four or five thousand copies. I remember a conversation with a younger editor in which he defended the policies of the company he was with—one of the larger companies. He said, 'It's ridiculous to say that we're not interested in books that aren't going to be really big sellers. We're always being told by the publisher to look for books of literary merit.' But then he said, 'Of course, we're told not to bring to any editorial conference any book that's likely to sell less than four or five thousand copies.' Well, you can't have it both ways."

What seems to have happened in publishing in this respect is that the economic threshold below which an author's work is considered something that a company just cannot afford to handle has been raised over the past decade or so to the point where, in effect, various works of at least some literary merit that previously would have been published and then kept in print for a reasonable period are now less likely to be published at all, and, when they are published, are much less likely to be kept in print. Inflationary pressures, including high printing costs, have certainly had a very great deal to do with this trend; still, the few houses—mostly among the remaining independents—that do continue to publish and keep in print marginally profitable works of literary merit are subject to at least as many inflationary pressures as the big, conglomerate-owned houses are.

The writers of literary worth whose works are most likely to suffer neglect in the big-company, big-book era fall into two groups. The first consists of those known in the trade as "middle authors"—authors who, with one, two, or three books already published, have committed their professional lives to writing books but haven't yet met with any great degree of commercial success. The emphasis on big subsidiary-rights sales—particularly the sale of paperback rights—has tended to polarize arrangements toward all-or-nothing transactions, with unfortunate consequences for some of these authors, and with constricting effects on the variety of paperback books generally available. Of this situation, Aaron Asher said to me, "If today you go into a shop that carries a really large selection of mass-market books, you might still find yourself reasonably happy with the variety that you see, but not as happy as you might have been five years ago. And, considering the cur-

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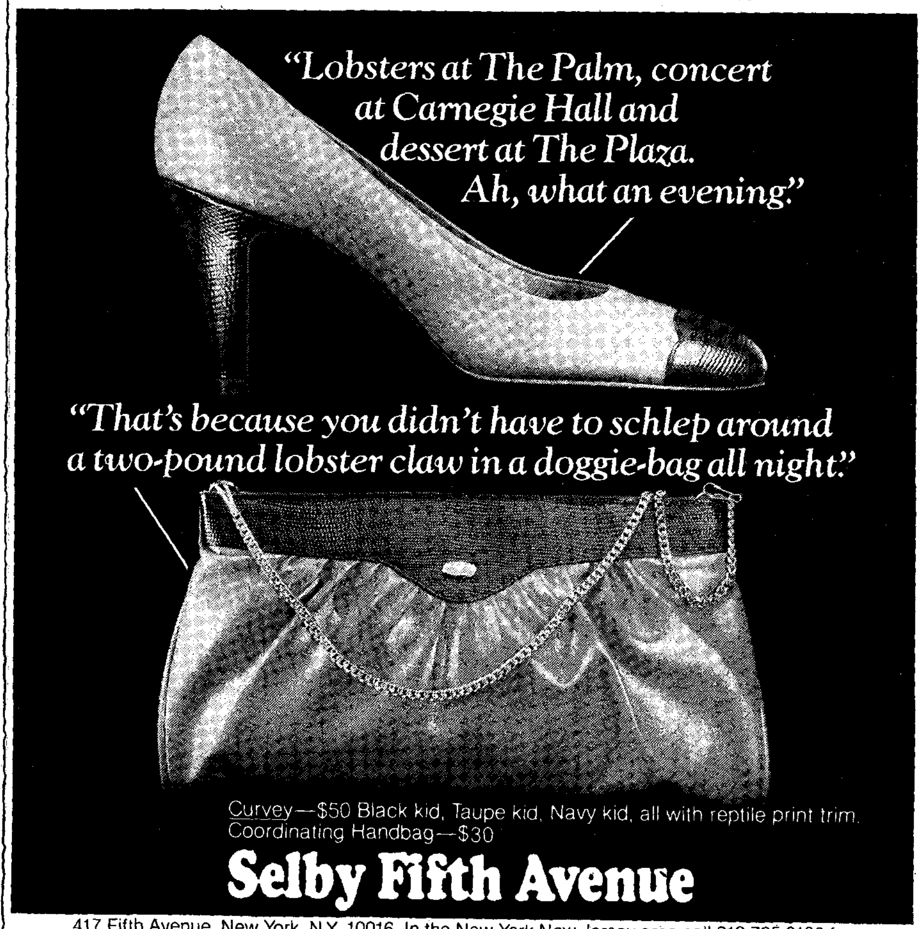

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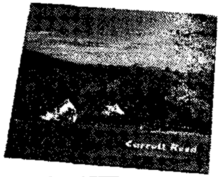

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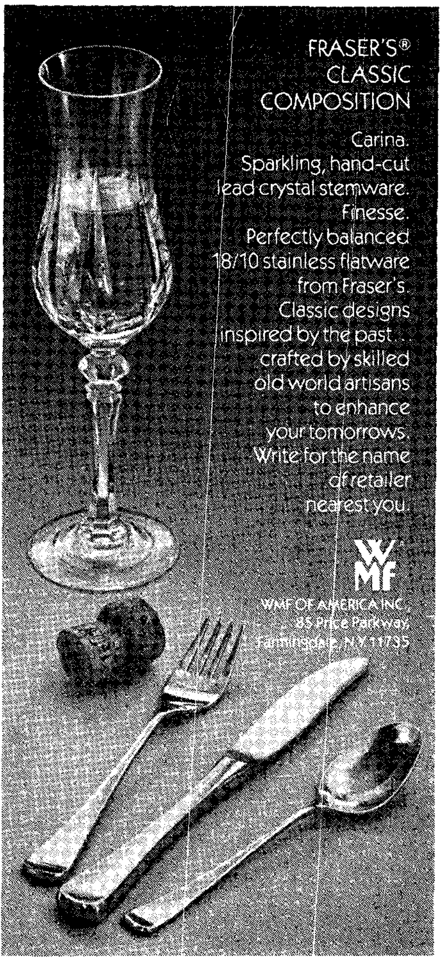
rent rights-buying patterns, it seems to me that what is going to be available in mass-market paperbacks five years from now will be much narrower in scope than at present. A lot of novels published by front-line quality publishers—by Knopf and Viking, or by us, say—several years ago might have been bought for paperback for a few thousand dollars, or possibly even ten thousand, and might have been distributed perhaps only minimally and available for five or six months, but the authors of those books enjoyed the benefit of having their works, which in hardcover might have sold three thousand copies, in mass distribution in editions of fifty or sixty thousand copies. That's from seventeen to twenty times the hardcover circulation. The publisher and the author shared the money that the reprinter paid. The author got a little money that he wouldn't otherwise have got, and, as for the publisher, the money *he* got from the paperback sale made the difference between loss and break-even on the hardcover edition, and enabled him to go on publishing the writer, or writers like him. Now more and more of these books are not being bought at all by the paperback houses. It's not merely that the mass-market publisher who has laid out a million dollars for a blockbuster can't afford the additional money to buy ten middle books for five thousand dollars apiece—that's a drop in the bucket to him. The *room* isn't there. The investment, the energy, all the thinking in a paperback house are geared to the book that it can make a killing on. Everything else is secondary."

These views are largely shared by a number of agents who make a practice of representing authors of more literary than financial worth as well as those who are commercially successful. Lynn Nesbit, a vice-president at International Creative Management, who is one of these agents, told me, "There's no doubt that, with most of the time and energy of most publishers concentrated on ever fewer but more profitable titles, things are becoming harder for the middle-level book and its author. If they don't happen to be a book-club choice and if it doesn't look as though they'd get paperback money, there's very little chance for them. Some of these authors are still able to sell their books to publishers, but then they find their books are not getting any kind of real in-house support in terms of advertising and so on, and in active interest generally. I just think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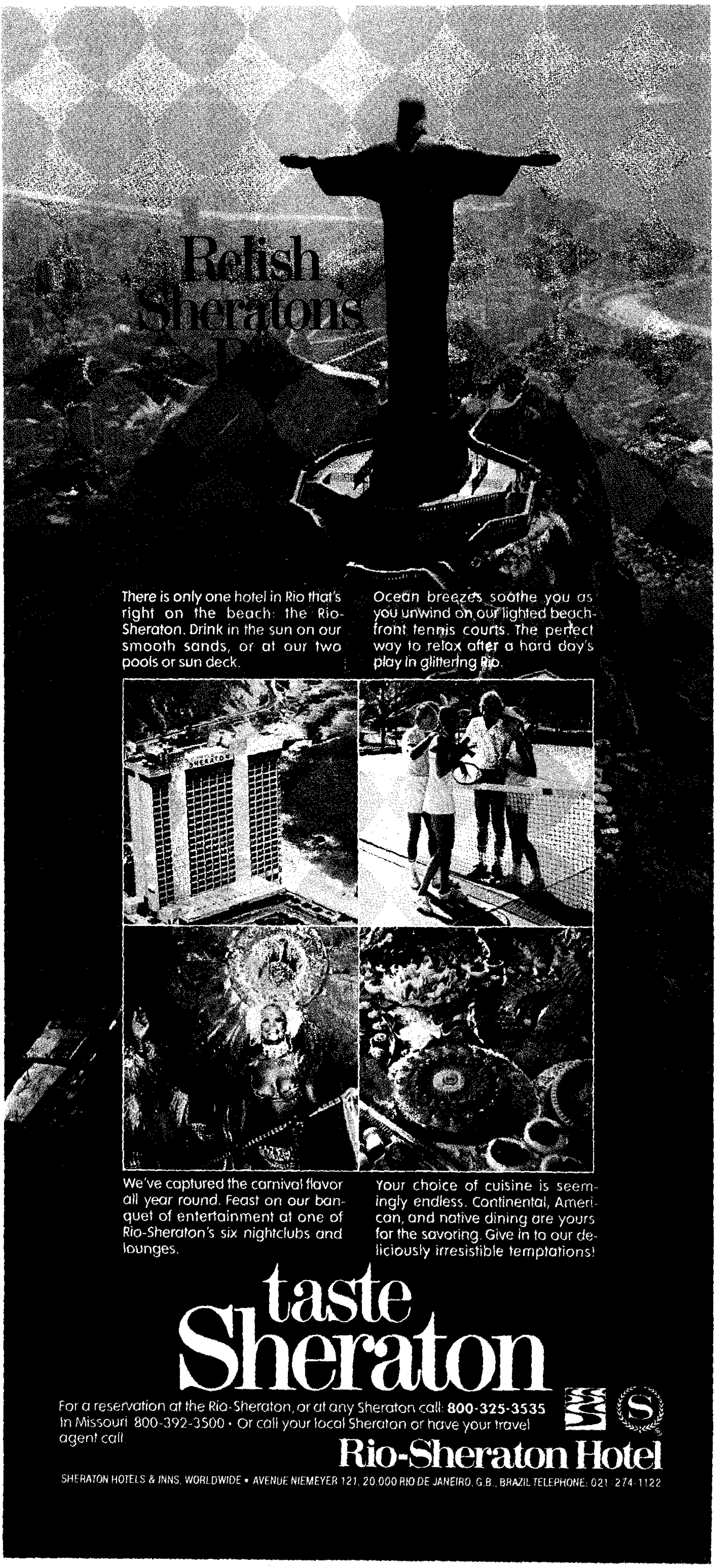
that the sense of frustration is going to keep building among serious writers who can't get the kind of backing they need."

Miss Nesbit went on, "If, as an agent, you are interested in encouraging serious writing, you have to be careful to represent serious writers who aren't making instant money in addition to representing the more commercial ones. But it is hard under present conditions, and sometimes I get discouraged and wonder if I can afford, not just financially but *emotionally*, to go on doing it. It's such a strain because these authors are suffering so much disappointment—'I've got these wonderful reviews, and why isn't the publisher even advertising the book?' How many times a day can I say, 'Look, you didn't get a big paperback sale.' And they say, 'Well, I would have if they'd advertised more.' It's this *over* and *over* and *over*."

The all-or-nothing attitude of publishing houses toward books in terms of their sales potential seems to have pervaded the entire system, no matter what personal reservations even the principal officers of large publishing corporations may harbor as to the consequences of such a policy. Oscar Dystel, of Bantam Books, told me, "Everybody in the industry knows that what publishers call the middle novel is suffering. They say you can't sell it. A good story is difficult to sell today. You're dealing with fame, celebrity, hype, as well as with books and authors. You're dealing with 'category books—mysteries, science-fiction titles, and romantic novels. These historical and romantic novels are just dominating the paperback racks. I think this is an unfortunate development, but retailers who are interested only in fast turnover and immediate profit are concentrating on this kind of retailing. The industry is almost peaking in its concentration on commercial subjects. The penalty is that books of quality and of superior interest are being shoved off the stands. I believe that the public will buy these books if they're exposed to them, but they are being exposed to them less and less. I'm frankly not happy about all this."

"They say you can't sell it"—that is why whole classes of books that may not be really unsalable at all but only unsalable in large numbers are consigned to oblivion in the high-volume, high-turnover system to which so much of the publishing business is now geared. Miss Nesbit said to me, "Most writers never did make much money,



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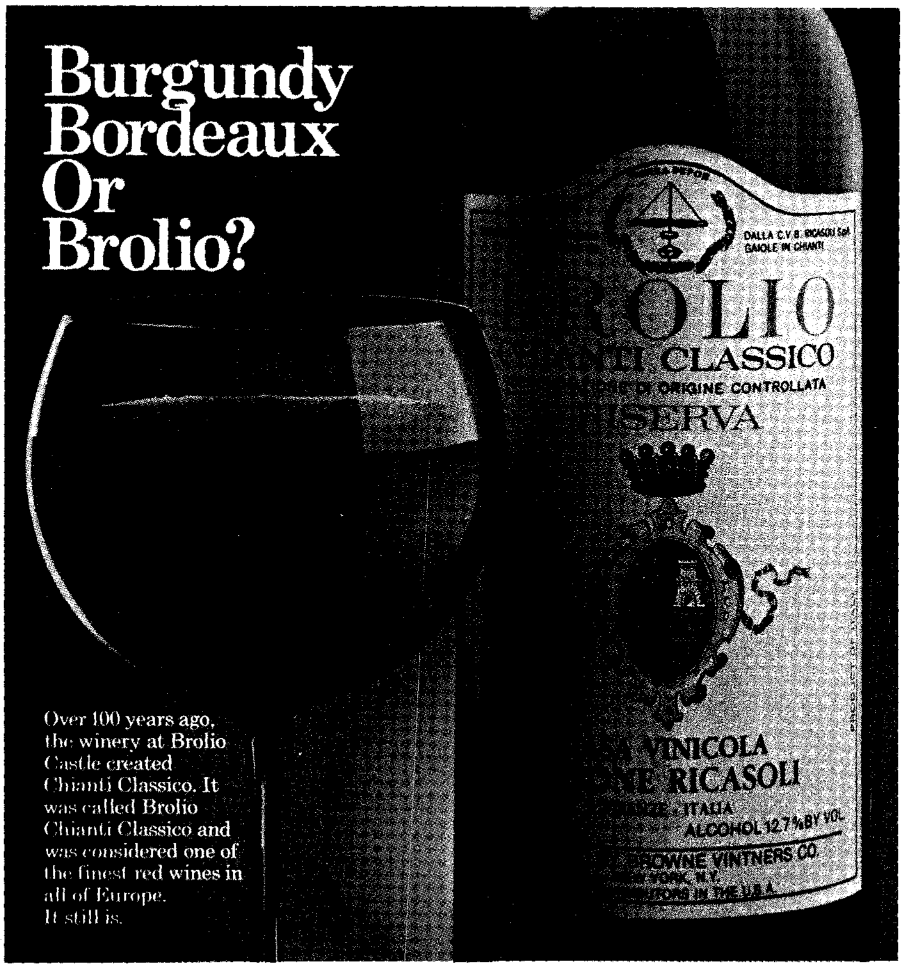

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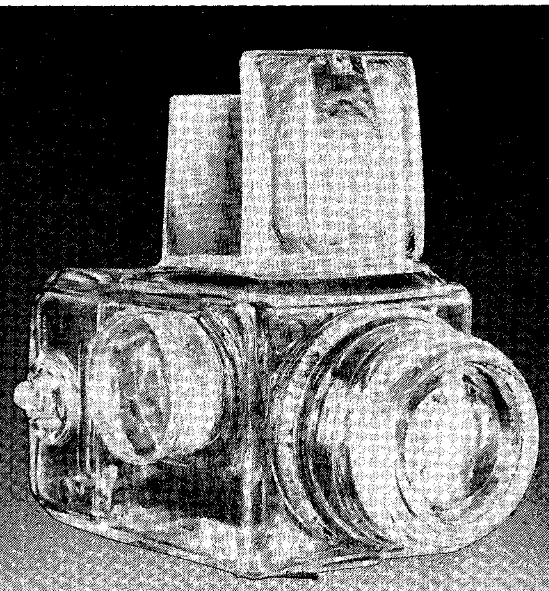

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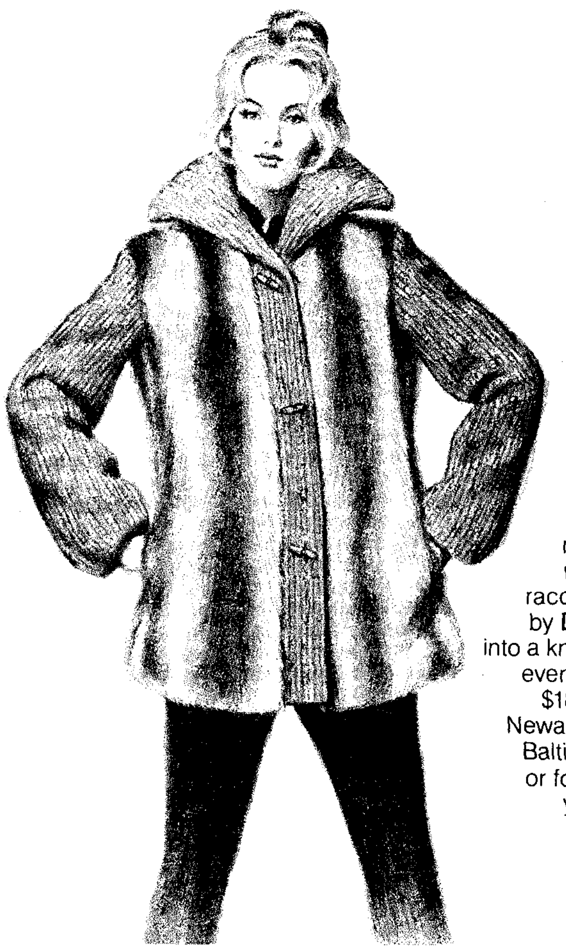
of course, but the situation today is that now *some* writers are making enormous amounts of money, and the disparity is greater and more alarming and more frustrating to those writers who aren't. Formerly, authors of middle books *felt* better about themselves, and about the way they were being published, and about their work, than they feel now. They're disheartened by what they see going on in the business. One terrible thing is the big national bookstore chains. This, to me, is perhaps the most lethal part of what's going on, because so far the big publishing houses haven't driven out the smaller publishing houses to the extent that the big-chain-bookstore economy is driving out the personal bookstores, stores in which the people who ran them *cared* about writers and books, and not only best-sellers. And the net effect on publishing of the independent bookstores' going out of business all over is restrictive." In other words, the shrivelling of the independent bookstores as a force in the literary marketplace tends to decrease the demand in the business for those books of literary merit which aren't likely to be of great commercial value to the publisher. And the effect of this situation is that publishers are tending to become ever less willing, as Miss Nesbit says, "to pay any decent kind of money to new writers unless they feel there's going to be an automatic book-club selection."

The second group of authors whose work is increasingly likely to suffer neglect under present conditions consists of authors of first books. Their situation, particularly when they are authors of fiction, is somewhat different from that of the middle authors, in that any publishing house of substance has to continue to publish first authors in order to assure continuity of business. The actual number of first novels being published in hardcover annually does not appear to have changed appreciably since 1970. In the same period, however, the total number of trade books being published has probably doubled, so first novels being put out were obviously not keeping pace with works of nonfiction. Agents say that in general first novels other than works of obvious commercial value have always been difficult to sell to hardcover publishers, and that they are even more difficult to sell nowadays. And when such a first novel is bought, the degree to which it is supported in advertising and so on is usually governed by whether the rights to it are sold to a paperback house, and whether the publishers' salesmen report any interest in it from the big national chain bookstores. But at least from a publisher's point of view there is, as one editor has said, "still room for wishful thinking" about the prospects for the success of a first novel. If that first book doesn't do particularly well in the marketplace, however, the author is likely to encounter substantial difficulty when he offers the publisher a second novel. In the last two or three years, of course, such difficulties have been exacerbated by inflation, which has pushed the cost of producing a book up alarmingly.

The calculations and pressures that have altered almost every aspect of publishing also appear to be having their effect on the question of whether to keep in print books that, while they may not have proved to be great commercial successes, represent the long labors of authors who have manifested some literary talent. Robert Bernstein, the president of Random House, which, together with its Knopf and Pantheon divisions, has a much better record than most publishers in the matter of keeping authors' books in print, says that his company's policy as a rule is to let a book go out of print when its sales have dropped to around two hundred and fifty a year. "The problem is that it now costs so much more to reprint a book," Bernstein told me. "There has been a big change in the physical stocking of books. It used to be much easier for publishers to keep their authors' books in stock, because the manufacturing plants where they were turned out used to stock them free, at least for a reasonable period. Now the plants charge enormous amounts for that. We have to stock *everything* ourselves now. Also, the cost of making small reprints has gone up so much that if you want to order those two hundred and fifty copies to keep up with the demand for a marginal book for a year, you find that you have to order, and be prepared to store, at least a thousand copies—a four-year supply."

But most publishers certainly don't wait for the sales of a book by, say, a middle author to sink to a couple of hundred a year, or anything approaching that figure, before they drop it. Their computerized warehouse systems are geared to keeping book inventories moving, and stocks of a book that isn't selling briskly are likely to be consigned to remainder houses very quickly. Because the entire system—the



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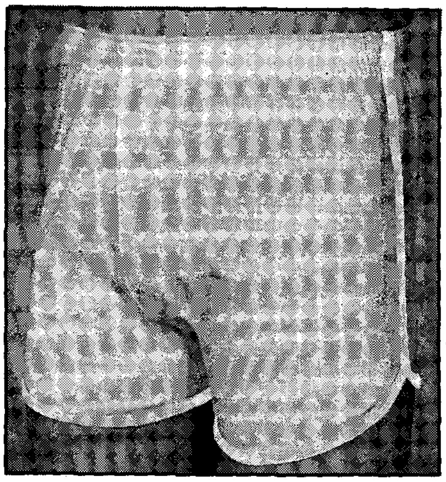

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publishing house itself, the wholesalers, the big chain bookstores, and so on—is oriented toward high turnover, each part of the system accommodates to the other in such a way that books which don't sell in considerable volume tend to have an ever-shorter shelf life. While a certain attrition of titles has always come about naturally in the bookselling process, what the computerized systems have done is to speed the process up to the point where it is brutally peremptory. Quite apart from other considerations, the precious time needed for the work of talented but less commercial authors somehow to seep in among book readers—a sort of decent interval that was made possible in the past by, if nothing else, the traditionally laggard and inefficient nature of the business—has been lost. That is one of those considerations which computerized systems are not programmed to take into account. When I suggested to Oscar Dystel that the inventory-control systems used in book houses to reinforce a big-book policy might cause many talented authors of less swiftly moving books to get lost in the shuffle, his reply was "It's not that they *might* get lost in the shuffle—they *do* get lost in the shuffle. They're the first to go when there's a tightening at any publishing house after a look at its profit-and-loss statements and balance sheets suggests that it has to cut back its business. It's the books that we all want to take a chance on that get put aside."

Regrettable as Dystel finds this situation, neither Bantam nor any other mass-market-paperback house is likely to break out of the existing system. The mass-market publishers, the entrepreneurs, have a different mode of operation. "Publishing a first novel isn't just printing seventy-five hundred copies," Howard Kaminsky, the president and publisher of Warner Books, said to me a while ago. "That's not publishing by the dynamics of the marketplace today. To publish a book is to do more than just print and distribute. Publishing is trying to find an audience for a book. Supporting it, using every means at your disposal. I think we were the first mass-market-paperback house to really *cut back* our list—and our sales have gone up dramatically. Six years ago, we were publishing perhaps twenty books a month. Now we publish perhaps fourteen, including reissues. And our sales are about six times what they were six years ago. We publish *more* books by publishing fewer books."

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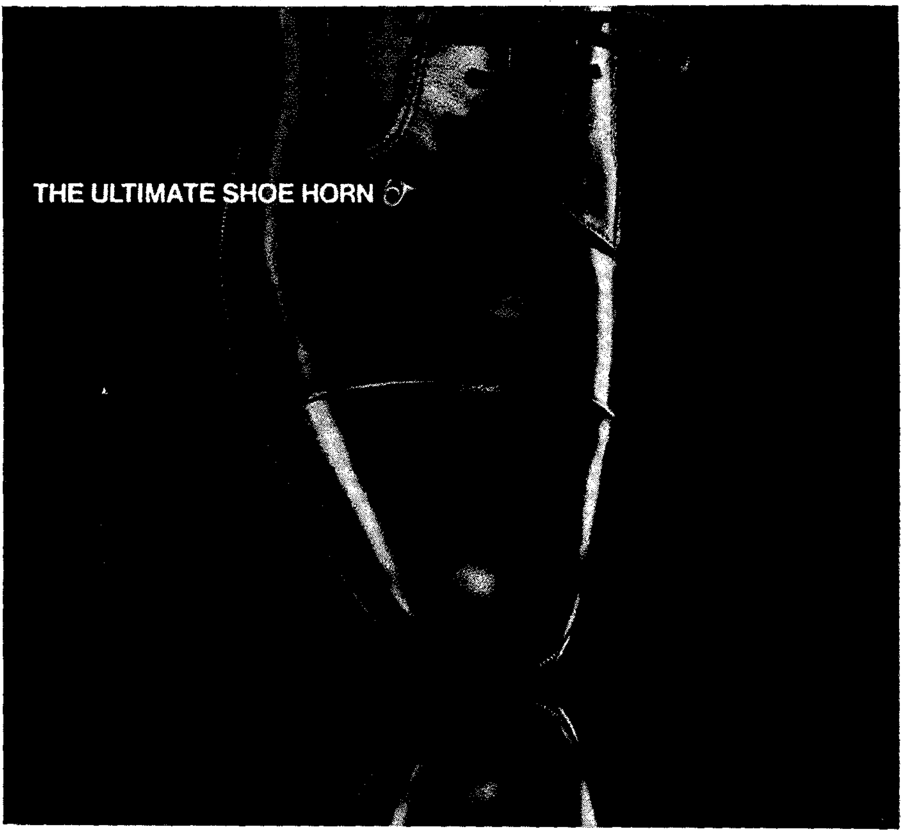
On a broader scale, the extent of the impact that the big-book complex in the publishing industry may have on works of literary merit can perhaps be gauged by what has happened to the backlisting of trade books generally. Not many years ago, about sixty per cent of the annual business done by a serious publishing house might come from sales of the firm's backlist—books that the company kept in print. This may still be true of some houses, but the backlisting of trade books as a whole has fallen off so sharply in relation to the sale of current works that, according to Robert Bernstein, of Random House, the backlist of a publishing house nowadays accounts for only about thirty per cent of its business, "if that." At Random House, part of the gap is filled by the transfer of hardcover titles to trade-paperback form in the well-known Vintage Books series. People at other publishing houses, however, place backlist sales at between fifteen and twenty per cent of the total. In the opinion of Aaron Asher, "the slide of the backlist began about the same time that the sub-rights tail began wagging the publishing dog." Certainly the extraordinary emphasis that publishers have placed on new big books and the whole complex of multimedia promotion and computerized merchandising have tended to relegate many standard works to the same position of neglect suffered by the works of the hard-pressed middle authors. The merchandising impetus, the multimedia ride just aren't there for backlisted books. As for classic works in hardcover form, it was not long ago that only one hardcover edition of "War and Peace" remained in print in the United States. That was a fairly expensive edition printed by Inner Sanctum, an imprint of Simon & Schuster, and by 1979 even that edition was no longer listed in *Books in Print*. Lately, however, a hardcover edition of "War and Peace" has reappeared in the Modern Library series, which, after being allowed to fade away from bookstore racks in the nineteen-seventies, has been revived by Random House.

But the main consideration in the decline of the backlist in publishing as a whole seems to be corporate cash flow. Acquiring hardcover best-sellers is an expensive business—one in which authors' advances may go into hundreds of thousands of dollars, or, where both hardcover and paperback arrangements are concerned, even into millions. If such large sums were bor-



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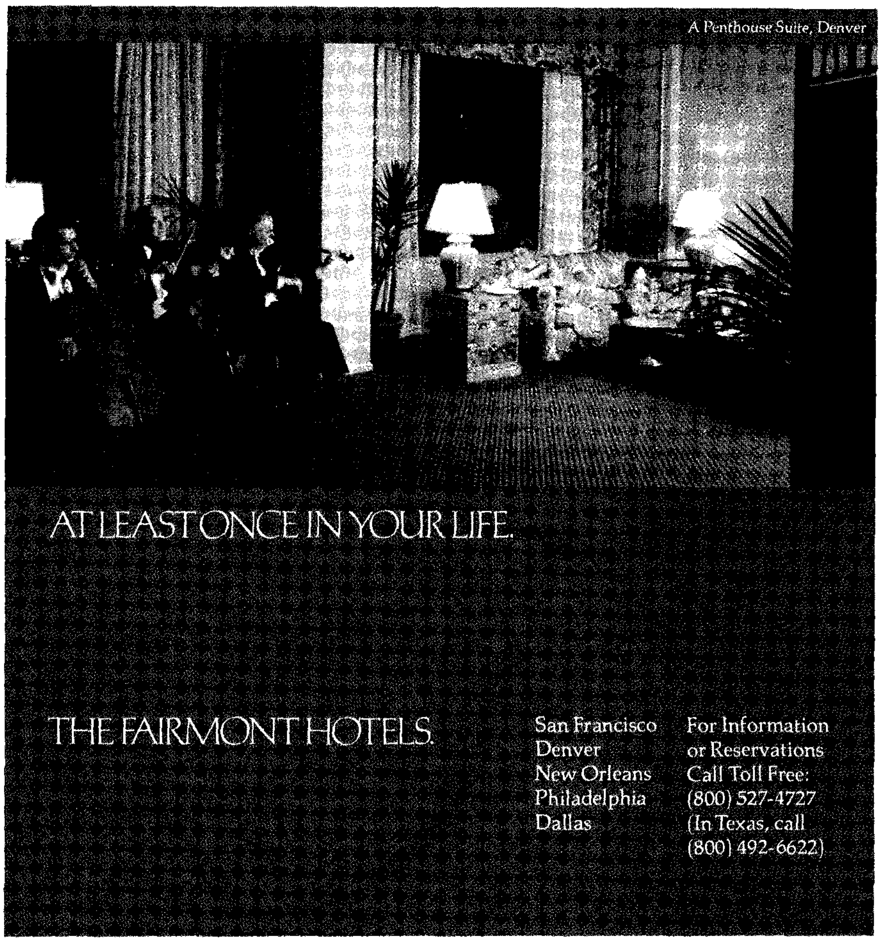
rowed from outside sources, the publisher would have to pay high interest on them. Selling subsidiary rights to best-sellers probably represents the most efficient way for the hardcover houses to recoup their investment and maintain a high cash flow. In the interests of maintaining that high cash flow, the people in a hardcover house who not many years ago would have been happy to have one or two best-sellers a year now feel that they have to have best-seller after best-seller, all year long. In contrast, any backlisted books that are not in steady and voluminous demand represent to the publishers, by their relatively high inventory and reprint costs, an impediment to large cash flow, since they tend to take a long time to move through the system and realize a financial return. G. Roysce Smith, the executive director of the American Booksellers Association, told me, "Book-publishing accounting procedures assign undue overhead to backlisted books, which have actually earned their money in that their initial production costs have already been paid. This pushes up the cost of backlisted books, and retail booksellers then find they have that much more money tied up in backlist stock lying around in their stores." In recent decisions dealing with the accounting practices of publishers, the Internal Revenue Service has ruled—on the basis of a 1979 Supreme Court decision involving the Thor Power Tool Company—that books held in inventory are not entitled to tax write-downs for depreciated value until after the books have left inventory. The certain effect of this ruling, in which the distinction between inventories of books as repositories of ideas, on the one hand, and stocks of tool parts or the content of manufacturers' warehouses generally, on the other, is ignored, is to offer trade publishers a strong incentive for taking their tax write-downs on existing inventory by simply removing the slower-moving backlisted books, either by remaindering them or by destroying them. When such books are by beginning authors or middle authors, the resulting damage, both artistic and financial, to those authors hardly needs commenting on. The I.R.S. ruling is also certain to discourage publishers from reprinting any current books that they feel may be slow in moving through inventory. The authors are not the only parties injured by this governmental action. As the backlist of books declines generally, increasing



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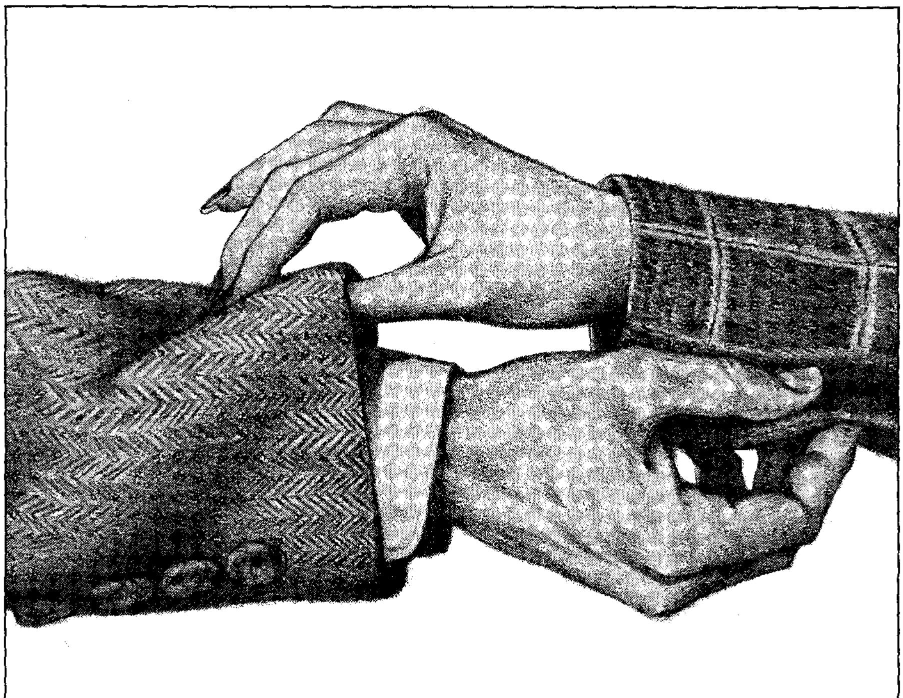

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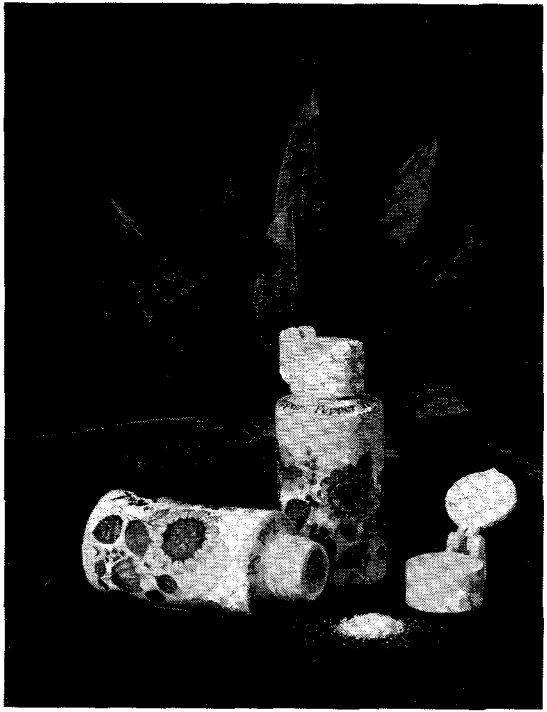
harm is certain to befall the independently owned bookstores, whose tradition of rendering personal service by reordering backlisted books has played such an important part in their ability to keep loyal customers. And the more the independent bookstores are harmed (the chain bookstores, whose stake in backlisted books is fairly small anyway, are unlikely to be affected by the I.R.S. ruling), the more the publishing industry is likely to concentrate its efforts on the promotion of the best-selling, fast-moving, cash-flow-producing blockbuster.

IT seems reasonable to assume that college people are currently a lot less fervent about publishing as a career than their counterparts of twenty-five years ago. It used to be that graduates, entranced by the thought of working in a profession that had such eminent members as Maxwell Perkins, and dreaming of how they themselves might make contributions to the future of American literature, besieged publishers in the hope of obtaining any job, however badly underpaid, that might be available in some editorial department. "There aren't that many young people going into book publishing now," Lynn Nesbit said. "To become an editor, you have to serve a long apprenticeship, and for very little money, and fewer young people are willing to do that today. Then, a lot of intelligent, idealistic young people who otherwise really would be interested in going into publishing are inclined to say, 'Oh, well, it's such a bureaucracy. I'm not going to make any money at the beginning, and I'm going to have to answer to a bureaucracy in a company that's owned by one of the conglomerates.' There's a real lack of new literary talent in the business. Instead, the people who are coming in tend to be business-minded—people who are likely to fit into a big-company atmosphere."

David Obst, who might be considered a representative of the West Coast wing of the entrepreneurial cause, agrees that fewer young people are entering publishing, but sees the matter rather differently. In a recent interview, he told me, "Really bright, ambitious people coming off the campus are not going to be drawn to this business. Few positions are opening, and young people nowadays, especially people who want to develop alternative styles of publishing, can't afford to wait for older people to make way for them. Somebody who is bright and



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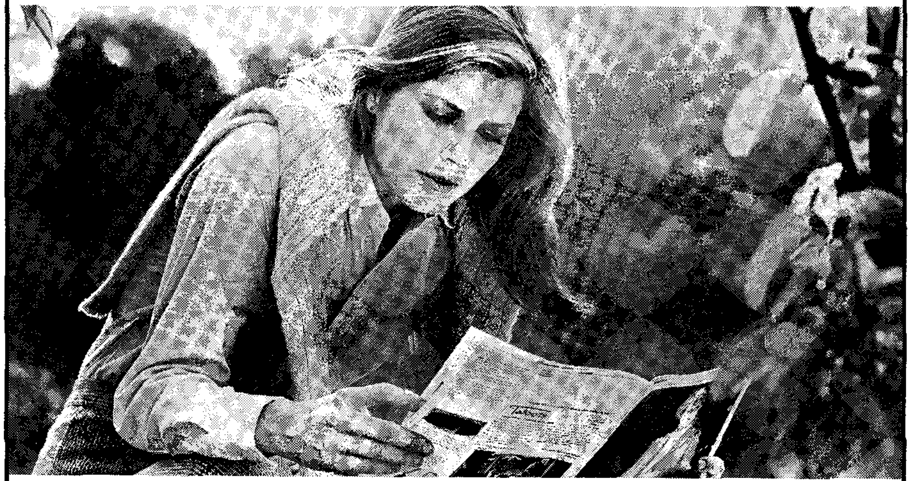

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ambitious and who wants to make his fortune in America is not going into publishing. If you look at the publishing business, you see the top positions being held by another generation, and, behind that, a real paucity of aggressive, successful, talented editors and publishers coming along. I've never been to a meeting of publishers where they didn't complain about how things are so hard, and how the risks are so great, and how you have to spend money to make money." Obst, a risk-taker himself in his role as promoter, deal-maker, and multimedia merchandiser, finds the prevailing situation perhaps even less satisfactory than a Roger Straus, a Carol Brandt, or a Lynn Nesbit does.

The growing state of tension in the business was symbolized at a symposium that was held last January on the New York University campus, under the auspices of the PEN-American Center, to discuss the significance of present trends in publishing and was attended by many publishing people, booksellers, authors, and academic people. One of the panelists on the dais was Richard Snyder, of Simon & Schuster, which is perhaps the most commercially successful conglomerate-owned publishing house in the business, and when Snyder, upon being asked to speak, attempted to defend the role of conglomerates in trade publishing, he was booed by some members of the audience—a rather sorry commentary on the state of a profession supposedly based on the free circulation of ideas. Snyder's reaction to this behavior seemed to be one of disdain: he cut his remarks short. As a member of the audience at the symposium, I regretted not being able to hear him speak at length. However, some time before the affair, I had had a short talk with him at his midtown office. Snyder told me then that he had just about stopped giving interviews to the press on the subject of publishing. "I've found reporters calling me up just to be able to say they'd got me on the phone," he said. "And not listening to a word I said. Because their stories had in effect already been set up in type. 'The conglomerate story'—what the conglomerates are supposed to be doing to publishing. They'd written their stories before they ever dialled my number." Snyder went on, "In an operating sense, I have found no important changes in publishing because of the conglomerates. In my opinion, what is really changing the face of pub-

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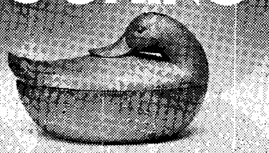

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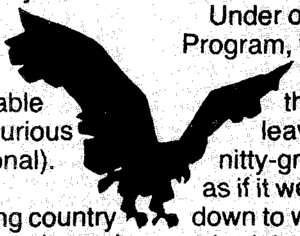

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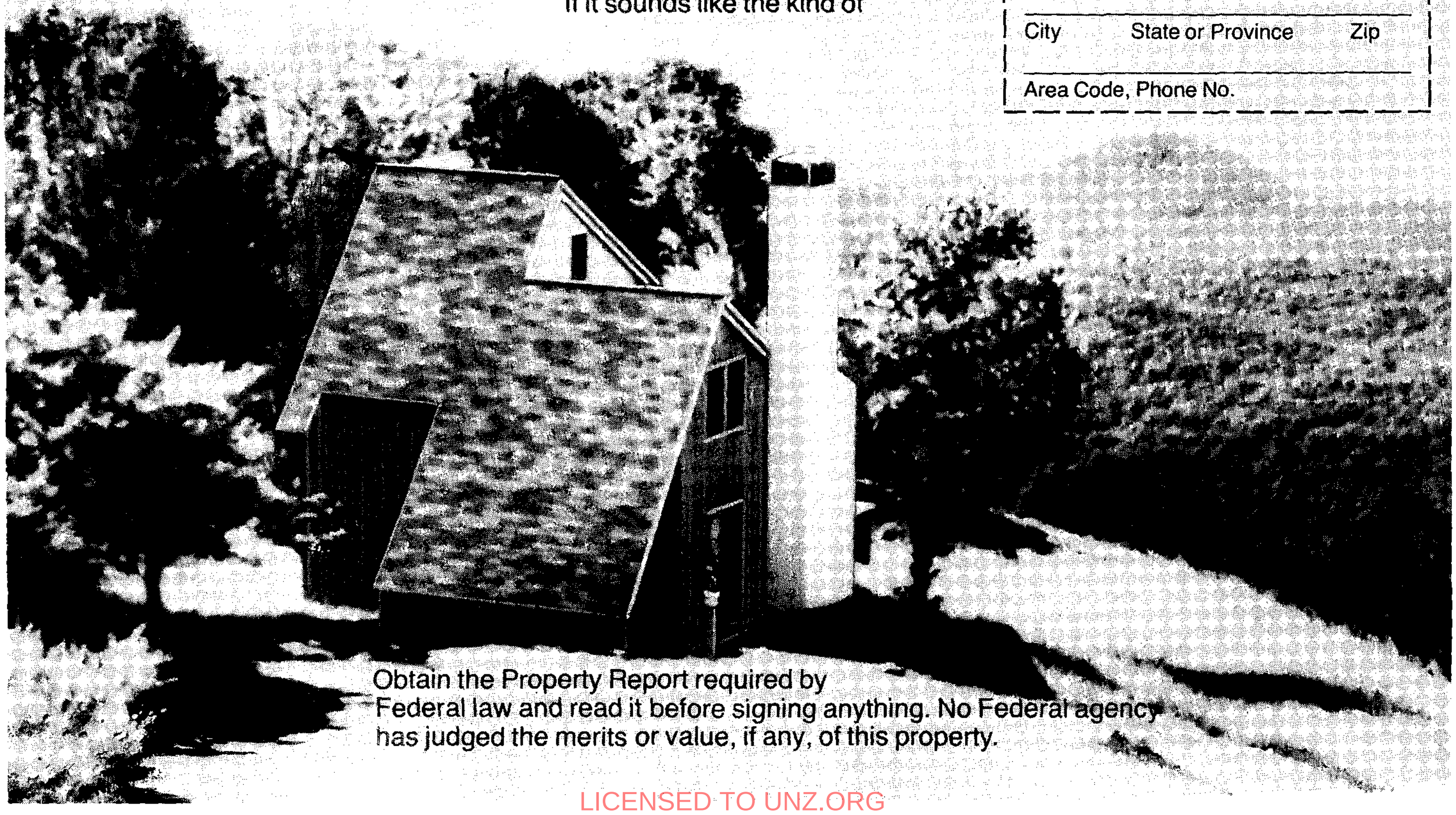

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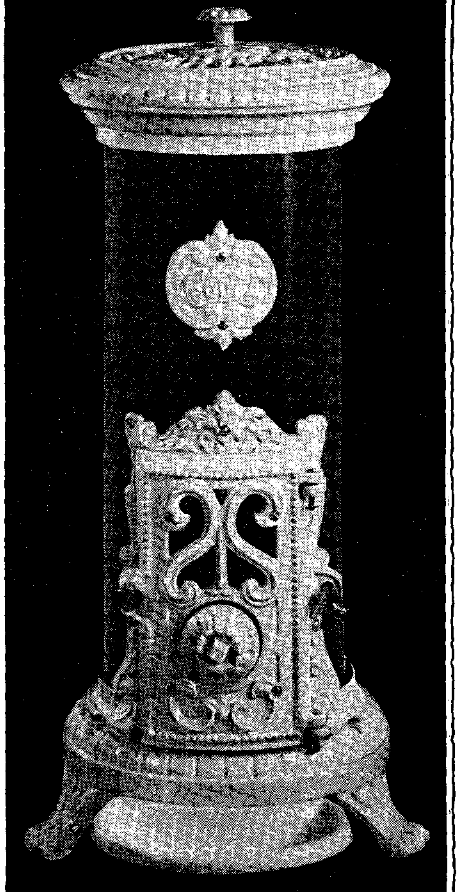

lishing in America is not the conglomerates but the giant book chains. It's not that as publishers we get the advantage of big accounts with the chains; it's the fact that the chains serve a different community of book readers from any that the book business has ever had before—book readers with different tastes. The élitism of the book market doesn't exist anymore. A lot of publishers are having great difficulty dealing with that. The minute you get into the suburbs, where ninety per cent of the chain stores are located, you serve the customers, mainly women, the way you would serve them in a drugstore or a supermarket. You have new dynamics coming into play, affecting what people buy and affecting publishers who wish to satisfy the needs of these customers.

"I'm an advocate of the big book chains, because when I was growing up you could walk into Scribner's bookstore, on Fifth Avenue, and unless you were out of Harvard the clerks looked down their noses at you. They were overeducated for what they were doing, and basically forced you out of an unwelcoming environment. Scribner's is still a wonderful bookstore and still has a wonderful clientele. But so many people were afraid to go into a bookstore then that you didn't have a growth of the book-buying populace. Even now, of the free countries in the world the United States has one of the lowest per-capita book readerships. I've been on brief trips to China and Russia, and book reading there is *ten* times what it is in the United States. There has been an élitism here about reading books. Up to now, only a certain class read books, and the book-distribution mechanism was for that class. Now, all of a sudden—boom! You are now feeding books to people who formerly read nothing. Obviously, I like to see independent bookstores thrive, but I'm an advocate of what has come with the big chains, because if people read a *terrible* book, at least there's a book in the house, and a child might say, 'Hey!,' and maybe the parents will say, 'We'll put some more books in the house instead of watching some stupid thing on television.' People say you can't publish good books now, because you don't have the outlets for them. Well! It was in the past that outlets didn't exist. The fact is that good-quality books do get into the stores. They sell, and they sell better than they ever did. Books on history and politics, and bi-

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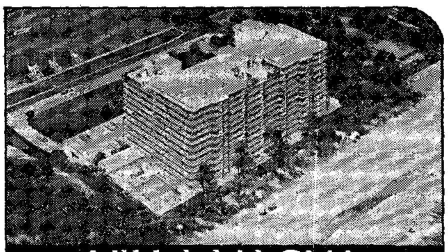

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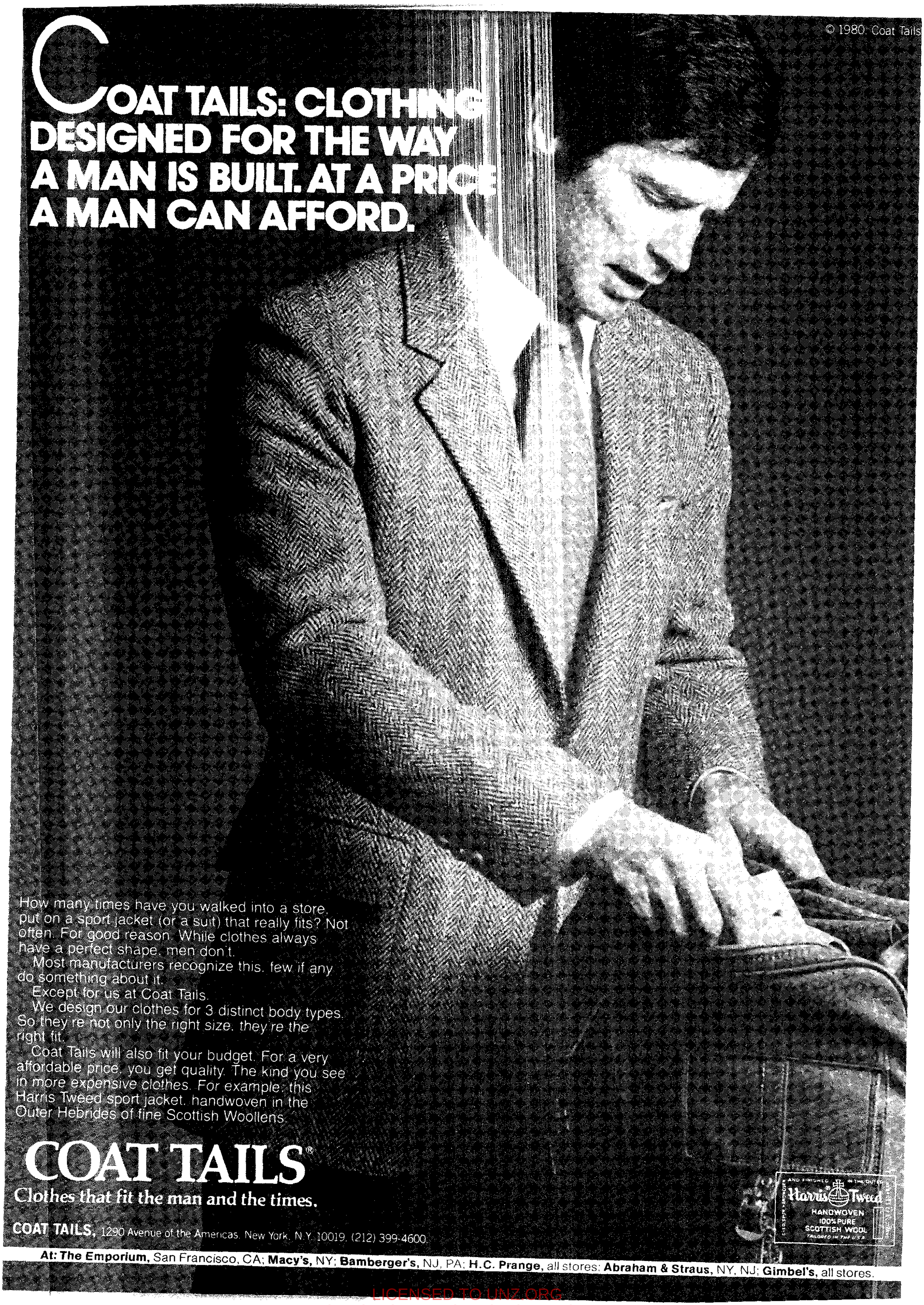

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ographies, for example, are selling at five times the rate they ever did before, and selling in the chains as well as the quality stores. There's a selective mechanism at work. Sometimes a publisher will publish a commercial book and that might be sold to Waldenbooks and some people might say that's bad. I say it's good—better that people read a commercial book than read nothing. It's a step up."

About conglomerate mergers and acquisitions, Snyder said, "The mergers originated with the publishers. It wasn't a question of the conglomerates' going after the publishers. The publishers went after the conglomerates." About the general quality of the books being published in an era of conglomerate ownership, Snyder said, "I've been around when we at Simon & Schuster were privately held, when we were publicly held, and when we were conglomerately held, and except in the areas of professional management and merchandising I've seen no change." He said that the fears of critics that the conglomerates might exercise censorship of books were groundless. He denied that the conglomerates exercised *any censorship*, or even cast any shadow of censorship, over the content of the books that their publishing divisions deal in.

If any group was dominating the publishing business, Snyder said, it was the agents and the authors they represented. "Remember, the great editors of the past read whole manuscripts. Now you've got to the point where, as a publisher, you'll get *twelve pages* from an author as an outline or a sample of his book. They might be the best twelve pages you've ever read, but if you dare say, 'Hey, why don't you at least expand this into sixty pages, or even give me a complete manuscript?'—which was what you could do twenty years ago—the author's agent is going to say, 'If you don't buy on the basis of what I'm letting you see, you're out of business.' And if you don't want to make a decision on the basis of the twelve pages, Random House is going to do it or Doubleday is going to do it. So the danger is that you pay for those twelve brilliant pages, and unfortunately the five hundred and eighty-two other pages turn out to be not so good, but you're obligated to publish the book. *That's* why a lot of bad, bad books are being published—not because the publishing houses are conglomerate-owned."

Referring to criticism of the sup-

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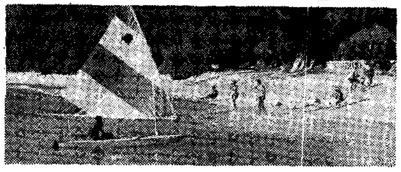

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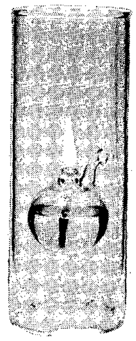

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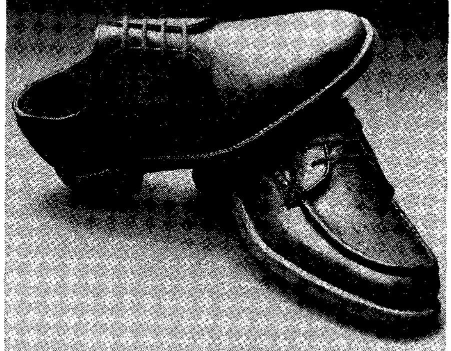

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posed influence of conglomerate ownership on the quality of contemporary literature, especially criticism offered in various interviews by Roger Straus, Snyder said, "I've debated Mr. Straus till I'm blue in the face, and we've tried here to figure out why Mr. Straus keeps talking this way. The only answer we've come up with is that he's making good hay out of this issue. The innocents that buy this stuff! 'See, I'm a publisher who's small and simple and easy to deal with, and I'm not a part of this whole conglomerate act in communications, and I don't pay advances of any consequence, because I'm intellectually pure!' And lots of authors say, 'Oh, we *definitely* want to be published by Farrar, Straus. Who wants to get into that colossus of a Random House or a Simon & Schuster, conglomerately owned!' And Mr. Straus uses that very effectively for his own gain. And Mr. Straus is starting to pick up an awful lot of authors who get low advances. And Mr. Straus does not like the fact that we at Simon & Schuster have an economic credibility above his, and had it even when we were independently owned—before we merged with Gulf & Western. That we generated far more cash and advertised many more books than he could. And he rants and raves. We've worked awfully hard to be bigger and, we think, better than Farrar, Straus. That doesn't mean we don't think Roger is a wonderful publisher. But if we had the same books he does, I think we'd sell more copies and have those authors more widely read than he does, and that's really what an author wants."

When I brought up the subject of the ever-rising prices being paid for bestsellers, Snyder declared that the bidding for subsidiary rights had "gone beyond economic reality." It should be borne in mind, he said, that when a paperback publishing house miscalculates and pays, say, a million dollars for reprint rights to a book that is really worth just half a million, there are going to be problems, because "there's no way to make money on that kind of book. It's economically unviable. That's the stupidity that's happening in this business. I see some people buying books like that all day long, and even if a miracle should occur, they're still going to lose money. And you can see this happening with book after book in paperback publishing.

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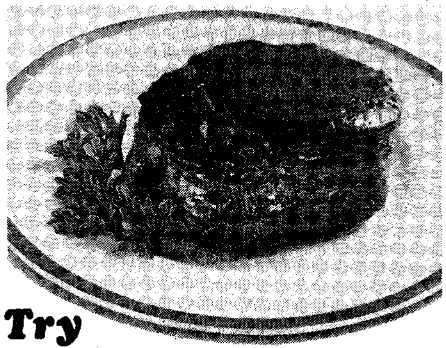

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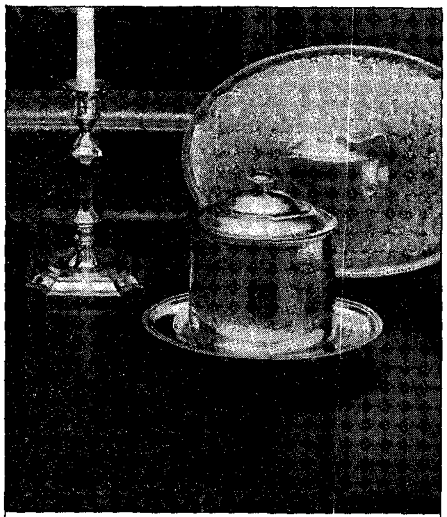
I raised the question of the damage to some authors—in particular, the so-called middle authors and beginning authors—by all the emphasis on big books in trade publishing. "Sure, somebody's getting hurt by all this," Snyder said, "The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. It used to be that if you were a young person and wanted to be a writer, you could go to a publisher and get enough of an advance to live adequately till your next book. That no longer happens. An eight- or ten-thousand-dollar paperback sale does not occur anymore—either you sell the damned thing for half a million or you get nothing. So you can't keep your young people alive. And what happens is our hardcover house can't justify a fifteen-thousand-dollar advance, because we're not going to get paperback money. We can say, 'This guy is pretty good, maybe he'll make a million dollars someday.' That's a pretty good risk ratio. But people turn around and say, 'Where *are* the young writers? What are they doing?' They're writing screenplays, because they can't make a living writing books. Because the other guys are making two million dollars on a book and it's a finite pot. If as an author you're making two million dollars on a paperback deal when the paperback house is going to earn back only half a million, the writeoffs have to be taken off someplace. And that's what has happened. We're doing it to ourselves, as publishers, and the authors are doing it to *them*selves. And it's all 'I've got mine back, and I'm not worried about you.' As for the younger authors, publishers still do support new talent—even though Roger Straus says he's the only



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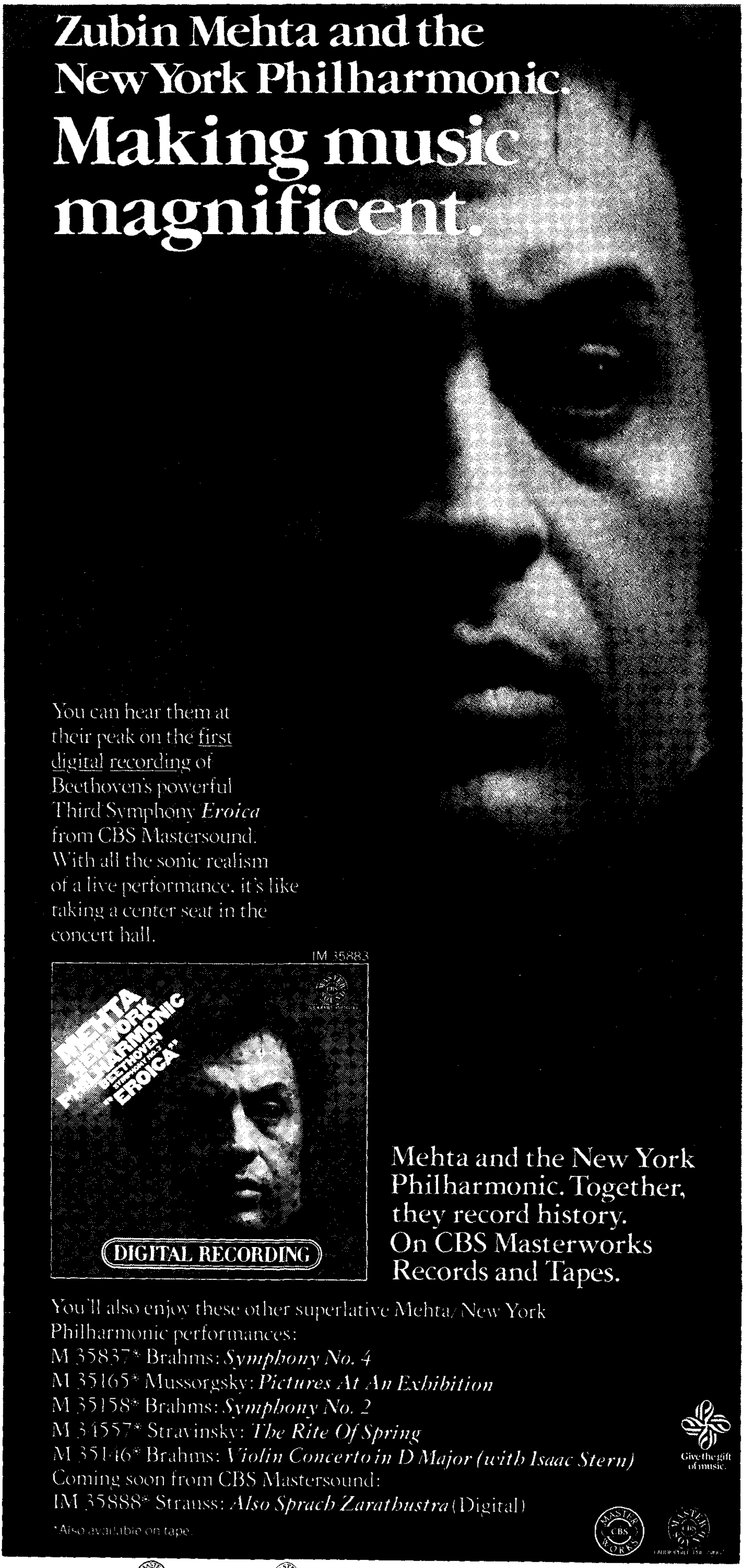
one doing it. The difference is that nowadays it's becoming more a matter of support than a matter of good business. Now we *know* we're going to lose certain moneys by this kind of support. Whereas previously you could economically justify publishing the work of these people, you now have to economically justify your support essentially by future hopes, not on the basis of present business. So from a bottom-line point of view that hits you negatively."

Turning again to the charges made by critics that conglomerate ownership of publishing houses tends to have an inhibiting effect on writing that is likely to be offensive to the conglomerates, Snyder said, "I know what the truth is, whether I'm owned by Gulf & Western or not. I know that not one book we've put out has been tampered with as far as the content of the book is concerned. I know that we are totally independent. I know that the only reason I'd lose my job here could be that we'd done very badly. Well, that could happen whether we were privately owned or owned by a conglomerate. The charge always made is that the conglomerate is interested only in the bottom line. Are you going to tell me that Bennett Cerf wasn't interested in the bottom line? Do you think that Roger Straus's *bank* isn't interested in the bottom line? Well, Roger can say, 'Maybe I happen to have inherited so much money that I don't have to worry about banks.' According to that theory, only rich people who inherited their money could be publishers—because that's the way they could be independent."

Speaking of independent publishers, but finally getting off the subject of Roger Straus, Snyder said that smaller independent publishers who merged with larger companies did so for the sake of the economic advantages of operating more efficiently. "If you're a small company, you're always into the banks, and paying thirteen or fourteen per cent for it," he said. "It's very hard to stay alive in that business environment. And the bigger companies have the bigger sales forces, and so on—we can do it more efficiently and better. Yet in the early days of these acquisitions the conglomerates often saw good numbers that didn't work out. Take the CBS purchase of Holt, Rinehart & Winston. I don't think CBS can ever justify the price. CBS paid almost literally ten times what that company was worth." CBS paid



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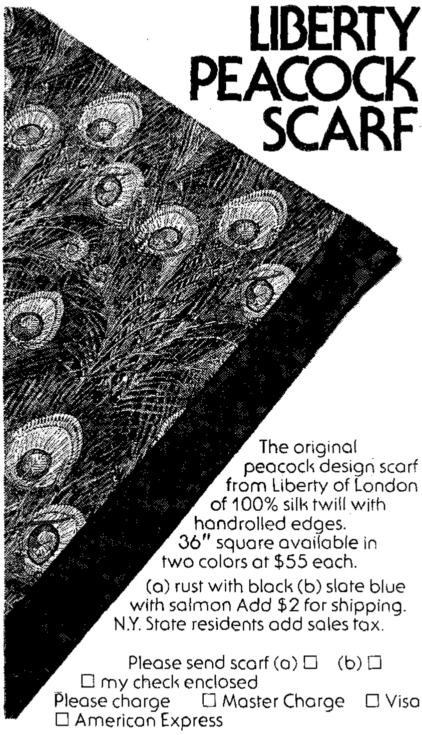

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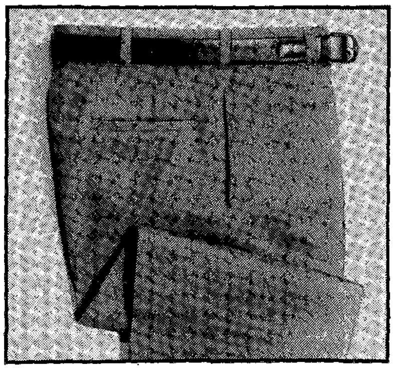

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around two hundred million for Holt. "However, these conglomerates, including CBS, had highly inflated stocks—stocks selling at twenty-to-one, thirty-to-one price-to-earnings ratios. But in the case of CBS and Holt, the ratio should have been something like six to one. So CBS was giving away a lot of cheap stuff. That's what I think forced a lot of these mergers. People were giving away a lot of highly leveraged stock. Now it's different. Because of the economics offered by a large corporation and the difficulties of operating a small company in this very uncertain business environment, if I had a small company now and a big company came to me, I'd sell in five minutes. You see people doing that, and suddenly the man running that little two-, three-million-dollar company is worth ten times as much as the manager of the company that bought him. And it's better to have a corporation as a banker than a banker as a banker, because bankers are mercurial, and corporations are in business."

—Thomas Whiteside

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

We ordered Whiskey Sours—so potent it was unnecessary to order another—and watched the passers-by through large picture windows that line the front of the room. My companion attempted to point out an America's Cup contender, which suddenly became hidden from my view by a Rolls Royce (no kidding).

Nancy, our waitress, displayed precision timing when asking us if we were ready to order. From the dinner menu we had a variety of seafood dishes to choose from: a Chicken Picatta, Sirloin Strip Steak (with sauteed mushrooms) and Spinach Enchiladas, prices ranging from $5.95 to $8.95.—*Debby Williamson in the Providence* (*R.I.*) *NewPaper.*

Are you sure those were Whiskey Sours?

•

Correction

The WRV Herald incorrectly reported that the Judy White involved in the July 4 Randolph Circle *argument* was Terry White's sister. The Judy White who lives in Randolph Circle is not Terry White's sister, but his acquaintance.

Terry White does have a sister named Judy who lives in Randolph Center. There is also a third Judy White in Randolph; she is married to Terry White's brother.

We regret the error and confusion. —*Randolph* (*Vt.*) *White River Valley Herald.*

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THE THEATRE

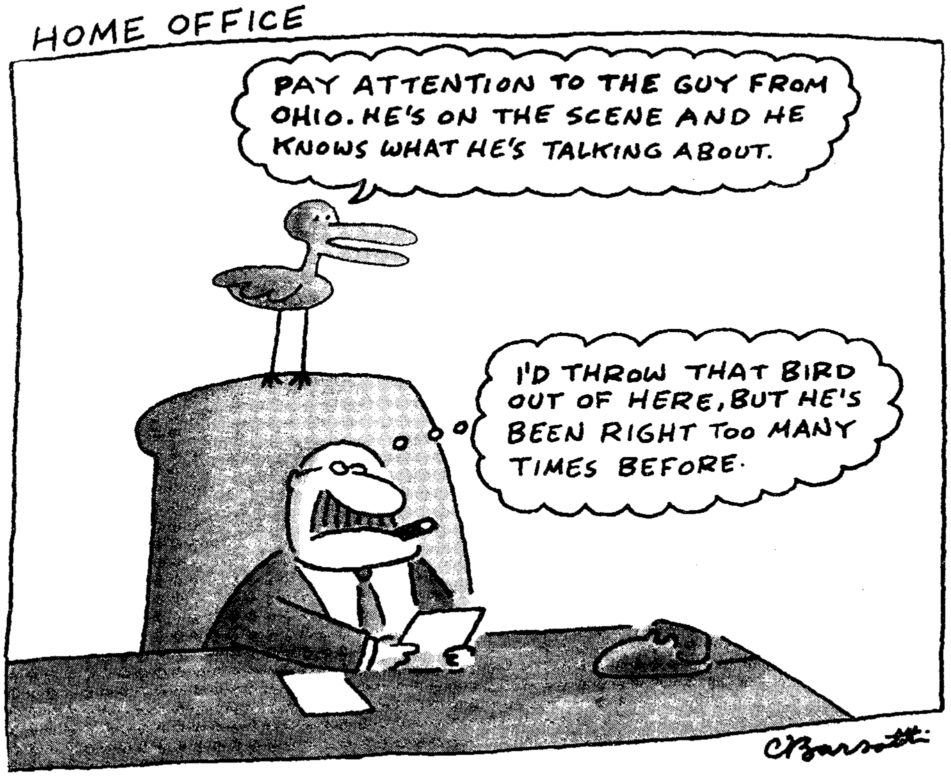
Home Truths

IN his new comedy, "Passione" (at the Morosco), Albert Innaurato is bent upon entertaining us at all costs. Never was a playwright more relentless in his pursuit of this old-fashioned—indeed, Aristotelian—goal; the moment one character threatens to prove unamusing to us, another is introduced, who gives way after a short while to a third. By the end of the first act, we have encountered seven radically diverse individuals, each of whom has exacted from us the welcome blackmail of laughter, at no matter how great a sacrifice of plausibility. In the second of the play's two acts, we are as eager as ever to go on laughing, but our sense of participating in a sort of non-stop vaudeville yields to a worrisome wonder; if, as we begin to perceive, Mr. Innaurato feels obliged to provide us with a more or less happy ending, how on earth is he to devise a plot capable of accomplishing this feat? For the fact is that we have just spent a couple of hours learning how miserably mismatched with one another and with the world these seven individuals are. What words of affection, much less of love, can serve to bring them into concord after a hundred boisterously savage home truths have thrust them apart? (A home truth may be defined as something we are told which makes it unlikely that we will be willing ever to go home again.) Families survive not by practicing candor but by gently outwitting it; the family in "Passione" has torn so much by talking so much that it is almost certainly beyond mending. The title of the play is an Italian noun meaning not only "passion" and "love" but "suffering," and, for all that the play is a comedy, suffering is the emotion that pervades it.

The setting is a seedy house in the Italian-American district of south Philadelphia, and the time is the present. Oreste, the patriarch of the family, has come in to town from an old people's home in the suburbs in order to preside (one suspects with much grumbling) over a family reunion that will be held later in the day. Already on hand are his son Berto, a middle-aged man who has spent his life failing as an inventor; Berto's son, Little Tom, a circus clown; Little Tom's wife, Francine, who doubles as the producer of the circus and its resident Fat Lady; Francine's father, Renzo, a raunchy, aging master of macho; Aggy, Berto's wife, who, having deserted him without a word ten years earlier, has unexpectedly returned to pick up some furniture; and Aggy's sister Sarah, who has a mutilated right hand and a notably sharp tongue. However extravagant Innaurato's imagination may be in respect to his Italian-Americans, they strike me as retaining some hold on reality, but Aggy and Sarah, presented as natives of Hickory, North Carolina, are totally unconvincing. We are invited to see them as having been brought up never to drink, swear, dance, or make love, and therefore as antitheses of the sensual Mediterranean culture that Oreste and his tribe exemplify. Curiously, Sarah speaks not in the accent of the Piedmont but in that of the Pedernales. If this accent is a disguise she has assumed, the reasons for the disguise are never disclosed to us; if it isn't a disguise, then the playwright has undergone some violent molecular disorientation of his bump of locality. As for Aggy, not for a second did I believe her boast that on leaving Berto she attended night school and became a doctor. These peculiar women are like fugitives from some other play—or perhaps two plays, since, though sisters, they have so little in common. Aggy is guarded, Sarah spunkily aggressive; she and Renzo have two or three hilarious scenes together, ending up where they are both evidently at their best, in bed.

"Passione" has the advantage of an admirable cast. Jerry Stiller is the troubled Berto, Sloane Shelton the brassy Sarah, and Dick Latessa the amorous Renzo. Daniel Keyes makes a fine figure of a man as Oreste, and although Francine is so obese as to have no figure at all (what else can one expect of a Fat Lady?), Laurel Cronin plays the role with exceptional skill and charm. Richard Zavaglia and Angela Paton, as Little Tom and Aggy, have many leaden lines to speak about the nature of the parent-child relationship—how they must have longed to get past them! The setting, a masterpiece of domestic squalor, is by David Gropman; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the lighting is by Paul Gallo. "Passione" marks the directorial début of the actor Frank Langella, who shows himself to be very adept at pacing the more farcical portions of the play. The curtain calls take place just as the family reunion gets under way, with half a dozen hideously dressed actors and actresses spilling in happy disarray across the stage. It is a wild and funny notion, which I enjoyed so much that I herewith fearlessly assert that the curtain calls alone are worth the price of admission.

—BRENDAN GILL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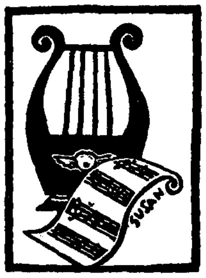
CBarsotti

MUSICAL EVENTS

Tantantara!

FROM a musical point of view, the celebrations that attend the opening of a new concert hall are perhaps best avoided. When Minneapolis opened its fine new Orchestra Hall, in 1974, I waited awhile, until both the brouhaha and the Minnesota Orchestra itself had settled, before going to report on it. If I was tempted to attend the first concerts in San Francisco's new concert hall, the Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall, and fell, let me plead in extenuation that there were musical lures: "Happy Voices," the latest adventure in David Del Tredici's long "Alicead;" Mahler's Eighth Symphony, which tests a hall to its limits; and (a bonus for a New Yorker whose local grand-opera season has been delayed) the chance of catching at the same time the opening productions of the San Francisco Opera—"Samson et Dalila," "Simon Boccanegra," and "Die Frau ohne Schatten." But physically the hall was not quite finished: here and there carpets were unlaid, walls were unpainted, and entrances that will one day admit the public were still blocked. And acoustically the hall was quite unfinished: not merely the "fine tuning" but even the basic "rough tuning" remained to be done. The inaugural gala—thousand-dollar tickets, champagne flowing as if from public fountains, and a final shower of balloons over the stage and of confetti in the form of musical notes over the audience—was more a social than a musical event. Later in the season, when the fine tuning has been done and the San Francisco Symphony has found its ears in the new surroundings, will be the time to report on the hall as a home for music. Meanwhile, some first impressions.



The architects of the Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall—named for the patron who donated five of the twenty-eight million dollars it cost—are the San Francisco office of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, in association with Pietro Belluschi. The building stands across the street from the War Memorial Opera House, in San Francisco's Civic Center, and among those City Beautiful neoclassical and neo-Renaissance monuments—elegant echoes of St. Peter's, the Invalides, the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève—it seems at first sight something of an underbred interloper. The main façade is a quadrant of glass and concrete, buttressed at ground level with semicircular concrete planters. A bulbous "string course" rings the building, looping out at each end of the quadrant to embrace two excrescent semicircular balconies. Through the glass, cylindrical columns—too widely spaced—are visible. The glass of the third floor is decked with thick pendant half-mullions, "teeth," whose purpose is obscure. There is no grand entrance, only a marquee off to one side. The place could be a classy bus station or air terminal. I looked and looked at it, trying to like it better—and liked it less. Getting into it for the first concerts recalled subway approaches at rush hour; anyone with a seat in the orchestra must first climb to the second floor and then descend through narrow passages, slowed by steps, to reach the doors leading into the auditorium. Things will doubtless improve when other entrances from the street are opened, but the plan shows unaccountably poky public spaces for so many people: the hall seats three thousand. There is no grand foyer. But there is space at street level, it seems, to tuck in, later, the restaurants, cafés, and bookshop that an audience should find in a city's principal concert hall.

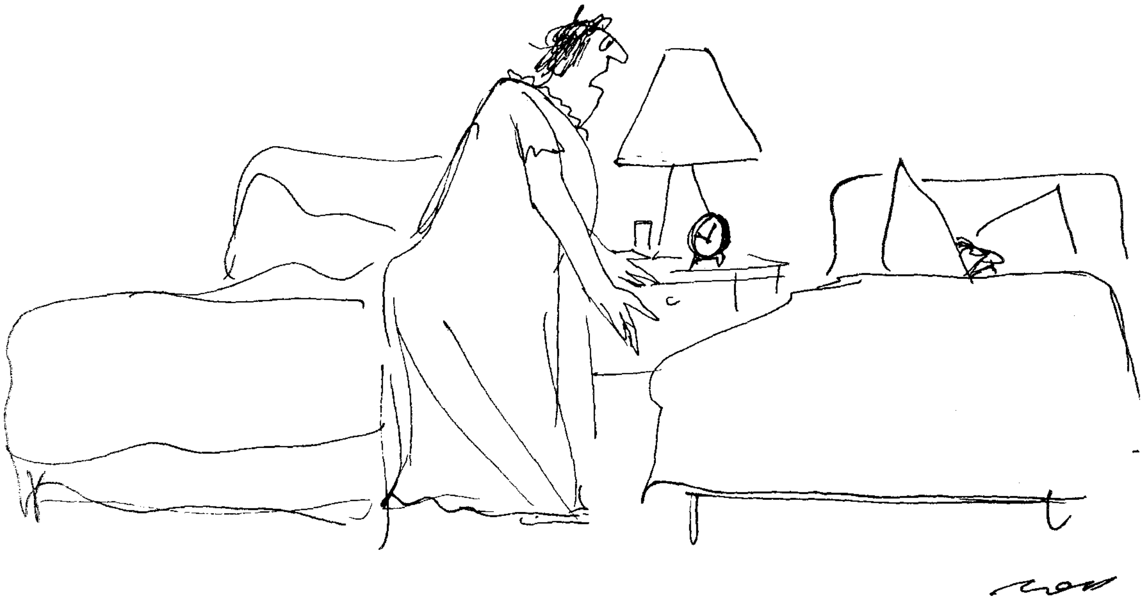
Once inside, the spectator has a striking first impression. Sight lines are excellent, and the place doesn't feel as enormous as it is. In plan, the auditorium is shaped like a plump pear—a circle with an extrusion for the orchestral platform. The main floor is raked, the platform level. There are two balconies, stepped into open boxes as they dip toward the platform, and the lower balcony continues right around the hall, forming a chorus gallery (or providing "backstage" seating) where it runs above and behind the orchestral platform. The seats are upholstered in dusty rose (on mine, the pile of the plush ran the wrong way, impelling me ever forward), and the rest at the moment is white or cream. The floor beneath the audience's feet is bare concrete; the orchestra plays on wood. The rows run unbroken by aisles, but there is ample space between them for people to pass by those already seated. (In the old concert halls—Vienna's, Boston's—the audience is packed in more tightly, and good acoustics take precedence of convenience.) The ceiling is studded with projecting pyramids, and the balcony fronts and the side walls are studded with built-in "Frisbees," to scatter the sounds coming from the platform. These replace the coffering, cornices, corbels, niches, pilasters, and statues of the old concert halls, but they look rather silly and do not have the dramatic effect of the "cube explosion" Hugh Hardy designed for a similar purpose in Minneapolis. In general, the architectural detail seemed coarse, particularly where the curved balcony front embraced the platform like a fat white bolster, but it should all look different when all the painting is done. There are many slots in the ceiling. Some of them admit air. Through others, banners descend, and these banners are intended to control the reverberation time of the hall, between mid-frequency extremes of 2.1 and 1.5 seconds. Over the players are suspended about two dozen large reflecting discs—flying saucers—of clear acrylic plastic.

The acousticians are the Cambridge firm of Bolt Beranek & Newman, remembered by the general public as the first to be employed on New York's Philharmonic Hall. In other BBN buildings—among them Harvard's Loeb Drama Center, Ottawa's National Arts Center, the opera house in Bloomington (probably America's best), and the remodelled Orpheum in Vancouver—I have listened to music with pleasure. Philharmonic—now Avery Fisher—Hall in its latest edition is acoustically the work of Cyril Harris, as is Minnesota's Orchestra Hall. In lay paraphrase, Harris's aim would seem to be a warm, vibrant, resonant space that lives and "breathes" with the music. (In Fisher Hall, the floor under one's feet throbs at climaxes.) And BBN's aim would seem to be a rigidly unsympathetic concrete enclosure concerned with directing the "energy" produced by players as precisely, efficiently, and agreeably as possible. On the whole, I find BBN acoustics accurate but unhelpful, unflattering; bad orchestras don't sound better. Harris believes in what might be called "inherent" acoustics, in which the shape and the construction of the hall determine the sound. BBN incorporates "tuning devices" and other variables—San Francisco's banners and saucers. But the hoists and winches to adjust them are not yet in full working order. I hope I can report later on sound warmer, rounder, more glowingly beautiful than we heard at the opening concerts.

AS a schoolboy in Marin County, David Del Tredici played the White Rabbit in a musical version of "Alice." Twenty years later, in 1968, he began composing the long series of "Alice" pieces that has engaged him for the last twelve years: "Pop-Pourri," the four-movement "Alice Symphony," "Adventures Underground," "Vintage Alice," "Final Alice," and—still in progress—a full-evening piece, "Child Alice," of which "Happy Voices" is the second installment to appear. Part I of "Child Alice," "In Memory of a Summer Day," an hour-long setting, for soprano and large orchestra, of the prefatory verses to "Through the Looking-Glass," was heard in St. Louis earlier this year. Part III, "All in the Golden Afternoon," a half-hour setting, for the same forces, of the prefatory verses to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," is due in Philadelphia next spring. (An "Alice" brochure put out by Del Tredici's publishers, Boosey & Hawkes, shows a page of it: an ecstatic Alleluia on the heroine's name.) Part II is to consist of two instrumental interludes: the first, "Quaint Events," is in preparation, and "Happy Voices" is the second. It is an orchestral fugue, lasting about seventeen minutes, using, eventually, five themes, which are cast for the most part in an easy popular idiom. The large orchestra includes special bells rentable from—appropriately—the Carroll Musical Instrument Service Corporation. The first three fugue subjects are not single-voice but two-part themes, harmonized in thirds or tritones, and so the texture quickly becomes thick. The opening stretches of the piece are ingenious and agreeable, and the whole is a remarkable tour de force. The rhythms are playful, beguiling. But when everything gets going the accumulation proves self-defeating. At the climax, in the composer's words, "when one theme has struggled to the fore, the other motives, like a gang of howling furies, are not far behind, below or above, seeking to wrest it from its sovereign place," and "every possible contrapuntal device is now given full exuberant play." One saw everyone bowing or blowing away like crazy—and heard nothing but a dense din whose only followable feature was a rag melody blared out by the brass. Then there was a quiet coda. At the end, a wind machine sighs and an offstage soprano voice sings "All in the golden afternoon." In the score, this is marked "Concert-Ending." Presumably, in a full performance of "Child Alice" it is also the start of Part III.

The composer regards the instrumental interludes of his "Child Alice," he says, as some of the improvised stories Lewis Carroll told to Alice Liddell and her sisters while they were rowing on the Thames but did not write down afterward. What kind of story could this one have been? Del Tredici says he has one in mind but will not reveal it. I enjoy the romantic and poetic aspects of his "Alice" music but lose him when he becomes strident, vociferous, dense, thunderous. Then I recall the Tenniel illustration to the close of the Lion and the Unicorn chapter in "Through the Looking-Glass," when in distress Alice "put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar." "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Tristan und Isolde" appeared in the same year, 1865. Alice, W. H. Auden once suggested, is "an adequate symbol for what every human being should try to be like." At times, Del Tredici seems to confuse that sweetly reasonable, intelligent, tidy-minded, and well-behaved heroine with the hysterical, passionate, undisciplined Isolde who cried out to wave and wrack to destroy the ship and all on it. Or—to put things on a purely musical level—he becomes overexuberant, raises the volume too high, writes too many notes, lets rip. All the "Alice" pieces with voice specify an *amplified* soprano; I find it hard to believe that Alice, even at her most emphatic, would ever resort to a public-address system. Del Tredici has something to say, about childhood, tenderness, memory, innocence, and the nature of love. Also about nightmares, and possible dark currents beneath these tales told on a sunny river. He is a generous and romantic composer. But he gets carried away. I'd remind him of an earlier river refrain: "Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song."

THE inaugural concert, conducted by Edo de Waart, now in his fourth season as music director of the San Francisco Symphony, began with



"Sure you can get up. Look! I got up!"

Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," which the orchestra has played under all but two of its conductors—from Henry Hadley, in 1912, onward. It had a bright performance, with crisp detail and an eloquent English horn, Robert Royse. After "Happy Voices," there was Mendelssohn's G-Minor Piano Concerto—a work the twenty-year-old Del Tredici played with the Symphony in 1957. The soloist was now the seventy-seven-year-old Rudolf Serkin, who gave a wise, courteous performance, a little graver than those we usually hear but beautifully fashioned. The second half was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. When Mendelssohn played the first part of it to Goethe, in 1830, the old man said, "This arouses no emotion but astonishment. It is grandiose." After a long pause, he added, "It is very great, quite wild; it makes one fear the house may fall down." When the symphony was first played in San Francisco, in 1856, a critic reported that the later movements "caused many to yawn." De Waart's performance aroused no emotion in me at all. There it was, the celebrated composition, accurately executed, without eccentricity. And nothing especial happened. But, as I suggested, the concert was not primarily a musical occasion. The conductor was interviewed by television during the intermission, and he was under the cameras while he conducted. When Fate knocked at the door, many of the audience, still outside with the champagne, missed the summons.

IF the climax of "Happy Voices" was loud, Mahler's Eighth Symphony the next night was louder still. Theodore Schultz, BBN's technical director of architectural acoustics, told me that at a rehearsal of it his meter rose to read a hundred and one decibels—five more than it had ever registered before in a concert hall. Performances of the "Symphony of a Thousand"—Mahler dubbed the première, in 1910, a "Barnum and Bailey show"—used to be rare and tremendous events. Now they are common. (On October 3rd, Solti conducts it in Chicago, and WNCN broadcasts the concert in New York the next day; Ozawa and the Boston Symphony bring it to Carnegie Hall on October 15th and 16th.) The San Francisco performance was perhaps premature. An organ has been planned for Davies Hall, but it is not yet there: with an electronic roar of E-flat, the symphony got off to a bad start. But on the whole the first part, the "Veni, creator," went well, impetuous and urgent, with strong choral singing. In the second part, picturesqueness, sentiment, and "saturated" tonal beauty were missing. Some of the soloists were poor. The string playing was plain, without emotional portamento. One remained on earth.

A final word for the admirable program booklets, edited and largely written by Michael Steinberg, the Symphony's artistic adviser and publications director. They have all the merits of the program booklets he produced for the Boston Symphony when he held a similar post there. Content, thoroughness, printing, and paper all put New York programs to shame. Mr. Steinberg sets compositions in musical and in San Franciscan history, and he recalls links between them: Berlioz's jest about and Del Tredici's playing of the Mendelssohn concerto; Mendelssohn's and Berlioz's encounters with the Beethoven symphony. These are essays coherently devised for a particular program, not notes pulled from stock. I hope the booklets are available well ahead of the concerts; they deserve careful reading, not rapid scanning, and they prepare the way for receptiveness to the music. Of course, there should also be a shop in the hall where the books and records that Mr. Steinberg recommends, and the scores of the pieces to be played, can be bought in advance.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Keyboards

HARPSICHORD recitals have dominated my first weeks of concertgoing this season. Though Helen-Ursula Katz was undemonstrative, at times almost withdrawn, in a performance at Carnegie Recital Hall, she led her audience quietly but firmly through a fine selection of high-Baroque keyboard music by François Couperin, J. S. Bach, Rameau, and Domenico Scarlatti. Her playing was precise, and especially responsive to one characteristic of harpsichord sound: its sharp attack and quick decay. In the overlapping five-part writing of the F-Major Prelude from Book Two of Bach's Well-Tempered Keyboard, Miss Katz caught the notes just before they faded, and created a sonorous texture. (In a recital at Abraham Goodman House, Elaine Comparone had given the piece a thinner, balder sound by not sustaining the notes.) Miss Katz set the bro-

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ken chords of Bach's G-Major Prelude ringing like a violinist's multiple stopping, and she gave the Fugue's sixteenth notes—so often hammered out foursquare—a delicate unequal swing. Sometimes she missed Bach's climaxes: the unexpected chromatic chord and rushing passagework at the end of that Fugue can be more thrilling; the descent of the bass line through two octaves in the D-Major Fugue can be more powerful. But she did generate an unusual, stylish kind of small-scale excitement when she characterized a piece perfectly, as in Bach's F-Major and C-Major Fugues, or when she let the music's virtuosity take over, as in Rameau's "Les Cyclopes." Scarlatti's sonatas need to be made more vivid, to be punched out more physically, than Miss Katz allowed; she was at her best when conjuring up the unusual sound effects—the twangy guitar noises and processional drumbeats—that Scarlatti surely derived from Spanish folk music.

Joyce Lindorff, who appeared in the same hall, has a much more lively, natural talent than Miss Katz, yet her playing was never as idiomatic. Bach's Fifth French Suite flowed nicely but was spoiled by a looseness of rhythm and by unnecessary registrational tricks in the Sarabande and Loure; Couperin's Eighth Ordre was full of generalized expressive life, but it lacked controlled grandeur in the opening "La Raphaèle," and the surging passion of the great Passacaille was restrained. This concert was notable for two well-chosen ensemble works—a natural pair, by virtue of their complementary scoring, that I cannot remember having ever before seen programmed together: Elliott Carter's Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord, and Manuel de Falla's Concerto for Harpsichord and Five Solo Instruments (which uses the instruments of the Carter with the addition of violin and clarinet). Falla's Concerto—dedicated to, though disliked by, Wanda Landowska—really needs a noisy modern harpsichord, and in a large hall the balance never works. Here the other players were ranged behind the soloist, and even though Miss Lindorff's instrument was too gentle, the gritty, primitive textures of this strangely impressive piece could be heard. The performance, by members of Tafelmusik, conducted by David Aks, was confident and colorful—more so than that of the Carter, which sounded accurate but cautious until the pungent, dancing final Allegro took flight.

The last of these harpsichordists, James Richman, also performed in Carnegie Recital Hall. When he chose to play extrovertly—in Rameau's A-Minor Suite and in a triptych of Scarlatti sonatas—he displayed an ideal combination of qualities: he was careful yet communicative, stylish yet sparkling. The Scarlatti made the most of the music's surprises; the Rameau was deeply responsive as well as brilliantly confident. Some of the other pieces were too dreamy, but one could enjoy the sound of two splendid harpsichords, by John Koster of Boston—well copied from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century originals, and authentically tuned.

GARRICK OHLSSON, who is this season celebrating the tenth anniversary of his first prize at the Chopin International Competition, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall which was in some ways magnificent. The range of sounds he drew from a Bösendorfer piano seduced the ear, and in the repertoire to which this wide variety of timbre is suited—represented in the program by Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit"—the results were irresistible. "Gaspard" glittered with a hundred pianistic colors, transformed from one bar to the next like patterns in a kaleidoscope. But earlier music can all too easily be dislocated, its structure destroyed, by such flamboyant use of the instrument. Beethoven's A-Major Sonata, Opus 2, No. 2, could scarcely survive Mr. Ohlsson's attentions. The octaves crashed, the triplets raced, the staccato accompaniment in the Largo was plucked with exquisite velvety tone, the Scherzo flew by like a hazy Mendelssohnian fairy vision—and none of this hung together. The final Rondo, its grazioso theme treated like a decorative flourish and its fierce chromatic episode projected like Brucknerian brass writing, made no sense. Haydn's D-Major Sonata, No. 56, was just a display of beautiful sounds. Most distressing of all, the perfectly controlled passion of Chopin's F-Minor Ballade was torn apart by Mr. Ohlsson's self-indulgent pianism.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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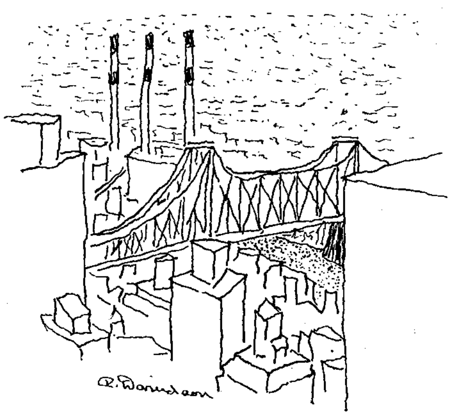
THE SPORTING SCENE

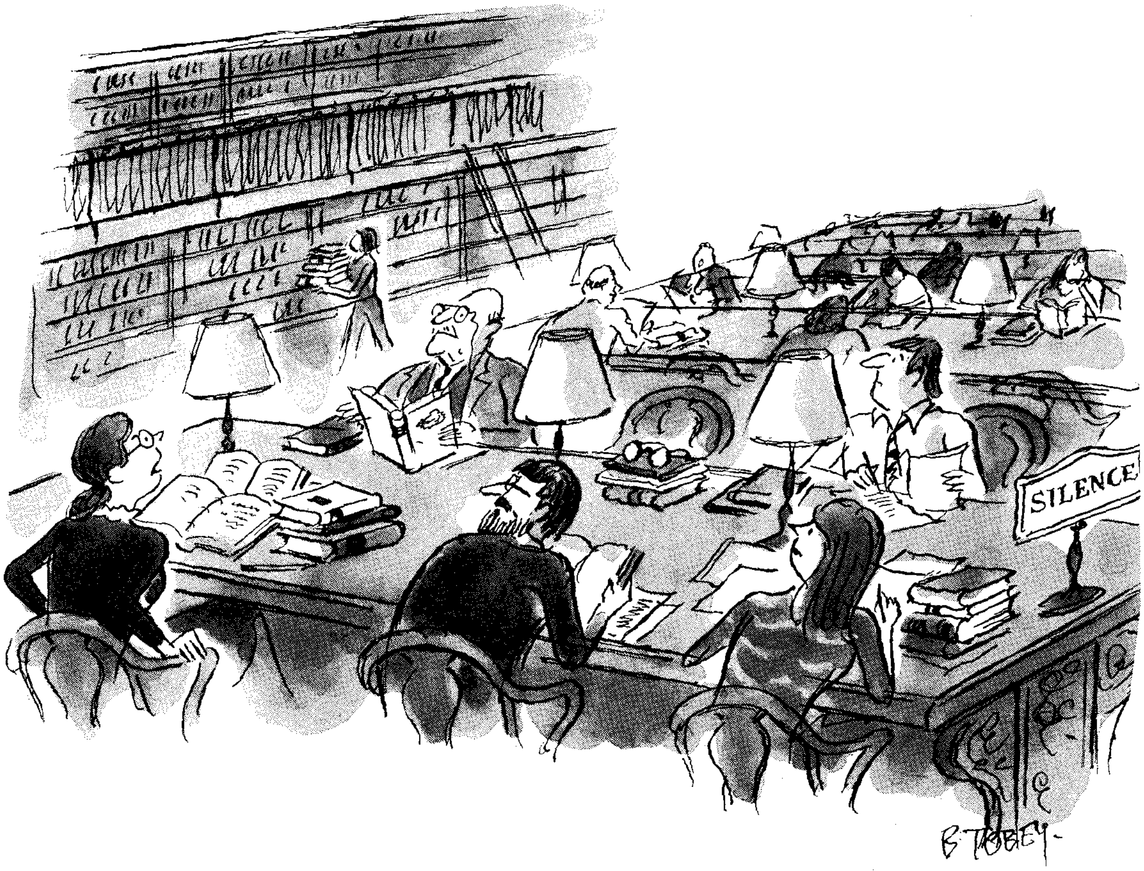
WEST OF MAYFAIR, EAST OF MANHATTAN

ON the eve of the recent United States Open Tennis Championships, I spent some time in the company of a dozen or so deeply involved tennis fans, who surprised me by agreeing, almost unanimously, that they seriously doubted whether they would ever be able to adjust to the championships' new home—the United States Tennis Association's National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadow Park, Queens. The center came into being practically overnight in 1978, when the tournament was moved from the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, where it had been held since 1924. The things about Flushing Meadow Park that this particular group found hard to take were the same things that most critics of the new complex have mentioned over the past two years: first, of course, the unearthly, deafening din on days when the takeoff pattern at nearby LaGuardia Airport is into the southeast, and a succession of planes roar low over the grounds for hours on end; then, the adequate but hardly inspired design of the Stadium Court, which seats nearly twenty thousand people and, to do so, rises to such a height that from the top eight or ten rows the players look as minute as tin soldiers and the ball is so hard to follow that the necessary connection between the spectators and the match cannot be established; the varying speeds of the DecoTurf II surface of the Stadium Court, the Grandstand Court, and the field courts; the unimaginative layout of the field courts and the limited seating capacity of the small stands, considering the ample acreage at hand; the lack of a bona-fide clubhouse to create a genuine, vibrant tennis atmosphere and a sense of the game's traditions; and the crowded, plastic, somewhat less than pleasant facilities for dining—a matter of some consequence particularly during the first ten days of the thirteen-day tournament, when the program calls for both afternoon and night matches. The people at the gathering I speak of mentioned other shortcomings of the setup at Flushing Meadow Park, but these were the main ones. They cannot understand why the U.S.T.A. selected such a questionable site in the first place, and they are bewildered that, having chosen Flushing Meadow Park, it has made no real effort to turn it into a fine, functioning tennis capital, and seems content to accept the cheap, carnival-midway milieu that has emerged. They do not buy the rationalization that Flushing Meadow Park represents the new, more egalitarian world of American tennis. "I think we are all aware that sports have become a big industry," one of the more outspoken members of the group declared. "At Flushing Meadow, however, the whole operation is geared so specifically to making money from tennis that I am reminded of an Australian friend's definition of a sheep as *a machine that turns grass into quid*. I guess we'll be stuck with Flushing Meadow for twenty years or so, and I'll mind that. Much as I like to watch the great players in action, going out to Flushing Meadow strikes me as an ordeal, when by rights it should be a treat, a delight."

I think it more than a coincidence that most of the people in the group I was with visit Wimbledon frequently. More than half of them had gone over for the championships earlier in the summer, and so had had the privilege of watching one of the best and most thrilling tennis matches in history—the men's final in which Björn Borg defeated John McEnroe in five sets. Wimbledon is the criterion by which these people judge all other tennis tournaments, and it makes them very demanding, Wimbledon being probably the most capably run and the most honestly dramatic of all the sports events that are held at the same place each year. (Wimbledon, it should be explained, is the joint enterprise of the All England Lawn Tennis & Croquet Club, which was the All England Croquet Club when it was founded, in 1868, and the Lawn Tennis Association, which did not bother to define itself as the English Lawn Tennis Association when *it* was founded, in 1888, since it was then the only organization of its kind anywhere.) In my opinion, the nearest thing to Wimbledon in efficiency of operation is the Masters golf tournament, in Augusta, Georgia, but the Masters, which lasts only four days (unless a day's play is rained out), requires nothing like the organizational skill that Wimbledon does. Weather permitting, Wimbledon takes place over a twelve-day period—not counting the intervening Sunday, when no matches are played. In that period, not only the men's singles, the ladies' singles, the men's doubles, the ladies' doubles, and the mixed doubles are decided on the seventeen grass courts. There are also the junior boys' singles; the junior girls' singles; the All England Plate, for contestants beaten in the first two rounds of the men's singles; the All England Ladies' Plate, for contestants beaten in the first three rounds of the ladies' singles; and the men's invitational veterans' doubles, for players in their forty-fifth year or older. Wimbledon, to be sure, has its faults and makes its errors. In recent years, for example, during the first week of the championships—which is when many attractive matches are always scheduled for the field courts and attendance is at its highest—more and more tickets were sold, until the point was reached last year where more than thirty-six thousand people were jammed so tight on the premises that at times it was next to impossible for contestants to make their way to their assigned courts. Wimbledon faces up to its problems well. This past year, to improve the circulation and generally ease the crush, four new grass courts were built to the north of the Centre Court Stadium. Not only that, but, according to Roy McKelvie, the tournament's magisterial Press Officer, the attendance at any given time was limited to thirty-two thousand. This past July, on the Monday after the men's final, work was started on tearing down the old stands enclosing the No. 1 Court, which many aficionados consider the best court in the world,



in order to build new stands that will increase the court's spectator capacity from approximately sixty-five hundred to something over seventy-five hundred and—what is no less important—create larger quarters for the officials and much roomier dressing rooms for the players, both of which have long been needed. While Wimbledon is not averse to making as much money as possible, it is steadfastly proud that for over a century—to be precise, since 1877, when the All England Club launched the first lawn-tennis tournament, three and a half years after Major Walter Clopton Wingfield had invented lawn tennis—it has been regarded throughout the world as the epicenter of tennis, and it means to continue to merit that distinction by presenting the game just as well as it can be done.



"Sorry, everybody, but I feel a scream coming on!"

• •

Long before the boom in the late nineteen-sixties and the nineteen-seventies, tennis was a major sport in Great Britain, principally because of the excitement that Wimbledon generated. Radio coverage of the tournament was instituted in the nineteen-twenties, and after the Second World War the British Broadcasting Corporation inaugurated the policy of providing daily television coverage throughout the Wimbledon fortnight. By 1968, when open tennis arrived—that is, when the big championships were opened for the first time to professionals—the BBC was telecasting at least five hours of the action at Wimbledon daily and adding, for good measure, a roundup of the day's highlights at around 10 P.M. The British—the English especially—have always been mad about tennis, and the tremendous exposure that Wimbledon has received on the BBC down through the years has made the championships a national concern. People from all walks of life, including millions who have never urged a cannonball serve over the net or twitched nervously as they watched an opponent's drive land a blessed fraction of an inch beyond the baseline, follow Wimbledon with a passion that must be observed to be believed. There is nothing quite like it in sports. During the World Series here, it is true, the fans who live in and around the home cities of the contending teams have a hard time thinking about anything else in life, but Wimbledon transfixes an entire nation. The mania, as you might expect, reaches its highest pitch in London—the All England Club is situated about eight miles southwest of Trafalgar Square. A visitor from overseas soon learns that almost everybody in that sprawling city knows what has happened and is happening at Wimbledon, has an informed opinion about the day's matches, and is only too willing, when the opportunity arises, to talk a little tennis. For instance, you hop into a taxi and ask the driver if he has heard how the match between Andrea Jaeger, the fifteen-year-old American, and Virginia Wade, the veteran English star, is going. "Last I heard, the little Jaeger girl had taken the first set" comes the answer. "Between you and me, I don't think our Ginny is going to get very far. Her serve seems to be off." You pick up your room key at your hotel and, without thinking, ask the head porter for the latest report on the fourth-round match between Wojtek Fibak, of Poland, and Vitas Gerulaitis, the American who is seeded fourth. "Play was stopped by the rain, you know," he replies. "Let me see. Gerulaitis took the first set—6–3, I believe. I think he was leading in the second set, but the exact score escapes me. Mind you, football is my game, not tennis, but I had a peep at the match, and I don't think Gerulaitis is playing as well this year as usual." In your room, the maid is turning down your bed. "Borg," she says. "I think he'll win again. And what a nice young man he seems to be." You descend to the lobby in the small elevator, sharing it with a sturdy, mustachioed outpost-of-empire type who epitomizes the legendary British reserve. "I say, wasn't that a marvellous match between the Shriver girl and Billie Jean King!" he exclaims. "Watched it on the telly. Very good stuff. When the

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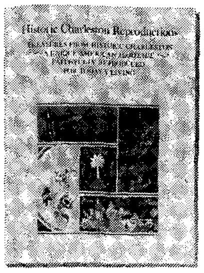

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Shriver girl had match point at 5–4 in the second set and tossed it away, I guess we all knew that was the handwriting on the wall."

For a good percentage of the people who are season-ticket holders and attend Wimbledon annually, the fortnight of the championships may well be the apex of the year. I am thinking particularly of the gray-haired men and women who sit in the County Representatives' section of the north stand of the No. 1 Court. Now in their sixties and seventies, and in some cases their eighties, most of them, I imagine, were able players in their day, who, as they grew older, devoted a great deal of their time to local tennis administration. On the afternoon of the Chris Evert Lloyd-Andrea Jaeger match, which was delayed by rain from noon until three o'clock, I happened to be seated just in front of a row of elderly ladies. What attracted me to them was their vitality and their enthusiasm, and so I was perplexed when, just as Chris and Andrea began to warm up, they started to file out. "You aren't going to leave, and miss a match like this?" I found myself asking one of these County Representatives. "We have to," she said. "We're booked for tea at three o'clock, you see. We'll be coming back just as soon as we can. I want to see this match very much."

All in all, I was much more aware this year than ever before of how much Wimbledon means to the British people. Perhaps this resulted in part from the fact that I attended only the second week of a tournament that had been hounded from the opening day by heavy rains and unseasonably cold weather, and it was impossible not to sense the deep frustration and disappointment. The second week was no bargain, either. The sun seldom shone, the threat of rain was constant, and on the first of July the thermometer fell to the low fifties. By starting the day's play at noon instead of two o'clock, which is the customary hour, the referee and the Committee of Management miraculously got the tournament back on schedule, and it ended up with a bang—a pair of finals that, for over-all appeal, can rarely have been equalled. The Monday after the tournament, I had lunch with a Londoner who follows tennis closely, and I think he expressed more poignantly than anyone else the unusually strong impact that this year's Wimbledon had on many people. "I feel rather down today, now that the matches are over," he said. "It's as if

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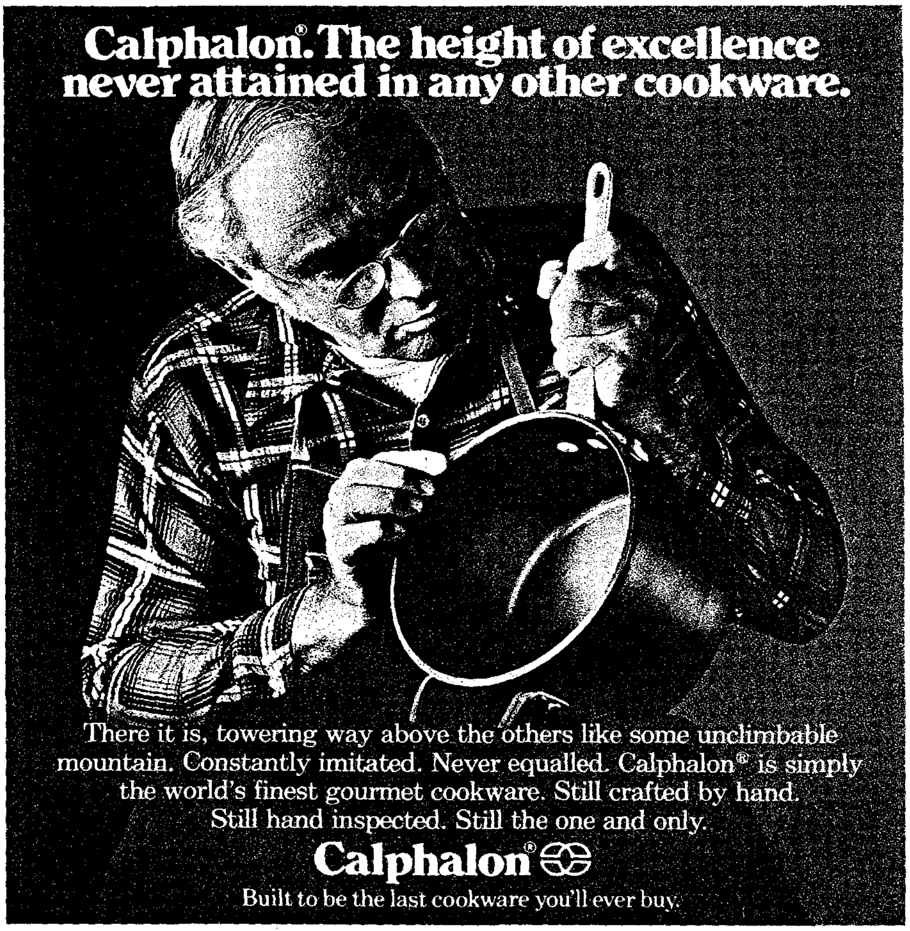
an old and good friend had been visiting me the last two weeks and now he's gone."

THE voice of Wimbledon—the senior tennis commentator on the BBC telecasts—is Dan Maskell. Knowledgeable, gentlemanly in manner, and literate, he is the perfect person for the job. A handsome man of seventy-two who looks a dozen years younger, Maskell is now something of a national institution. He has been in tennis all his life. Born close by the famous Queens Club, in the West Kensington district of London, he started as a ball boy at eleven, became a member of the club's twelve-man professional staff at seventeen, and taught lawn tennis, hard racquets, and squash racquets there until 1929, when he was appointed the first permanent professional, or coach, at the All England Club. He remained at the club until 1955, when he left to accept the post of training manager of the Lawn Tennis Association. His chief duties at the L.T.A. were to coördinate the various coaching programs set up to develop young players, to simplify the system of training amateur coaches who wished to become professional coaches, and generally to improve the standard of British tennis by improving the standard of British coaching. Maskell himself coached the British Davis Cup team from 1929 to 1955. His attainments as a player were considerable. In 1939, he beat Bill Tilden in a five-set challenge match, winning the fifth set 6–3. He won the British Professional Championship sixteen times in all, scoring his first victory in 1928 and his last in 1950. As this suggests, he was an exceptional athlete—among other things, a low-handicap golfer and an expert skier. Maskell broke into tennis broadcasting on BBC radio in 1949. By then, he had earned a reputation through lectures and articles as a gifted analyst, and his specialty on the broadcasts was doing the summaries of the day's matches. In 1951, he moved into the television booth to provide the summaries, and the next year he became the chief commentator. Over the years, he has worked with a number of different partners—most successfully, in the opinion of many knowledgeable fans, with Jack Kramer, the great postwar American player, who teamed up with him in the nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-seventies.

The essence of Maskell's talent as a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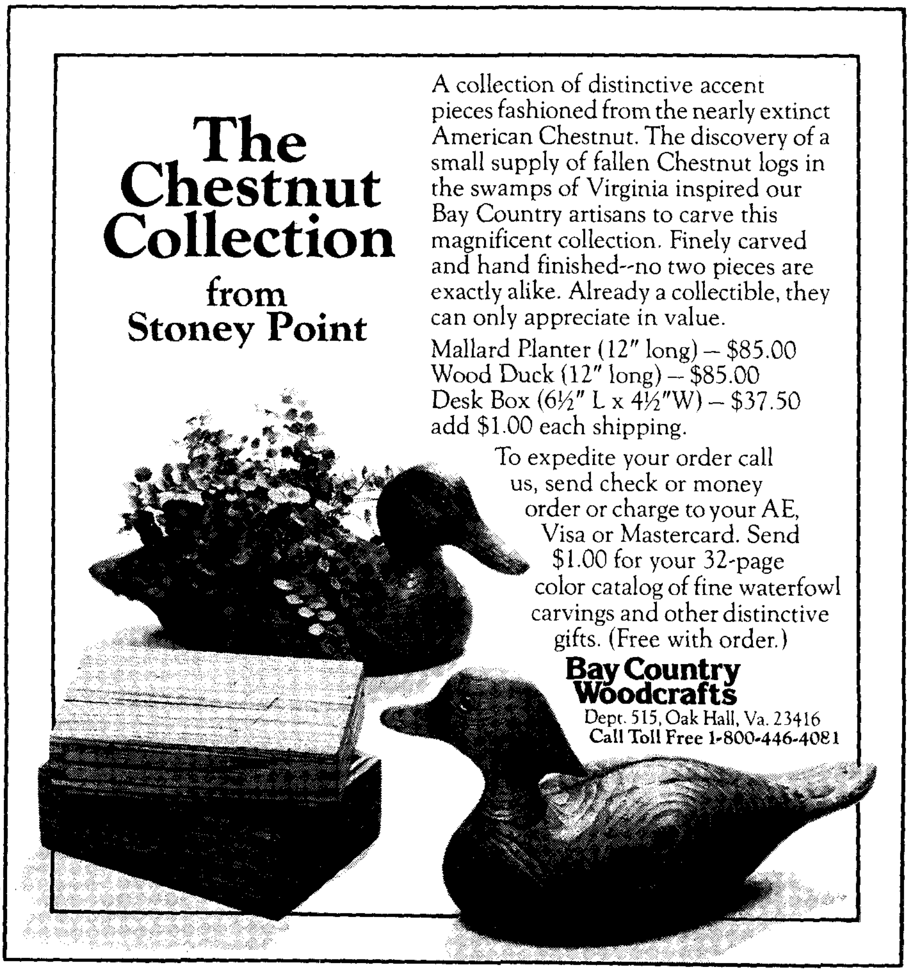
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commentator is just what it should be: As an experienced coach who looks at the game sympathetically from the players' point of view, he tells his listeners a good deal more than they themselves have perceived, and so heightens their appreciation of tactics and techniques and of the shape a match is taking. The possessor of a low-pitched, mellow voice, he has a style that is equally pleasing to the Richard Bellamys upstairs and the Angus Hudsons downstairs. He talks far less than most American tennis announcers, offering only sporadic comments and preferring to let the story be told by the picture on the screen, together with the occasional sound of the linesmen's calls and the umpire's point-by-point summations of the score. It is an approach that creates verisimilitude. Whereas some of our announcers seek to inject liveliness into their broadcasts by using modern tennis slang, Maskell is an arrant traditionalist, whose observations would be instantly understandable to, say, Dorothea Lambert Chambers and Lawrie Doherty, who were winning titles at Wimbledon seventy-five years ago. Indeed, some of his favorite phrases have a positively Edwardian ring. A while back, for example, there was a stretch in which he used such exclamations as "Oh, I say, what a lovely lob!" and "Oh, I say, wasn't that a really splendid rally!" so frequently that quite a few of his fans took to greeting each other by exchanging these Maskellisms. When I first heard him, some twenty years ago, he seemed to me terribly English. However, in listening to him whenever I was in Britain during Wimbledon I came to enjoy increasingly his adherence to the classic language of tennis and to admire his espousal of the old-fashioned standards of conduct. This year, having previously caught only snippets of his broadcasts, on the afternoon of the ladies'-singles final between those especial Wimbledon heroines Evonne Goolagong Cawley and Chris Evert Lloyd I made it a point to leave my seat in the Centre Court and watch the telecast of the first set in the press quarters. I wanted to see how Maskell handled it.

Judith Shahn

The ladies' final was preceded by the men's semifinal, between Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe, in which the announcing was shared by two of the younger members of the BBC's tennis crew—John Barrett and Mark Cox, both of them former captains of the Cambridge University tennis team. Barrett has worked with Maskell since 1973, Cox since 1978. At the conclusion of the McEnroe-Connors match, Maskell came on to do the ladies' final, teaming with Ann Jones, who won at Wimbledon in 1969 and has done broadcasting intermittently over the last eight years. Before the start of the match, he presented biographical sketches of the two players and a summary of their earlier meetings. When the match got under way, Maskell, in his nice, lapidary fashion, described the progress of the games and from time to time called on his partner for her comments. The ladies' final was no easy assignment. I wonder if there has ever been another final in a major tournament between two young women equally cherished the world over, as these two are, for their tennis, their innate sportsmanship, and their exceptional charm and character. Goolagong, who grew up in the wheat country of New South Wales, captivated Wimbledon when she won the championship on her second try, in 1971. Although she later reached the final three more times, she had never been able to win it again. Handicapped by injuries in recent seasons, she was seeded fourth this year and was not considered a serious contender until she upset Tracy Austin, the seventeen-year-old 1979 United States Open champion, in the semifinals, 6–3, 0–6, 6–4. As handsome and graceful and natural a player as there has ever been, she has now, in her late twenties, slowed down a bit, and her one means of attacking an opponent is to get in her excellent first serve and move in to net to volley away the return. Evert, the daughter of a Fort Lauderdale teaching professional, had won twice at Wimbledon, in 1974 and 1976, and had lost three times in the final, in 1973, 1978, and 1979. Her strength has always been her baseline game. As an indecently cool teen-ager, she would pin her opponents in a corner and lash away with her flat forehand and her wicked two-fisted backhand until they were forced into error. In the last few seasons, her game has become more tentative—that is the word she uses—and it was somewhat unexpected when she made her way to the final by defeating the defending champion, Martina Navratilova. The celebrated Wimbledon "mums," the middle-aged ladies from the suburbs who never miss a day at the tournament, have been a little slow in properly esteeming Evert—they prefer a jollier type, like Christine Truman—but last year they finally took her to their hearts, partly because, like Goolagong, she had married an Englishman. Anyhow, this was a dream final: either Chris or Evonne would be champion again. The only trouble was that one of them would have to lose.

Maskell did a superb job of presenting the final, I thought. It was clear from the start how highly he regarded both women, and he was sincerely enthusiastic about the beautiful shots both of them played. He necessarily spoke more about Goolagong, for, as you may remember, she won the match, 6–1, 7–6, playing with an assurance and verve she had not shown in years. During the first set, I wrote down a number of Maskell's comments, and here are a few of them:

Second game, after Goolagong had broken Evert's service at love and had then moved quickly to 40–love on her own serve: "Mrs. Lloyd at last gets her first point. A supreme tactic. The delicately angled shot and then the lob." (With Maskell, it is, of course, always "Mrs. Lloyd" and "Mrs. Cawley.")

Third game, the deuce point: "A fine example of Mrs. Cawley's lovely movements. That perfectly concealed drop shot gives her the break point."

After the first point of the fourth game, which Evert took with a backhand placement down the line (the first of four consecutive points she won as she began to shake off her nervousness): "Just the sort of shot that Mrs. Lloyd needed at this stage to give her confidence a lift."

After Evert had won the second point of the fifth game: "That's a gem of a shot. A forehand drop off a really bad bounce. Wonderful reflex action."

After the sixth point of that fifth game: "Mrs. Cawley feinting to play a lob and at the last moment playing the topped forehand pass. From 40–love to deuce. Two rallies of inspired play by Mrs. Cawley."

After an error by Evert in the sixth game: "Only just out. Not quite in touch with the lines at the moment. 30–all."

With Goolagong leading, 5–1, at the end of the sixth game: "A rather

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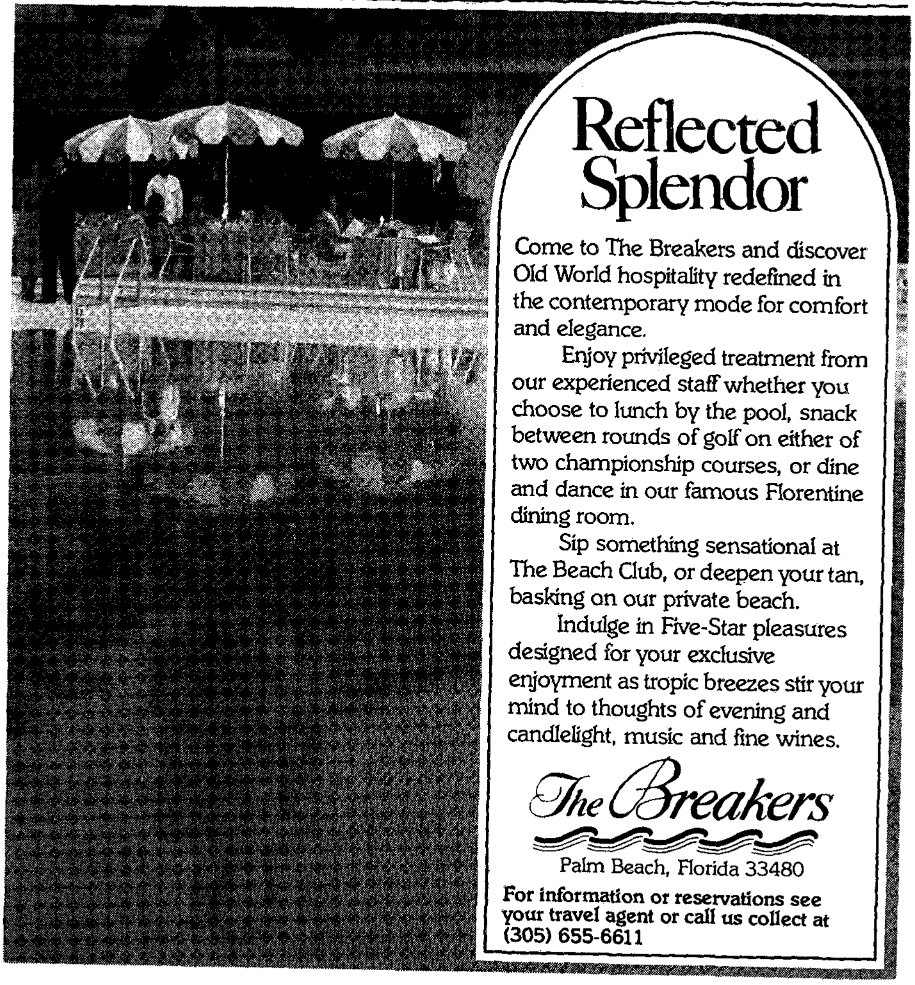
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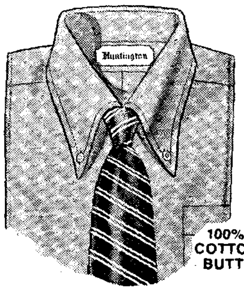

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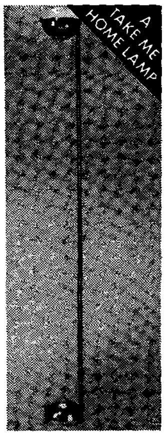

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anxious look at the skies as it gets darker on the Centre Court. [Pause] Mrs. Lloyd to serve against a player who has really found her game today."

Maskell had everything right, including the weather. When the second set had barely started—Goolagong had taken the first game, and the score was 15–all in the second—rain began to fall, the umpire instructed the players, "Come off, please," and the match was interrupted for sixty-one minutes. After play was resumed, Evert, digging in hard and hitting the ball much more assertively, got into the match by winning four straight games, but Goolagong surged back to force a tie breaker, and when she won it that was that. Maskell is a thorough man, who, as they say, does his homework—he arrived each morning at the BBC trailer two hours before the first match and carefully studied his notes—and I am sure he must have informed his listeners that Goolagong was the first player since Tilden to win again at Wimbledon after an interval of nine years, and was also the first mother to win there since Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who captured her last championship in 1914.

THE men's final was something that people will be talking about as long as tennis is played. Until the final, however, there was not one truly first-class men's match. In the second round, Terry Rocavert, a little-known Australian, came very close to eliminating McEnroe—the score was 4–6, 7–5, 6–7, 7–6, 6–3—but it was McEnroe's prolonged inconsistency that made this possible. In the second week of the championships, a good many of the men's matches that one had looked forward to turned out to be boring slugfests, in which the two antagonists attempted to blast each other off the court by the severity of their hitting, seldom departing from big-serve-and-volley tennis, even though some of them had the ability to use other tactics if they chose to. Meanwhile, the women's matches made this Wimbledon. Besides the final, there were four other stirring matches, and I want to mention them briefly. In the fourth round, as was noted earlier, Pam Shriver, the tall, brittle young lady from Maryland who at sixteen went to the women's final at Flushing Meadow two years ago but had been having her troubles since, played excellent tennis against Billie Jean King, serving well and ranging brilliantly along

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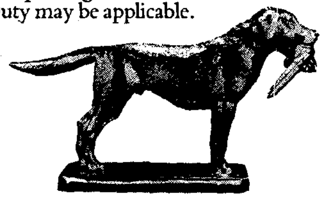

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the net before going down, 5–7, 7–6, 10–8. We saw a different Billie Jean at Wimbledon this year. She was calm and likable, all tennis and no theatrics. There has never been any question about her talent as a player or her determination as a fighter. She showed both qualities once again in the quarter-finals, when, up against Navratilova, the defending champion, she saved no fewer than eight match points before succumbing, 7–6, 1–6, 10–8. Navratilova won this struggle by staying in there and working hard, for her big left-handed serve was way off during most of the match, and as a rule she is only as good as her serve. In the semifinal in the upper half of the draw, she met Evert in a wearing match in which both had to overcome recurrent stretches of tension. Evert won in three arduous sets, 4–6, 6–4, 6–2. The other noteworthy women's match was the semifinal between Goolagong and Tracy Austin. The Centre Court regulars were predictably ecstatic when Evonne, their old favorite, won the first set by feeding Austin slow stuff and running her around the court. It seemed too good to last, and it didn't. Austin, accelerating her attack, swept through the second set without losing a game. In the opening game of the third set, she held serve at love, and then, without warning, Goolagong began to dominate the exchanges. Lobbing Austin successfully, running her back and forth with wide crosscourt drives and taking over control of the forecourt, she won four games in a row. Austin battled back with some stalwart attacking tennis, but Goolagong had just enough left to hold her off: 6–3, 0–6, 6–4.

The men's final marked the first meeting on grass between Borg and McEnroe. On the morning of the match, I was surprised to discover that a number of the people I chatted with were picking McEnroe to win, mainly on the basis of his conquest of Connors in the semifinals but also because it was difficult to assess how well Borg was playing. He had had an extremely easy route to the final, having met Ismail El Shafei, of Egypt; Shlomo Glickstein, of Israel; Rod Frawley, of Australia; Balazs Taroczy, of Hungary; Gene Mayer, of the United States; and another American, Brian Gottfried—in that order. He had lost only two sets—one to Frawley and the other to Gottfried. Now twenty-four and seeking a fifth consecutive Wimbledon title—a feat not repeated since the ear-

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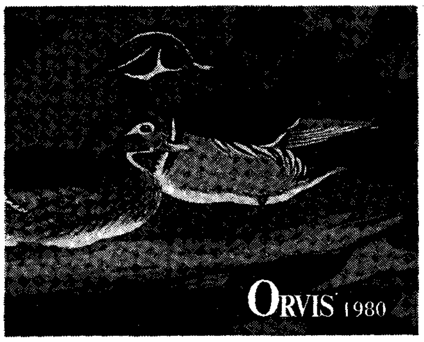

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ly years of the century, when Lawrie Doherty ruled the world—Borg, a native of Sweden who now makes his home in Monte Carlo, looked and acted just about the same as he had in 1976, when he first broke through at Wimbledon. His light-blue eyes were expressionless, except for his inveterate frown of concentration. His long, brownish-blond hair was held in place by a headband. He trudged back to the baseline after each point in his hunch-shouldered, farmer-boy walk. He was, as he invariably is, silent and composed, but one felt his continuous absorption in the match at hand. There was one change in his tactics, however. He was playing far more serve-and-volley than ever before, and he was also moving in to net much more frequently during the rallies. As for McEnroe, who is twenty-one and comes from Queens, he is about the same size as Borg (five feet eleven) but more heavily muscled, uses a headband to keep his mop of curly reddish-brown hair from distracting him, and, with the exception of Borg—and not forgetting Connors, especially the Connors of 1974—is unquestionably the finest tennis talent since Rod Laver. McEnroe is an extraordinary athlete. Endowed with a keen sense of anticipation and deceptive speed of foot, he gets to the ball in a twinkling. With his very fast hands, he is particularly dangerous at net, where he has a marvelous touch and a flair for the dangerously acute angle. A left-hander, he is a formidable server, and never more so than when he is swinging a sharp-breaking slice serve into the ad court against a right-handed player like Borg. His weakness is his temperament. He is forever berating officials, and often in language that is way off-color. In his semifinal against Connors, he became indignant when the linesman calling the center line indicated that his first serve was wide. The umpire overruled the linesman almost immediately and called the serve a let: the point would be played over. This wasn't good enough for McEnroe. Buzzing around the umpire like a hornet, he gave him a vehement dressing down, insisting that the point be awarded to him. Fortunately, as McEnroe set off to find a representative of the referee, the referee himself, Fred Hoyles, came onto the court, and adroitly calmed him down and got the situation under control. There were other skirmishes during this match between McEnroe and Connors, who are not fond of each other, and between McEnroe and the linesmen. The British are not as accustomed to this kind of conduct on the tennis court as we are—our officials have been far more lenient with Ilie Nastase and Connors, and with McEnroe as well—and for many spectators a long-awaited afternoon at Wimbledon was ruined by McEnroe's behavior. When he came onto the Centre Court for the final, he was greeted by a shower of boos.

The final followed a course different from any five-set match I can remember. The level of play and the style of play shifted fairly often, as one man and then the other took charge. Each set had a separate structure and mood. The first was all McEnroe. Ever since 1976, when Borg mastered a new and more powerful serve the week before the championships began, he has relied on his first serve on the fast grass at Wimbledon more than on any other surface, but at the start of the final McEnroe had no problems whatsoever with Borg's serve. He broke through it in the second game and again in the sixth, and closed out the set 6–1. Borg, on the other hand, was experiencing unexpected difficulties with McEnroe's serve, although he gave himself all the time he could to read it. As McEnroe prepared to hit his first serve, Borg regularly positioned himself ten feet behind the baseline, and then as the ball was struck he moved in about five feet. On McEnroe's second serve, Borg would stand eight feet behind the baseline and again move in about five feet. He seemed stiff and slow during the rallies, and his strokes were labored.

As the second set began, everyone was expecting Borg to raise the pitch of his game, but he wasn't able to. His top-spin forehand and his two-fisted top-spin backhand, two strokes he relies on heavily, had none of the pace and dip that make them hard to volley. McEnroe, feeling more and more secure, became increasingly adventurous, and brought off a few virtuoso drop volleys that Borg made no attempt to get to. Borg managed to hold his serve in this set, although in the ninth game he had to stave off three game points to do so. Then, in the twelfth game—it happened almost before one realized it—Borg, who had never threatened to break McEnroe's serve, broke it, assisted by a couple of rather insouciant volleys by McEnroe. Set to Borg, 7–5. He had stolen a set in which he had been completely outplayed. He had won only eight points off McEnroe's serve, while McEnroe had won twenty-one off his. However, that is not how tennis is scored. In retrospect, it appears that McEnroe's failure to seize his opportunities and jump off to a two-set lead may have been fatal.

In any event, the tenor of the match changed shortly thereafter. In the seventh game of the third set, McEnroe, down a service break, squandered five chances to break Borg back. After that, a dispiritedness crept into his game. As happens so often, when McEnroe began to sag Borg came on. Moving well now and forcing the play, he took the third set, 6–3, to lead two sets to one. Midway through the fourth set, for the first time in the match, he began to attack McEnroe's serve and to score from the ad court with his blistering crosscourt backhand, which has long been one of his trademarks. In the ninth game, he broke McEnroe's serve with just such a shot, and now all he had to do was to hold his own serve for the set and the match. Here McEnroe showed his mettle. He saved two match points with placements and went on to pull out the game and knot the set, 5–5. He then served a love game. With games at 6–6, the set moved into a twelve-point tie breaker, in which the first man to win seven points is the winner, provided he has a margin of at least two points over his opponent. If additional points are required to settle the issue, then the winner is the man who first gains a two-point margin.

The tie breaker came into championship tennis in 1970, as a means of preventing tedious marathon matches in which two players who were outstanding servers but could do little else held their serve game after game after game. Until the tie breaker in this year's Wimbledon final, the most celebrated one had taken place between Borg and Connors in the third set of the final of our 1976 championship, at Forest Hills. Borg had four times stood within one point of victory in that tie breaker, but Connors had at length won it, eleven points to nine, and with it, of course, the set, 7–6. This had put him in front two sets to one, and he had closed out the match by taking the fourth set, 6–4. The

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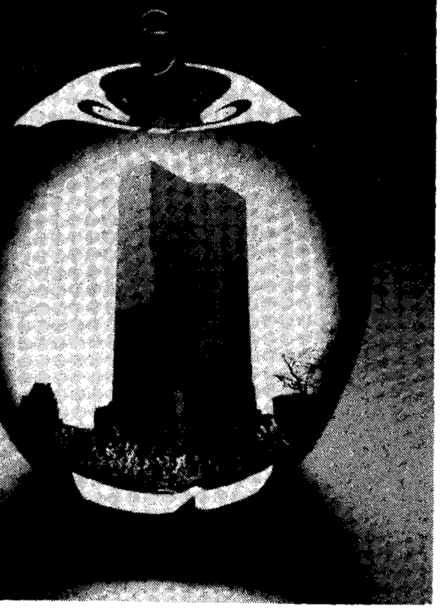
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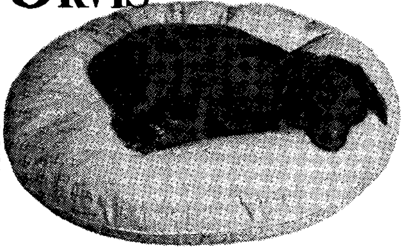

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longer the tie breaker, the greater the strain on the players, but it was the dazzling tennis that Connors and Borg produced that made that tie breaker at Forest Hills a landmark in the game's history. However, the tie breaker at Wimbledon between McEnroe and Borg eclipsed it in every respect. Here, in skeletal form, is how it progressed, point by point:

McEnroe, serving into the deuce court, won the first point when he put away an overhead smash. Borg served the next two points and won them both when McEnroe, pressed hard, netted a backhand return of service and then a backhand drive. (After the first point in a tie breaker, each player serves two points in a row, the first into the ad court.) McEnroe to serve two points: He won the first with a subtly angled forehand drop volley after following his serve in to the net, the second when Borg netted his return of a big first serve swung to his backhand. Borg serving: His point on an effective drop volley, which McEnroe netted. Score, 3–3. The two men then changed ends of the court. In a tie breaker, this is done after each cluster of six points.

Borg, serving into the deuce court, got in his first serve, to McEnroe's backhand, and took the point when the return sailed over the baseline. McEnroe to serve: A repetition of the previous point—the first serve in, the backhand return long. Score, 4–4. Then McEnroe, after a short rally, couldn't handle a crosscourt backhand by Borg. This was the first point that either man had lost on his serve in the tie breaker, and it placed McEnroe, trailing 4–5, in a vulnerable position. He extricated himself momentarily by putting away a brisk volley off a weak half volley by Borg, but he was in trouble again on the ensuing point, when he netted a forehand drive. Score, 5–6; match point for Borg. In this tight corner, McEnroe played a glittering point: Borg returned his service crosscourt, but McEnroe, hustling in fast, stretched wide for the ball, and his forehand volley ticked the top of the net and fell in. Score, 6–6. They changed ends.

McEnroe, serving, fell behind again when, after a short rally, Borg passed him with a hard-hit backhand drive. Borg serving, one point from victory for the second time in the tie breaker and the fourth time in the match: He moved into the forecourt successfully but misplayed a volley and netted

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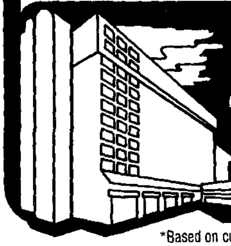

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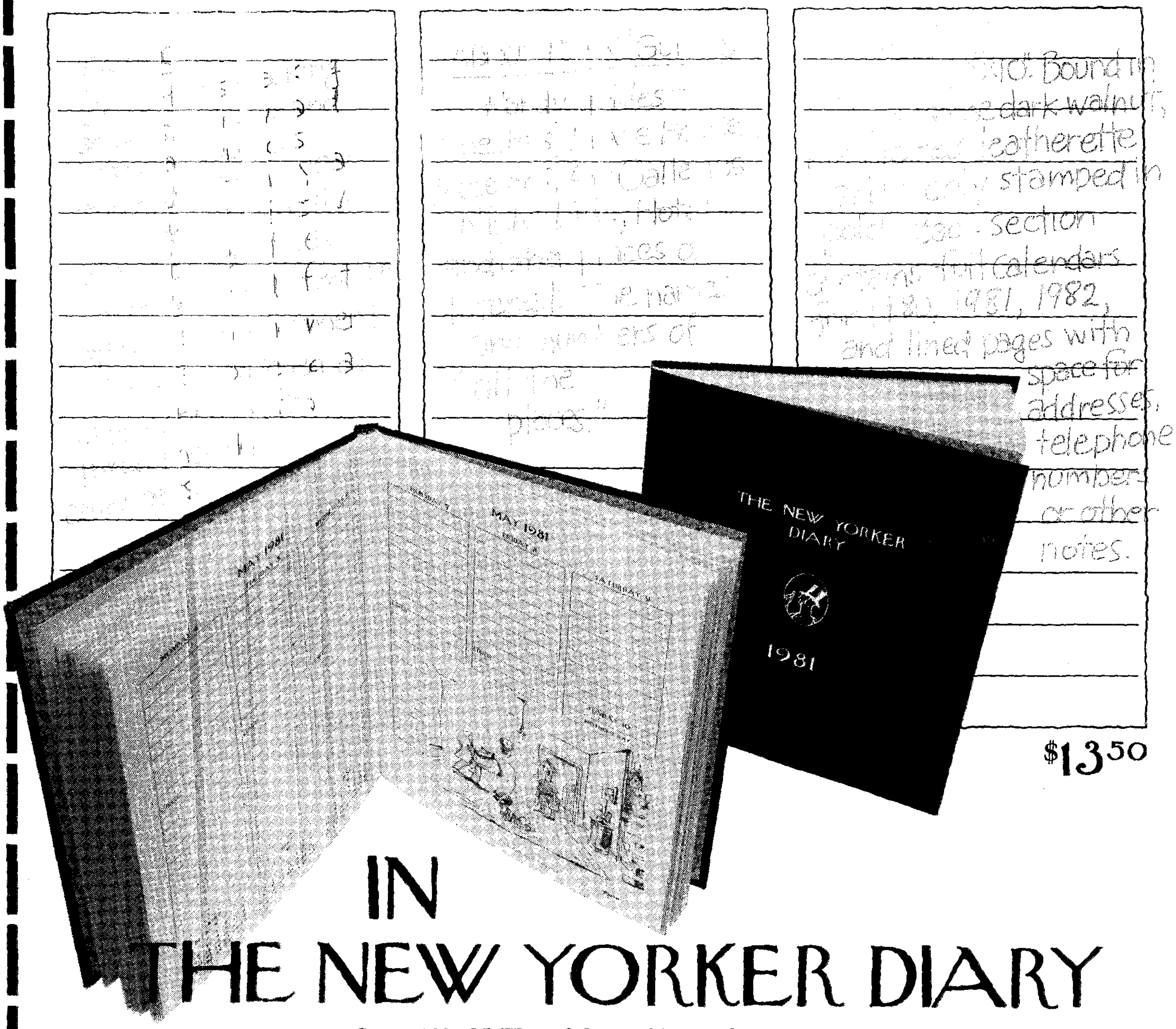

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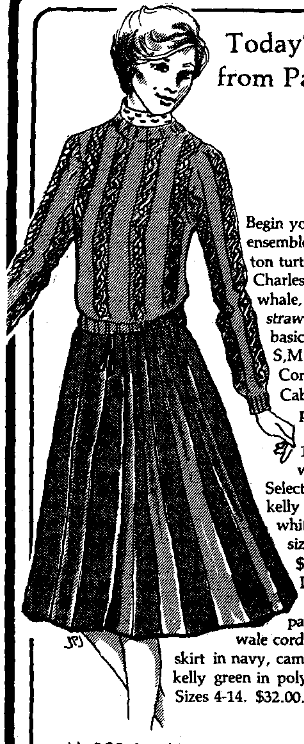

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it. Score, 7–7. McEnroe then went out in front. After several exchanges, he raced across the baseline from left to right and passed Borg, who had come in to net, with an eye-popping crosscourt backhand. Set point for McEnroe. Borg, receiving in the ad court, retaliated by slamming a forehand return of service down the line. McEnroe dived for the ball, but the shot had beaten him cleanly. Score, 8–8, with a dreamlike aura beginning to settle over the Centre Court. Both men had lifted their games and were going all out for winners. On the next point, another astonishing sequence by McEnroe: He came flying in behind his serve, moving from left to right, and, without slowing down, punched a sharp backhand volley at a ninety-degree angle into the open side of the court—Borg must have been thirty feet from where the ball landed. A second set point for McEnroe. Borg serving: If Borg was concerned, he didn't show it. He came in behind a big serve and volleyed the return away. Score in the tie breaker, 9–9. Time to change courts again.

Both men now began to show signs of feeling the pressure of this protracted duel. McEnroe's return of a first serve by Borg carried over the baseline. Borg, with a fifth match point, pulled a return of service wide and long. He made up for this by whipping a fast top-spin forehand drive, with that odd windmill motion of his, which McEnroe couldn't deal with. Borg in front, 11–10, with his sixth match point. It turned out to be a curious point. A lively rally ended when McEnroe hit a backhand drive into the net, inches below the tape but with so much spin on the ball that somehow or other it climbed up and over the net and fell into Borg's court. An incalculable piece of luck for McEnroe. Pressing on, Borg won the next point with a good serve and a better volley. Now, with McEnroe serving into the ad court, Borg stood at match point for the seventh time. Once again he was turned back. McEnroe, with his incredible mobility, took Borg's return of service at full speed on his backhand and dispatched it across the court with an audaciously angled volley. The ball fell into an open area that looked as spacious as center field at Yankee Stadium. I don't believe I have ever seen another player open up a court the way McEnroe can, with his speed and his proclivity for snapping off volleys at an extreme reverse angle. Score, 12–12.

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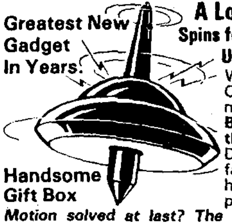

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After the players had changed ends once again, the tide began to turn, and it was McEnroe who had the chances to win the tie breaker. He reached set point for the third time when he cut off a return of service by Borg and this time went down the line behind Borg. Borg, however, evened matters by playing a deep volley that caught McEnroe off balance. Then Borg, following his serve in to net on the next point, rushed a backhand volley and netted it. A fourth set point for McEnroe. He failed to seize his opportunity, volleying Borg's return of service out of court. He won the next point when his stop volley hit the top of the net and rolled over, but he wasted a fifth set point when he attempted to go crosscourt on his return of service and found the alley. Score, 15–15. The Centre Court gallery nervously voluble, not knowing quite what to make of what they were watching.

A change of courts. Borg serving: Yet another set point for McEnroe, his sixth. Running to his left along the baseline, he caught up with a fast volley by Borg and passed him down the line with a full-blooded forehand drive. McEnroe serving: Borg stepped in and hit a fast return that McEnroe volleyed long. Score, 16–16. McEnroe served his second point, into the deuce court. Borg took the serve on his forehand and looped it into the far alley. McEnroe at set point for the seventh time. Borg serving: He chose to go to McEnroe's backhand and moved quickly into the forecourt. Before playing the return of service, Borg seemed to freeze for a moment, as if he were undecided whether to try to volley the ball away at an angle or to drop it softly over the net. The volley he hit was an unsure one, low into the net. McEnroe had won the tie breaker, 18–16, and with it the set, 7–6. For several minutes after the tie breaker was over, few spectators in the stadium could believe that it was.

In its own way, the fifth, and deciding, set was as memorable as the tie breaker. For decades, people have discussed the attributes that separate the men and women who are consistent winners in sports from the ones who win infrequently or not at all. The fifth set offered a perfect illustration of why Borg is not only a champion but a great champion. Most players, after losing a fourth-set tie breaker 18–16, would have been psychologically spent and have gone down docilely in the

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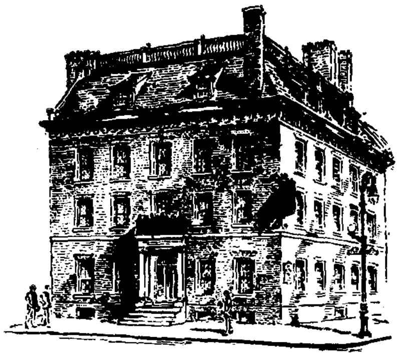

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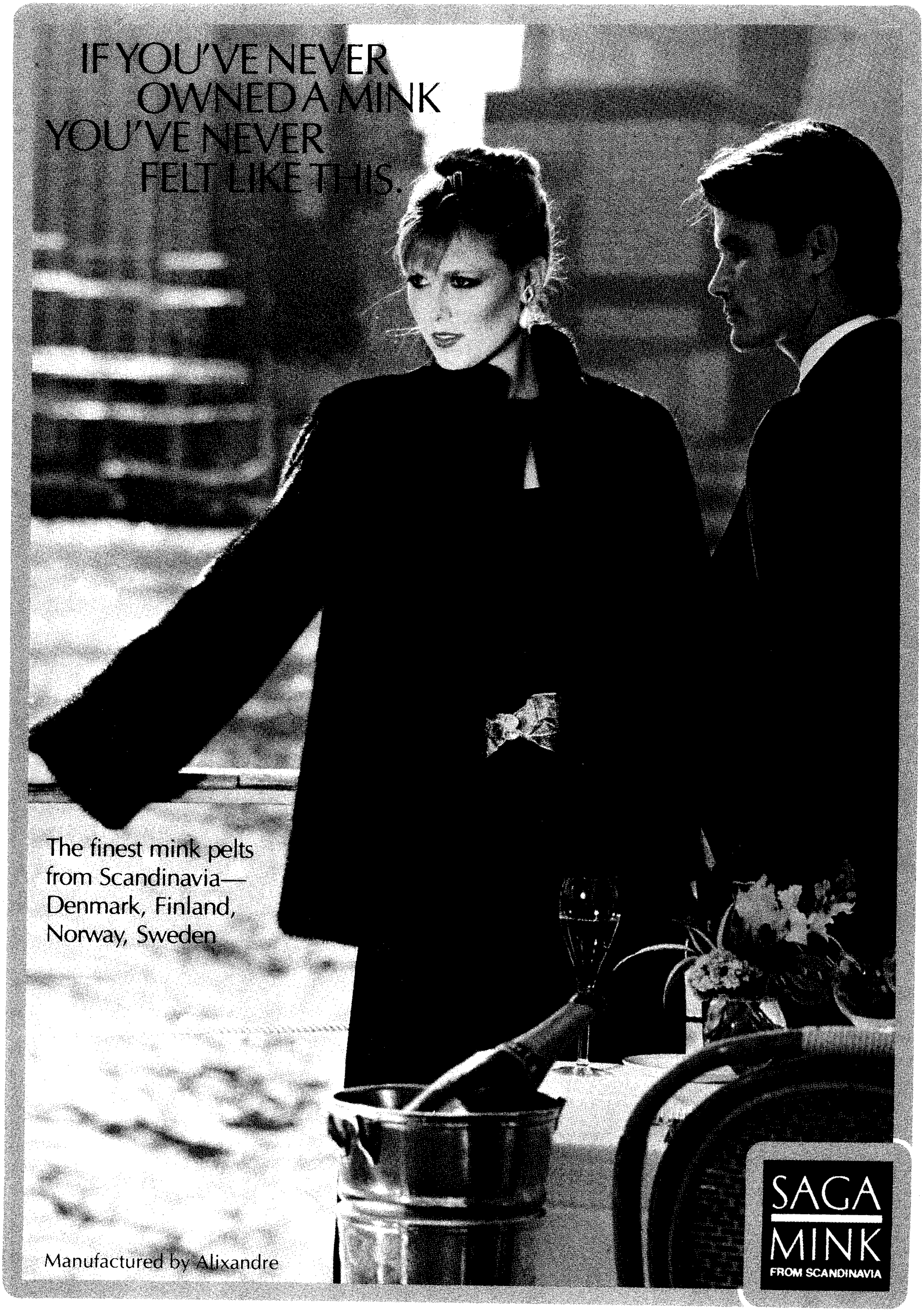
final set. Not Borg. He had the resolution, the physical reserve, and the mental fibre to raise his game in some salient respects. Certainly he served better in the fifth set than he had at any previous time in the match. He lost the first two points in his first service game, but after that, in a set he eventually won 8-6, he lost only one more point on his serve—in the ninth game. That is remarkable enough in itself, but it should be brought out that he actually improved his service motion and the accuracy of his serve in the last set—which, by the way, came to an end three hours and fifty-three minutes after the match had started. McEnroe also showed us something in the fifth set. Twice—in the second game and in the eighth—he fought back from love-40 to hold his serve. In the fourteenth game, Borg could be put off no longer. He marched quickly to 15-40 and concluded the match on an appropriate note—a flashing cross-court-backhand placement. He then turned toward the north stands and, as he did last year at Wimbledon when he had at length pulled out a nerve-racking five-set final against Roscoe Tanner, sank to his knees, his hands clasped together like those of a man in prayer and his face tilted upward, showing both the strain he had been under and his enormous relief now that the match was over and he had won it. This year, it seemed that his knees were pressed much deeper into the turf, and that the expression on his face was infinitely more emotional. As for McEnroe, who, you will remember, was booed when he entered the Centre Court, he was applauded loud and long when he left it. The spectators wanted to let him know their admiration for his superlative tennis and, additionally, their appreciation of his impeccable sportsmanship throughout the long and trying afternoon.

THE night of the Wimbledon final, most of the people I met who had watched it either on television or at Centre Court found themselves exhausted. Ordinarily, an hour or so after tennis enthusiasts have witnessed an unusually gripping match they have already digested it fairly well. The Borg-McEnroe final was different. For many people, it took two days for the aftereffects to wear off. Apparently, because of the countless dramatic points and the sustained tautness of the duel, just about everyone had become far more enmeshed in it than he had been aware. I was all the more pleased, therefore, that the day after the final, a sunny Sunday, I had something to do that was very much to my taste. I had accepted an invitation from the members of the Major Wingfield Club, which was founded in 1974 by the U.S. Tennis Association in honor of the inventor of the game, to join in "a pilgrimage to the Major's grave," in the Kensal Green Cemetery, which lies off the Harrow Road, in the northwest sector of London. I made the trip with the president of the club—George Alexander, a tall, genial man in his early sixties, who is the tennis professional at a club in Boise, Idaho, and is unquestionably the world's ranking authority on Major Walter Clopton Wingfield. The Kensal Green Cemetery, which is owned and operated by the General Cemetery Company, normally doesn't open until two on Sundays, but a company official had arranged for it to be opened at ten on this occasion, since the ceremony at the Major's grave was scheduled to start at ten-thirty. Had I not been with Alexander—he and his wife discovered the Major's long-forgotten grave in 1969—I am sure I would have had trouble finding it, even though a map had been mailed to me earlier. The upkeep of the plots in the Kensal Green Cemetery is the responsibility of the individual families, and it is apparent soon after one has entered the main gate that most of the graves have been badly neglected for some time. Wingfield's grave lies about a quarter of a mile from the gate. As Alexander led the way to it, we walked past huge neoclassical tombs and vaults, many of them dating from the middle years of the nineteenth century, and also past less grandiose graves, nearly all of them overgrown with and largely obscured by tall grass, tangled vines, wild flowers, and weeds. We made a couple of turns, and there, fifty feet away, a white gravestone shone brightly in the morning sun. Six or seven people were assembled there—*they* had found their way—and more continued to arrive in the next fifteen minutes, until the number of pilgrims reached twenty-five. A distinguished and interesting group, it included two past presidents of the U.S.T.A., Edward A. Turville and Stanley Malless; Lawrence A. Baker, Jr., the son of another past president; a half-dozen U.S.T.A. officers and veteran committeemen, among them William J. Clothier, the son of our 1906 national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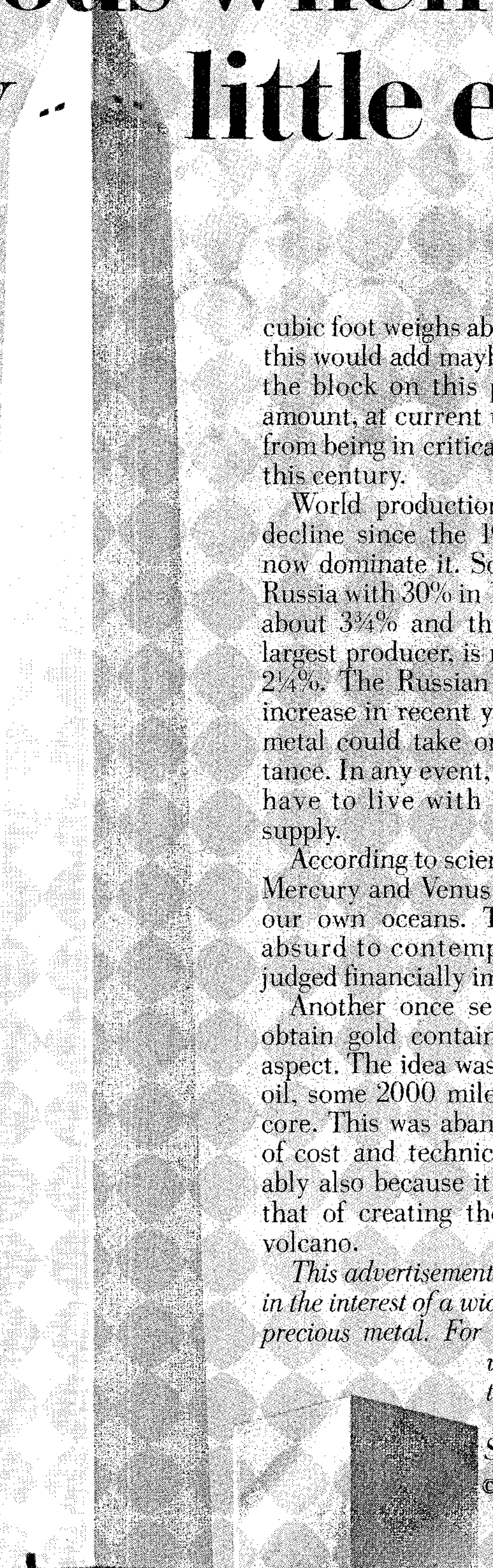

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According to scientists, gold exists on Mars, Mercury and Venus and also in the waters of our own oceans. The former is somewhat absurd to contemplate and the latter was judged financially impractical.

Another once seriously proposed idea to obtain gold contained an almost doomsday aspect. The idea was to drill, as one would for oil, some 2000 miles into the earth's molten core. This was abandoned mostly for reasons of cost and technical unfeasibility, but probably also because it ran a tremendous risk—that of creating the world's first man-made volcano.

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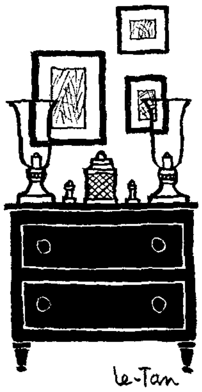
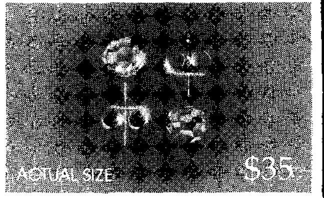
champion; Charles Hare, a British Davis Cup player, and his wife, the former Mary Hardwick, a British Wightman Cup player; Michael Searle, an English businessman whose avocation is the history of tennis; Major Basil Rhodes, who was for many years the manager of the Nantclwyd Hall estate, in northern Wales, where Wingfield unveiled the game of lawn tennis late in 1873; John F. Croley, the managing director of the London firm of Robert Lewis, a tobacconist's, which made up for Wingfield and continues to sell a blend of pipe tobacco called the Wingfield Tennis Smoking Mixture; A. G. Foster, a retired soldier with the countenance and manner of a sergeant-major, who is the secretary for the London area of the Association of the Queen's First Dragoon Guards, the Major's old regiment; and Robin Hood, an English friend of the Alexanders, whom they first met at the cemetery when he was doing some repairs on the grave of a member of his family, which is situated close by the Major's. The reason for the pilgrimage was that this year the Major's grave was finally put into proper condition, after the Major Wingfield Club had voted at its annual meeting in February to underwrite the cost of restoring it. Most of the work was done by the General Cemetery Company. The area was cleared. The marble gravestone, which had tilted askew years ago, was raised and secured in an upright position. The marble curbing of the grave was renovated, and the area within was filled with smooth pebbles from the beach at Brighton. The actual cleaning of the gravestone was done by Mr. Hood with a wire brush and a penknife.



Although I can well understand that an assemblage in a Dickensian cemetery might seem rather eerie, it was a most happy occasion. For one thing, everybody was still excited by the match the day before and eager to exchange opinions about it. For another, they thought it entirely fitting to top off the Wimbledon fortnight by paying their respects to the father of the game. Alexander delivered a short sermon on a text from Matthew 25, quoting the parable of the talents and saluting Wingfield for having put his creative abilities to work and enriched the world with the wonderful game of tennis. He introduced the people present and asked a number of them to say a few words. Searle, the historian, gave perhaps the best talk. Among other things, he thanked the American tennis community, and Alexander especially, for bringing Major Wingfield back to life. The gathering broke up shortly afterward. I accompanied Alexander, Hood, Major Rhodes, and Foster to a nearby pub on the Harrow Road, and two lagers later Alexander and I returned to the center of London to have lunch.

Alexander's life is a striking example of the hold that sports in general and tennis in particular can get on a man. A Hoosier, who graduated from Purdue in 1940, he captained the tennis team his senior year. During a summer vacation from college, he went to work for a road contractor who was considering building some tennis courts and, at the contractor's behest, prepared a history of tennis for him. This was the start of his lifelong interest in the game's evolution. After serving in the Second World War, Alexander went into the plywood business and prospered, but in 1971, when he was fifty-three, he had had enough of the commercial world. That summer, he took and passed an examination, conducted by the United States Professional Tennis Association, which qualified him to teach tennis, and for the last eight years he has been the professional at the Hillcrest Country Club in Boise.

About ten years before Alexander became a tennis pro, he began to do investigative research on Major Wingfield, for he was not at all satisfied that there was sufficient documentation to back up the somewhat disparaging portrait of the Major that was presented in most histories. In 1861, at the age of twenty-eight, Wingfield, a member of an old and prominent English family, returned to Britain from China, where he had commanded a troop of the First Dragoon Guards. He retired from the service the same year, settled in London with his family, and spent some time at the estate he had inherited in Montgomery County, Wales. Observing the growing vogue in Britain for games that both men and women could play, he set about devising a game that combined some of the features of court tennis, hard rac-



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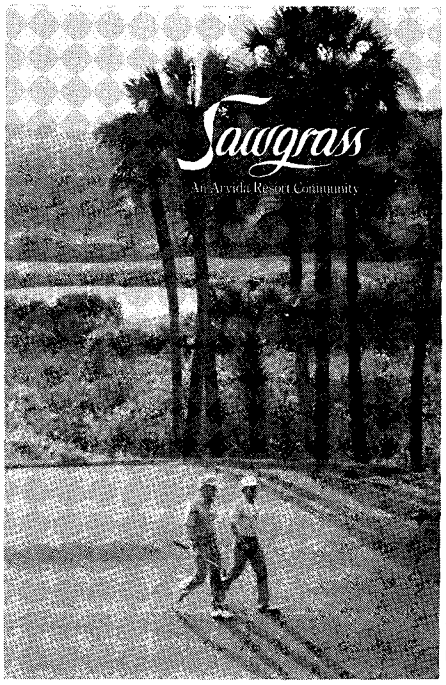

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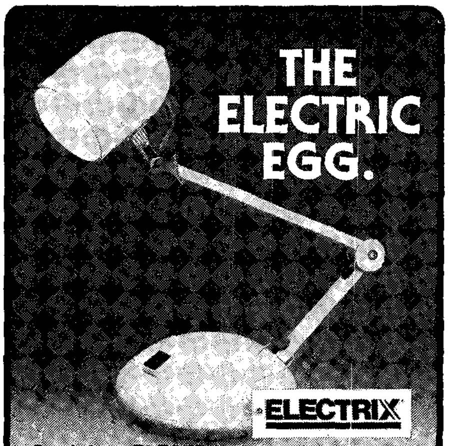
quets, Eton fives, and badminton. He called it lawn tennis, and in 1874 he succeeded in obtaining a patent for the court he had designed for his game. He had some lawn-tennis equipment manufactured and put on sale. However, as the popularity of the game grew, the sports establishment—predominantly the Marylebone Cricket Club and the All England Croquet Club—moved in to direct its development, and by 1877, when the first tennis tournament was staged at Wimbledon, Wingfield had, in effect, been shuffled out of the picture. When he died, in 1912, the *Army & Navy Gazette* was the only publication that noted in its obituary that he had had any connection with tennis, by then a flourishing international sport. The more Alexander looked into things, the more certain he became that Wingfield had been treated most unfairly. Granting that other people had previously concocted variations on indoor racquet games which they played outdoors on grass, Wingfield had indeed created a new game and had supplied it with written rules and regulations. His game was the foundation of modern tennis—no question about it. Nevertheless, for whatever reason, in this century most tennis historians—even those who credit him with inventing tennis—have stated that Wingfield's motive was primarily financial profit. Alexander's research does not support this. A man who knows how to locate old family papers and dig up the data he is after in patent offices, records offices, museums, and libraries, he reached the conclusion some years ago that Wingfield was a much different kind of person from what he had been made out to be. In Alexander's writings, Wingfield emerges not only as an innate gentleman but also as a precursor of the modern idea man and entrepreneur. For example, after the introduction of the modern bicycle, in 1885, Wingfield became engrossed in seeing if he could improve on this new means of transport. At length, in 1896, he came out with the Butterfly, a bicycle that was without the pillar and the handlebar and was not only lighter than the standard models but, Wingfield asserted, easier to steer and altogether of superior design. That year, he published a slim book entitled "Bicycle Gymkhana and Musical Rides," in which he described how cyclists could gain increased pleasure by performing group movements in unison to the sound of martial music, such as Sousa's "Washington Post" march.



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Wingfield met with more success when he entered the field of haute cuisine; he had learned about the preparation of food when he was appointed mess officer of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, the uniformed bodyguard of the British sovereign. He founded the Order of Le Cordon Rouge, a gourmet society, in London and also became vice-president of the Universal Cookery & Food Association, an early venture into the field of home economics which is still in operation.

Alexander and I talked about some of these things over what today passes in London for an inexpensive lunch. As we broke up to go our separate ways, I remarked on how well I thought the visit to the Major's grave had gone.

"I hope so," he replied. "All I know is that I feel a little weary right now. Do you think it's because of today's pilgrimage or yesterday's match?"

"The match," I said.

JUST as Wimbledon was beset by the coldest and wettest weather in many years, our Open—especially the first eight days of it—was played in the most oppressive heat and humidity that anyone could recall. At one point on Labor Day, for instance, the temperature down on the Stadium Court rose to a hundred and twenty-four degrees. During the first week of play—the tournament started on the previous Tuesday afternoon—there were the inevitable upsets of seeded players, but only one came as something of a shock. This was the elimination in the second round of the fifth-seeded player, Vitas Gerulaitis, by Hank Pfister, a Californian currently twenty-third in the national rankings, who can be hard to handle when his big serve and big forehand are working, as they were on the evening of the match. After Gerulaitis's defeat, it seemed to me that the new television commercial in which he appears with his father, Vitas Senior, was shown less frequently than before. This was regrettable, for the elder Gerulaitis, a former tennis champion of Lithuania, who is currently one of the teaching professionals at the National Tennis Center, is a man of such true modesty and charm that I had come to look forward to his appearances.

On the Monday of the second week—Labor Day—the first significant match of the championships took place. It brought together, in the fourth round, Navratilova, the twenty-three-year-old native of Czechoslovakia who

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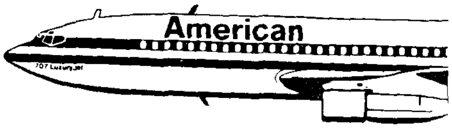

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now lives in Virginia, and who has twice won Wimbledon, and Hana Mandlikova, an eighteen-year-old Czechoslovakian whose girlhood idol was Navratilova. In many matches over the last two seasons, Mandlikova had been on the verge of defeating the top four players in women's tennis—Navratilova, Austin, Evert, and Goolagong—but time after time she had faltered when victory was in sight. This year, for example, she had lost to Evert three times in the decisive third set. At Eastbourne, just before Wimbledon, she took the first set from Austin and was leading 3–0 in the second when she let the match get away. Against Goolagong in the fourth round at Wimbledon, she took the first set and then, after leading 3–1 in the second set, fell apart. (Goolagong, by the way, had to withdraw from our championship. She has a congenital weakness in one of her lower vertebrae which has bothered her periodically, and it did again shortly before the tournament.) Sustaining one's self-assurance against a player of reputation is never easy, but sooner or later a young player of conspicuous talent breaks through, and Mandlikova had done so the week before Flushing Meadow, when she defeated Navratilova, 6–4, 3–6, 6–3, in the Volvo tournament in Mahwah, New Jersey. As they came on court at Flushing Meadow for their rematch, we all wondered if we would see a new and more mature Mandlikova, and we also wondered if Navratilova, who has been going through a rather trying time, would be able to rise to this challenge. As it turned out, Navratilova played well, but Mandlikova, hitting the ball with such exquisite timing that it exploded off the face of her racquet, kept herself together and won a fine match, 7–6, 6–4. Instantly, experts popped up on every side eager to proclaim that they now picked Mandlikova to win the women's championship, and, what is more, had picked her to win before the tournament began. Their exuberance was understandable. Mandlikova has the best strokes of any woman player since Maria Bueno, the elegant Brazilian who won her titles in the late nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-sixties, and she packs much more power than Bueno did. A slim, sturdy athlete who stands five feet eight, she has, I think, the most classic service motion of any woman player I have ever seen, and she really cracks the ball. Her second

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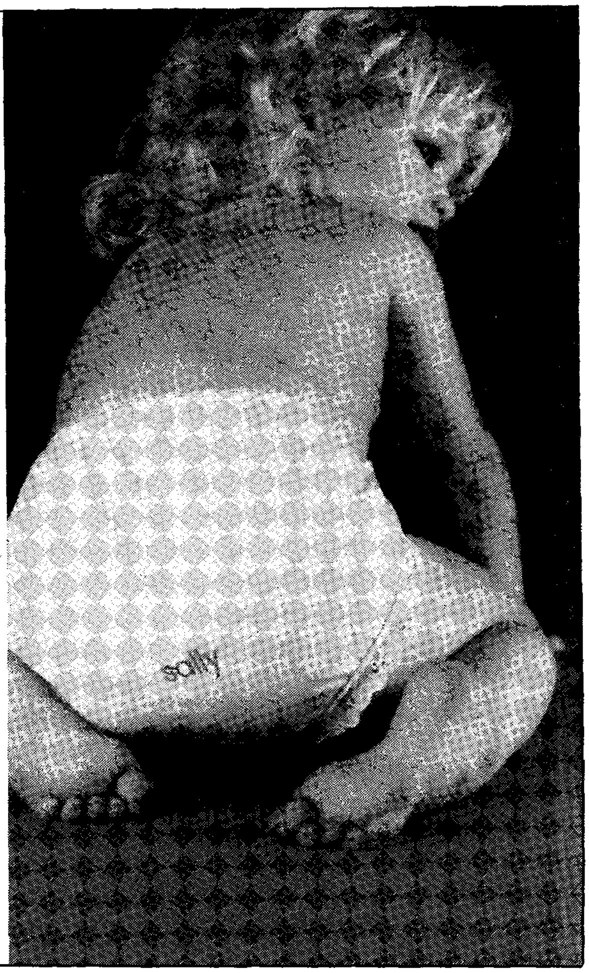
serve, which she delivers with more slice than her first, is just about as effective. She has a wide diversity of shots. Off the ground, she hits her forehand and backhand either flat or with top spin. Recently, she has begun to move more fluently about the court, and now she plays shattering putaway volleys. Mandlikova's father was a sprinter, who represented Czechoslovakia in the 1956 and 1960 Olympic Games. Back home, she was coached by Vera Sukova, who was a Wimbledon finalist in 1962, and who has also developed Navratilova and such other international players as Regina Marsikova, Hana Strachonova, and Renata Tomanova. Now on the threshold of possibly becoming a great player, Mandlikova is a healthy, rosy-cheeked, attractive young woman, a little on the shy side, somewhat serious, and very nice.

In the lower half of the draw, Mandlikova—after defeating Barbara Hallquist, of California—had played her semifinal match against Andrea Jaeger, of Illinois, who is three years younger, seven inches shorter, and a phenomenon in her own right. By that time, we had come to know a lot about Jaeger, who earlier in the summer became the youngest quarter-finalist in Wimbledon history. Her mother and father are half German and half Swiss. He grew up in Switzerland, where he was a noted amateur cyclist, boxer, and soccer player. For some time now, he has been a tennis professional in Lincolnshire, Illinois, where he has raised his family. Andrea has a sort of Swiss look to her, probably because she wears her pale-blond hair in two long ponytails that hang forward over her shoulders. She is a beguiling kid. She knows her own mind and is extremely articulate for one so young. She is beautifully coördinated and is a spunky competitor, but her most notable asset, considering her years, is her stunning sense of how to play points. She has the ability to watch both the ball and the movements of her opponent, and she understands as few people do the shots to play in order to move her opponent around and open up the court for the winning riposte. Against Mandlikova, she got off slowly and took only one game in the first set. Three games into the second set, a light sprinkle forced a suspension of play. When the match was resumed, some twenty minutes later, Mandlikova had lost the rhythm of her strokes, and before she realized it she had not only



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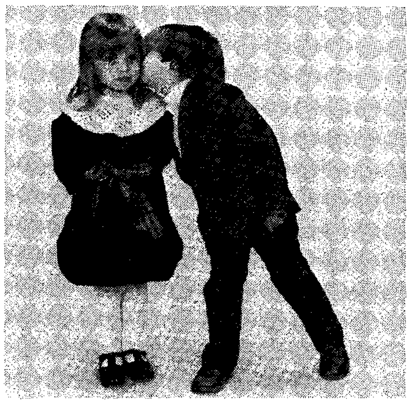

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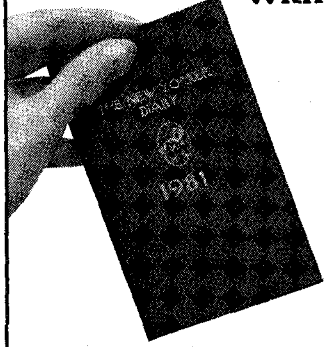

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dropped the second set, 3–6, but had been lured into playing Jaeger's game. Midway through the third set, she got back into her groove, but Jaeger hung in there, and it took a tie breaker to settle the issue. Jaeger's comments on the match were typically crisp and amusing: "After the rain, Hana started to go for a lot more than she should have. That gave me a chance to get into the match. Hana's got the best serve in women's tennis. If she's serving well, she can beat anybody. Maybe next year I'll win my service games as easily as Hana does."

In the final, Mandlikova met Evert, who had marched through the upper half of the draw without being in the least extended until she came up against Austin, in the semifinals. Of the four semifinalists, incidentally, Evert, now a doddering twenty-five, was the only one over eighteen. Last winter, following a year and a half of inconsistent play, she had taken a three months' rest, and upon her return, this spring, had quickly demonstrated that she was her old self again. She won the Italian and French Championships and our clay-court championship, and, in fact, lost only one of forty-one matches—the Wimbledon final against Goolagong. Very much like Borg, Evert has a pleasant court manner and also an ineradicable will to win, and she wanted to be at her very best against Austin, who had defeated her the last five times they met, beginning with the 1979 final at Flushing Meadow. In their last three meetings, Austin had practically swept her off the court, never yielding more than three games in a set. This summer, Austin had run into some problems herself. Her defeat by Goolagong at Wimbledon had been unexpected. Then, in mid-August, she was beaten by Jaeger in the Volvo tournament after she had won the first set, 6–2, and led, 4–2, in the second. This was the first time that she had ever lost to a player younger than she was, and it gave her plenty to think about. In the early rounds at Flushing Meadow, Austin, ordinarily a very cool customer, went through some wobbly passages, but by the time she got to the semifinals she was playing with conviction. Against Evert, she got off fast, winning the first four games. She lost a little of her sharpness then, and Evert, scoring regularly with change-of-pace drives, took four of the next five games. Serving the crucial tenth game, Evert scrambled to deuce after trailing, 15–40, and then, after com-

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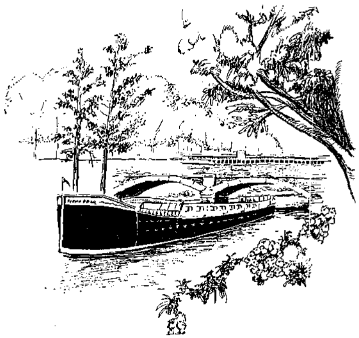

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ing all that long way back, lost the next two points, and with them the set, 4–6.

The loss of the set did not deter Evert a whit. In the opening game of the second set, she broke Austin's service at love. This was a harbinger of things to come. She went on to win eleven of the next thirteen games and to close out the match, 4–6, 6–1, 6–1. What had caused this turnaround? Chiefly a small but discernible drop in the standard of Austin's play—in particular, her sureness off the forehand. Evert exploited this to the full. Even when she was well in front, she did not let up for a moment. In pursuit of her strategy of keeping Austin on the defensive, she hit many more strong overhead smashes than ever before in her career. In a word, she wanted very much to win this match. Her pride in her tennis had been hurt by the ease with which Austin overwhelmed her in their last three encounters, and she meant to rectify matters.

Ever since she made her début, in our championship, in 1971, Evert has made it a practice to phone her father, in Fort Lauderdale, at the finish of an important match. After her victory over Austin, she was so elated that she told him to fly up that night, so that he could watch her final with Mandlikova. She was almost certain she would not be subject to the jitters that have plagued her in some matches the last two years. Jimmy Evert flew up that night, accompanied by his youngest child, Clare, who is twelve. Early in Chris's career, he had occasionally flown up to Forest Hills near the end of the tournament, but whenever he did this she lost. After a while, figuring that his presence made her nervous, he stopped coming. He also had a second reason for staying away: he is a high-strung man, and watching his daughter in a match was agony for him. It was better all around to stay in Fort Lauderdale and follow her on television. This time, things worked out differently. Chris won the final, 5–7, 6–1, 6–1. Mr. Evert felt relatively calm throughout the match, and for the first time he had the thrill of being in the stands when his daughter won a national championship.

As the score indicates, the pattern of the final between Evert and Mandlikova was somewhat similar to Evert's semifinal with Austin. In the ninth game of the first set, with games at 4–4, Mandlikova, after falling

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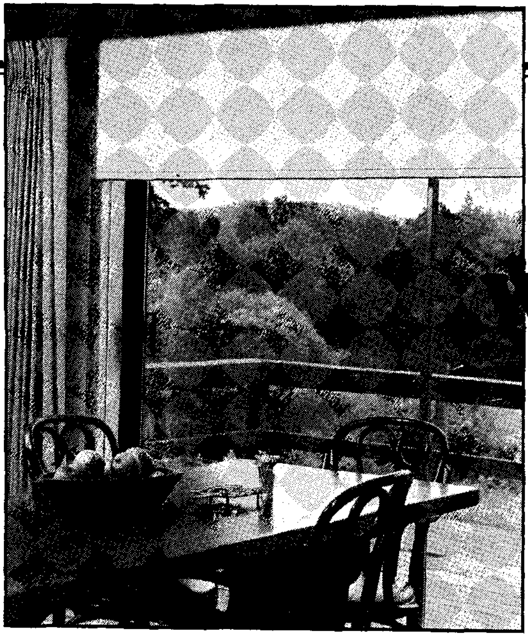

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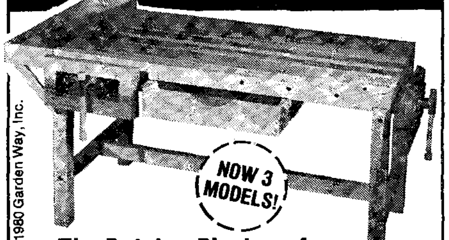

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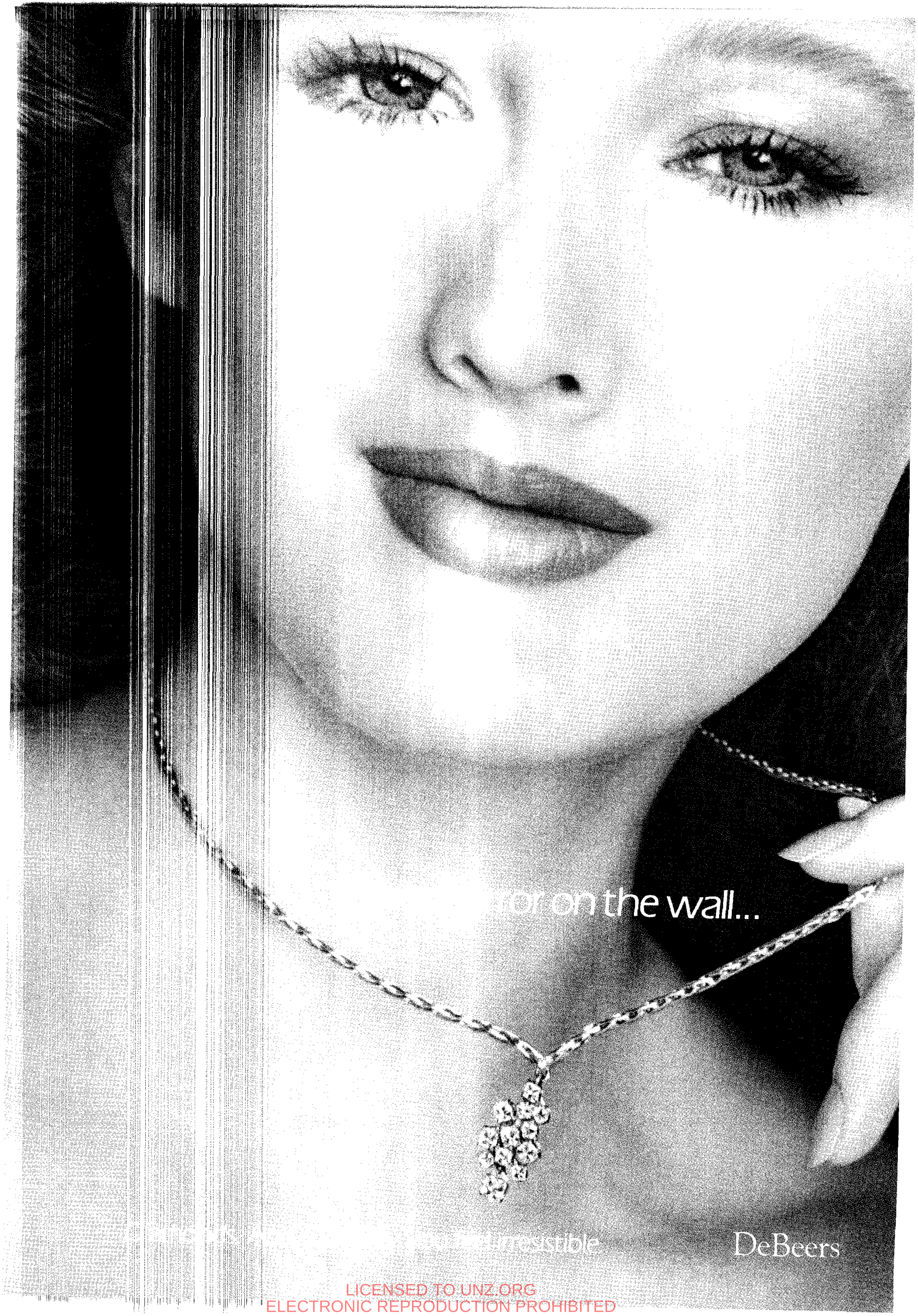
behind love–40 on her serve, unleashed a brilliant burst of power tennis in which she won five points in a row, four of them on glorious putaway volleys and the other on a service ace. In the twelfth game, continuing to pour it on, she broke Evert's serve and took the set. This was as far as she could go, though. After that, she was, alas, the old Mandlikova. Awed by the prospect of a major victory, she made three errors for every point she played with poise. As the games rushed away from her, she was unable to collect herself and regain her cohesiveness. Evert, of course, had something to do with this. She was very tough in the last two sets, hurrying Mandlikova constantly and moving faster and faster herself. In her mind, her defeat by Goolagong at Wimbledon had been partly the result of her failure to prepare properly for the match. Exhilarated by her victory over Navratilova in the Wimbledon semifinals, she had made the mistake of letting down the night before the final and not giving enough hard thought to the match that lay ahead. She had been flat at the start of the final, and it was only after Goolagong had walked away with the first set that she was able to shut everything out of her mind except the task at hand. She was determined not to repeat this mistake at Flushing Meadow. On the eve of the final, instead of indulging herself with mental reruns of her triumph over Austin she began to map out in diligent detail how she would play Mandlikova and to psych herself up for the match. She was ready for every contingency, and the loss of the first set did not discourage her. Her victory was her fifth in the United States Championship, the others having come in 1975, 1976, 1977, and 1978. Along with these, she has won four French Championships, three Italian Championships, and two Wimbledon Championships. It is an imposing record. Chris Evert Lloyd may not have the flaming genius of a Suzanne Lenglen, but she has earned for herself a position close to the top among the game's women champions. Except for Lenglen, she has had no equal on clay.

THIS August, for the third year in a row, Björn Borg came to New York after having won the first two of the four championships that make up the Grand Slam—the French and Wimbledon. If he succeeded at Flushing Meadow, the international tennis community would be convening en masse in Melbourne this December to see if he could take the last trick in the slam—the Australian Championship—and join the exclusive company of Don Budge, who won the four titles in 1938, and Rod Laver, who won them twice, in 1962 and 1969. There will be no such gathering in Australia, for Borg failed once again to win our championship. As you may remember, in 1978, handicapped by an infected right thumb, he gave Connors no trouble in the final and went down in straight sets. Borg never complains. He attributed his defeat not to his injury but to Connors' better play. Last year, he was eliminated in the quarter-finals by Roscoe Tanner. A robust left-hander from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, Tanner has the fastest serve in tennis today. When he is on, it takes extraordinary reflexes to get your racquet on the ball in the daytime, and Borg had the misfortune to play Tanner at night, under the lights. He was beaten in four sets. This year, shortly after his victory over McEnroe at Wimbledon, Borg married his long-time fiancée, Mariana Simionescu, who comes from Rumania and used to play on the women's professional circuit. They spent their honeymoon at Borg's retreat on an island in the Baltic Sea, and then Borg began his preparations for the U.S. Championship, which he had not won in eight attempts. The surfaces on which he is at his best are clay and grass. DecoTurf II, the surface at Flushing Meadow, doesn't suit him. It is an asphaltic surface, and a player cannot slide into his shots on it, as Borg likes to do. As a matter of fact, Borg, who is ordinarily swift and agile, looks awkward and timorous on DecoTurf II. He has never said so, but he obviously doesn't feel at home moving around on it. In one other respect, it is not a good surface for him: the ball bounces high off it—higher than is comfortable for Borg when he plays his heavy top-spin drives, which are his bread-and-butter shots. In the summer of 1979, the better to adjust to the courts at Flushing Meadow, he entered the Canadian Championship, which is held in Toronto two weeks before our championship and is also played on DecoTurf II. This year, he set up the same schedule for himself. Just before the start of the Canadian Championship, he did some jogging on an asphaltic court in order to get his legs and feet accustomed to the surface. This might seem a sensible move, but it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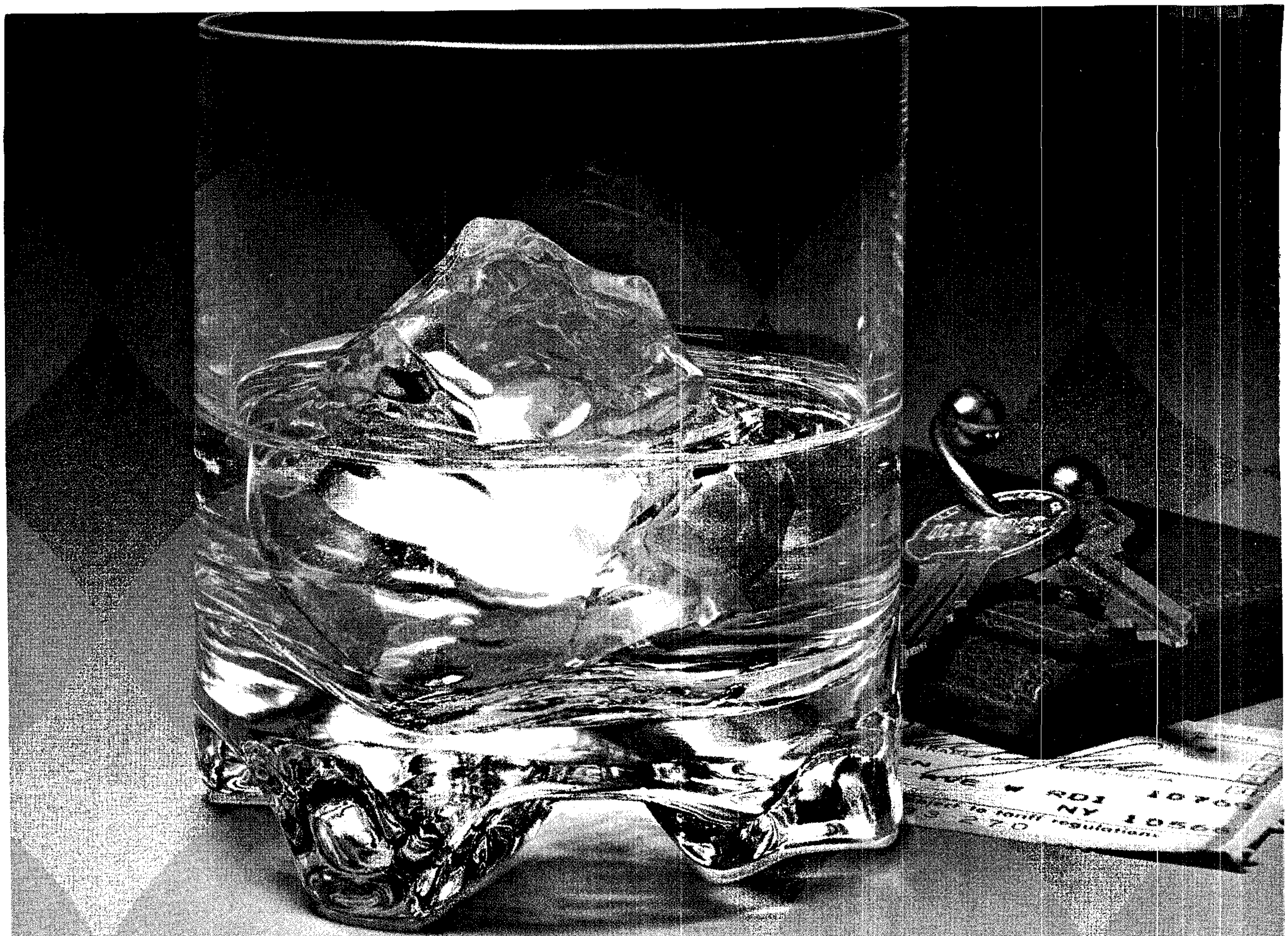

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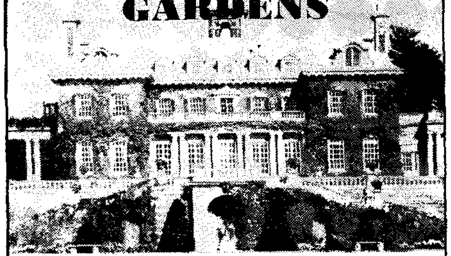
Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Bal Harbour, Atlanta, St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, DC, Beverly Hills, Fashion Island, White Plains, NY didn't work out that way. His right knee started to bother him, and when this was checked it was found that he had developed a mild bursitis. In the Canadian Championship, he was careful not to push himself. However, in the final, against Ivan Lendl, his knee began to act up. He decided to default rather than aggravate the injury and risk not being ready for Flushing Meadow. In the interval between the championships, he rested his knee for five days and then began a series of light workouts. He won his first three matches without exerting himself, though he did lose a set to John Sadri, from North Carolina, in the second round and a set to Peter McNamara, of Australia, in the third round. In the fourth round, he defeated Yannick Noah, of France, with the loss of only three games, and appeared to be moving much better. This brought him to the quarter-finals, where he met Tanner.

One could write about Borg versus Tanner at considerable length. Suffice it to say here that it was a strange, sinuous match, with many overtones. In the first set, Borg, playing impressive tennis, broke Tanner's serve in the ninth game and won the set, 6–4. In the sixth game of the second set, Tanner broke Borg's serve for the first time. The effect on Tanner was electric. He immediately began to play much more forcefully. His return of service was sounder, his approach shots were deeper, his volleys had more bite to them, and, as he felt the match swinging his way, his serve became explosive. He won the second set, 6–3, and the third, 6–4. What struck me during these two sets was that Borg's play seemed as uncertain during his own service games as when he was trying to cope with Tanner's serve. He was late in getting to the ball and off balance when he got to it. I wondered if he had reinjured his knee. Later on, when I talked about this with a veteran tournament player, he said he thought it was not Borg's knee that was troubling him but a touch of nervousness. "On some days, it even gets to him," he said. In any event, when Borg lost his service in the fifth game of the fourth set, and Tanner then held to lead 4–2, I did not think that Borg would be able to pull the match out, although I appreciate that, like no other player in history, he has shown a capacity for staying with a losing match and hanging on and hanging on until, at length, he finds a way to win it. Well, he did once again. Tanner, needing only to hold his next two service games to wrap things up, began to feel the pressure, and as quick as the snap of a finger he started to lose timing on his strokes. His serve and volley went first. The pivotal game was the eighth, when Borg broke Tanner to even the set. He twice returned Tanner's serve for outright winners, running around his backhand and hitting forehand drives down the line. The two other points came on wayward volleys by Tanner. Borg went on to win the set, 7–5. He was a different man in the fifth set, once he had saved two game points and held serve in the opening game. From there on in, he served as superlatively well as he had in the fifth set of the Wimbledon final. Counting the last three points of that first game, he reeled off nineteen consecutive winning points on his service before netting a forehand when he stood at triple match point. He won that game and the vital set, 6–3. An amazing performance. Way off form, he had somehow held himself together until his opponent began to feel the gruelling strain more than he did.

Borg was expected to have a much simpler time in his semifinal, against Johan Kriek, a twenty-two-year-old South African who now lives in Florida and, at the time of the championships, ranked twenty-ninth on the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer. Only five feet seven and a half inches tall, Kriek, a tempestuous, go-for-broke player, depends fundamentally on a potent serve, which he backs up with his speed around the court and a flair for acrobatic volleys. He fired his full arsenal at Borg in the first two sets and won them both, at 6–4. The effort exhausted him. When Kriek's serve lost its velocity, the match was over. Still rushing the net, he was almost defenseless against Borg's passing shots, especially his backhand, on which he is able to disguise until the last instant whether he will be going straight down the line or crosscourt. Borg won each of the last three sets, at 6–1. This marked the thirteenth consecutive time that he had prevailed in a five-set match. As is generally appreciated, he is as phys-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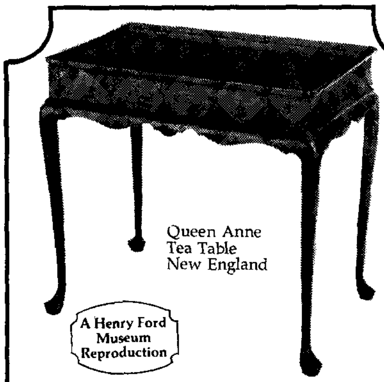

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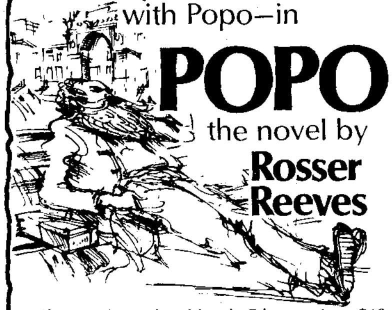

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ically fit as any contemporary athlete and is perhaps the most courageous competitor in tennis, but this does not explain why he has had to go five sets so often to win his matches. It cannot have been his intention to bide his time until an opponent ran out of gas, as Kriek did, or began to wilt under the stress of the occasion, as Tanner did. I don't believe that there is an explanation. Anyhow, Borg had reached the final, and there he met, as he had at Wimbledon, the redoubtable John McEnroe.

McEnroe had made his way to the final by defeating Christophe Roger-Vasselin, of France, in three sets; Steve Krulevitz, from Baltimore, in three sets; Ricky Meyer, from Great Neck, in four sets; Pascal Portes, of France, in three sets; Ivan Lendl, of Czechoslovakia, in four hotly contested sets in the quarter-finals; and, in the semis, Jimmy Connors, his most bitter rival, in five sets, 6–4, 5–7, 0–6, 6–3, and 7–6. This last match was one that McEnroe could well have lost. Over the past two years, the deciding factor in their clashes has been service. Whereas Connors' serve is only ordinary, McEnroe is among the finest servers in the game. He has power, his motion is deceptive, he can slice the ball wide into both the deuce court and the ad court, he keeps his opponents guessing by burning the ball down the center line now and then, and he has a wicked kick serve that he often places so that the ball twists in on the receiver on the bounce and crowds him. Nevertheless, halfway through the second set Connors, who thrives on pace, started to belt McEnroe's serve back faster than it had come over the net. This disconcerted McEnroe no end. While he was mulling things over and petulantly questioning a good many calls by the linesmen, Connors rattled off eleven straight games. The first three won him the second set, the next six won him the third, and the last two put him out in front in the fourth. In the process, he had broken McEnroe's serve five times. At this point—and not a bit too soon—McEnroe got a grip on himself and recovered his concentration. His steadier play won him the fourth set, and the two men went down the stretch battling like Kilkenny cats. In the fifth set, with McEnroe serving for the match at 5–4, Connors broke him once again, by blasting two terrific backhand returns of service past him. Each held his next serve. In the

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tie breaker, Connors presented McEnroe with four of the first five points on what seemed to be an odd and unwise selection of shots, and that was it. The match lasted four hours and sixteen minutes.

Before discussing the final, which lasted four hours and thirteen minutes, I should make it clear that I wanted Borg to win it and go on to complete the Grand Slam—he had been banging at those gates long enough. Besides, as the cliché has it, a young man like McEnroe has plenty of time—he'll be winning championships for years to come. While the final at Flushing Meadow did not approach the final at Wimbledon in the quality of the tennis, it left the spectators in the jammed stadium almost as drained. Everybody sees a match differently. As I look back over my notebook on the final—for the most part, it consists of those sedulous point-by-point hieroglyphics that many people keep and then afterward seldom look at—two notations that I made midway through the opening set remind me how gratified I was at this stage with the way the match was shaping up: "Borg is in good form and at last hitting his forehand," and, a little later on, "This has the feeling of a final." Borg's tennis had been so thin and tinny against Tanner and Kriek that I was surprised to see him hitting his shots so solidly. McEnroe, for his part, was sticking strictly to business and playing well. Suddenly, things began to pop. Borg broke McEnroe's serve at love in the ninth game and served for the set. McEnroe broke him back. Borg then broke McEnroe's serve a second time and, at 6–5, served for the set again. McEnroe serenely broke him back once more, this time at love, and then took the tie breaker and the set, 7–6. If there was any single point that undid Borg, it was the first point of the twelfth game. After a good serve, he was in control of the

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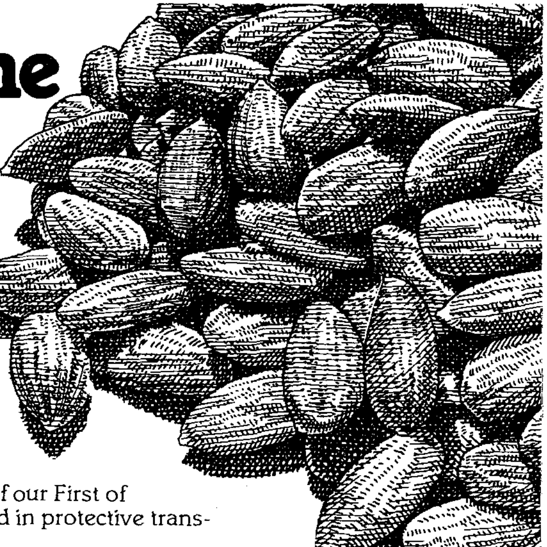

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rally and looked to have the point won when, with McEnroe up at net, he ripped a forehand yards to McEnroe's left. McEnroe, with his fantastic reflexes, slid fast from right to left, got his racquet on the ball, and dropped a forehand volley over the net. On the next three points, Borg served a double fault and then hit two shots far out of court.

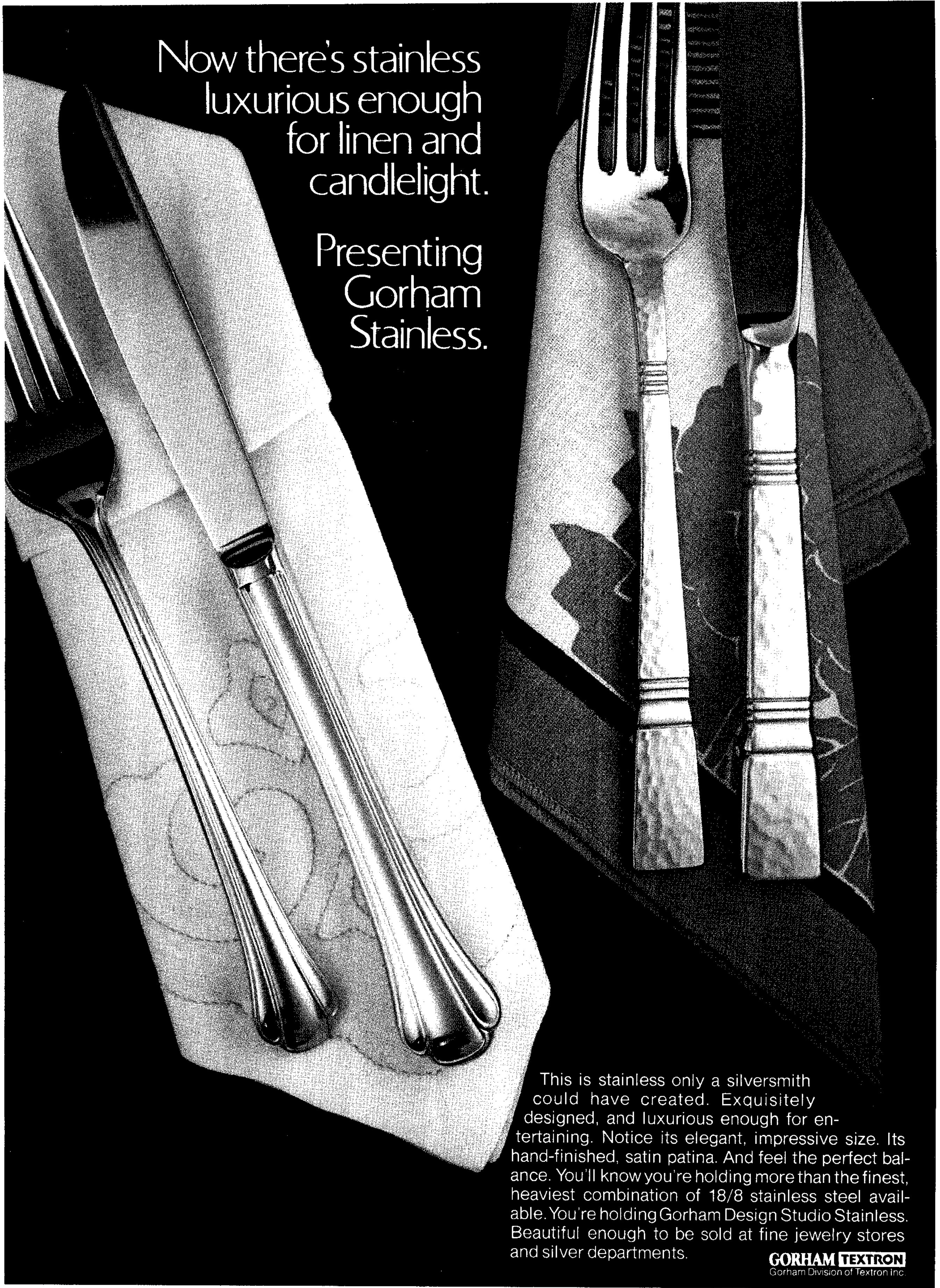
The degree to which Borg was shaken by blowing the opening set was instantly evident. After winning the first two points of the second set, he lost the next thirteen in a row, and six of the next seven games. Over most of this stretch, he moved like a somnambulist. Near the end of the set, he tried to regain his timing by hitting his shots more smoothly and not rushing them. It didn't help much. McEnroe, with no pressure on him, was serving up a storm and doing everything else right. At the end of the set, I made a notation that Borg was now moving as slowly as he had against Tanner and Kriek. A friend had come by a moment before, and we talked about this. "I don't understand it at all," he said. "You expect a player as mobile as Borg normally is not to be back on his heels but to be moving toward the ball when he meets it. I can't remember seeing him hit one running forehand the whole tournament."

In the third set, McEnroe made a costly blunder. With Borg still struggling, instead of pressing him hard and winding up the match he allowed himself to coast. Borg was able to get back into the set and outlasted McEnroe in a spotty tie breaker. This gave his confidence a much-needed boost. As the fourth set wore on, he began to score regularly with his most reliable shots—his crosscourt backhand and his down-the-line backhand. In addition, for the first time all day he was able to pick up a few points on serve and volley. What we were watching was yet another flabbergasting exhibition of Borg's ability on a wretched off day to prolong a match on grit, the intelligent use of what few weapons were working, and the conviction that the longer he persevered, the greater would be the chance that his opponent would waver under the accumulating tension. In this fourth set, serve followed the server until the twelfth game, when, with the score at deuce for the fourth time and McEnroe serving, Borg passed him cleanly with two superb returns of service—a forehand that hugged the sideline and still another backhand angled wide across the court. Borg, 7–5. Sets, 2–2. At this juncture, I had dashed off a final comment in the notebook: "Here he is again in the fifth. How did he ever get here?"

To be honest, I felt that Borg, having got to the fifth set, would probably find a way to win it. His serve had been ailing during the last three sets, but maybe it would now snap back, as it had in the fifth set of the Wimbledon final. Quite the reverse. Borg got in less than fifty per cent of his first serves, and McEnroe got in seventy per cent. This made a difference. So did two double faults by Borg in the seventh game—the only game in the set that was lost by the server. There was more to the fifth set than this, of course, but near the end Borg's resources were almost totally depleted, and that one service break by McEnroe held up and enabled him to win the set and the match, 7–6, 6–1, 6–7, 5–7, 6–4. However, my guess is that in the years ahead when people think back on the 1980 final the images that come first to mind will be not of McEnroe, with his outlandish talent, whistling in unreturnable serves almost at will, dominating the forecourt, and summoning his best tennis when he had to, but of Borg continuously fighting off discouragement and persisting, persisting, persisting.

IN the opinion of the entrenched critics of Flushing Meadow, in several respects conditions at the championships were better this year. For instance, the eating facilities had been upgraded, the surfaces of the various courts had been made more nearly uniform, and outside the stadium there was a new and useful matches-in-progress board, on which the score of every match being played at that moment was kept current, game by game. These last two items were encouraging, for they showed that someone was thinking of the patrons who cannot stay away from the championships, because they love to watch good tennis.

It seems increasingly clear that a great opportunity was lost in 1977 when the decisions about building a new tennis center from scratch were made. Even if the site's basic fault—the noise of the airplanes overhead—could be corrected, it would still require a dedicated corps within the U.S.T.A. to undertake the multiple



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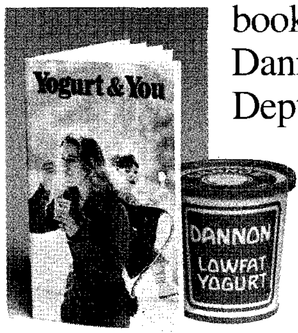

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revisions that would imbue Flushing Meadow with the first-class administration and the authentic atmosphere that the world's second most important tennis tournament should have. Unfortunately, there is no financial incentive to change the present setup. Just as they are, the championships are a box-office smash. Despite the unpleasantly muggy weather this year, record crowds poured into Flushing Meadow Park every day, and untold thousands who couldn't get tickets wanted to be there. Tennis has now become a major sport in this country, and its champions have the glamour and star quality of a Robert Redford and a Sophia Loren. I am old-fashioned enough to prefer the Wimbledon galleries to ours, mainly because they do not let off steam when points are about to be played or are being played. At the same time, there is something to be said for our new tennis crowds, drawn from a much wider cross-section of our society than they were in the old days. These crowds are crazy about the game, know a lot about it, and recognize the virtuosity and hardiness of the top players. Another thing: American tennis crowds are still unique in that they do not root solely for players from their own country but cheer on any and all players they like. For example, in the men's final more spectators were pulling for Borg than for McEnroe. This puts me in mind of a leavening incident in the final. At an important point in the fourth game of the fourth set, McEnroe was about to begin his ornate preparations before serving when from the stands came a medley of cries: "John!" "Let's go, Borg!" "O.K., McEnroe!" "Björn! Björn!" And so on. There was a brief moment of quiet, and then a voice, with just the right edge of humor, rang out, "C'mon, Connors!"

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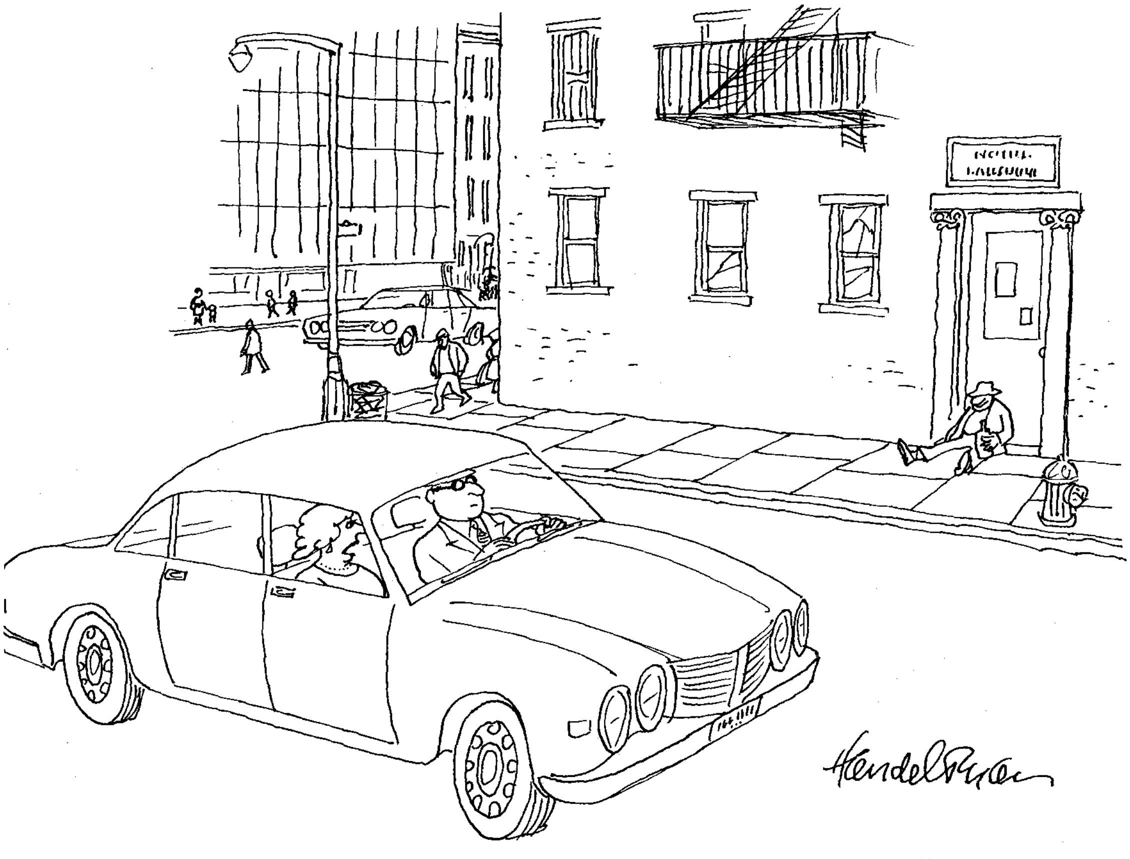
THE AIR

Upriver in Samurai Country

THOUGH Anglo-Saxons aren't the only people who are attracted to captivity stories (consider, for example, the worldwide popularity of that earliest captivity story, the Book of Exodus), there seems to be a special racial and sexual self-consciousness close to the center of the Anglo-Saxon temperament which remains deeply fascinated not merely by tales of captivity but by tales of the captivity of whites by darker-skinned and mythically potent "heathen." In early America, so-called captivity narratives based on the capture of white settlers by Indians formed the first real body of native American literature. Tales such as Mary Rowlandson's "The Soveraignty and Goodness of God: A Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration" (1682) and John Williams' "The Redeemed Captive" (1706) went through printing after printing and, together with their numerous imitators and progeny, virtually dominated American publishing lists for at least forty years; in fact, of the four most widely read books in America between 1680 and 1720 three were captivity narratives (the fourth being "Pilgrim's Progress").

The earliest and probably the best of these tales were what we would now describe as nonfiction: authentic accounts of the actual captivity of certain unlucky settlers. Puritan clerics and authors, however, were quick to note the special appeal of these narratives of lonely travail in the wilderness, and in short order a literary manufacturing operation was under way in New England, producing manuscripts that were then published both in Boston (from which they were distributed to the New England colonies) and in London (from which they were distributed to the Southern colonies as well as to the English reading public). As in most literary genres, these numerous captivity tales varied in certain obvious surface details, but the underlying psychological force of the stories remained the same, for these were, above all, narratives of chastisement and humiliation. From their pulpits, the Puritan clerics spoke of the superiority of the Puritan colonist to the Indians, and of the Christian duty of the white settler to bring religion and morality to the benighted savages. But in their earliest literature—in these widely read captivity narratives—the Puritans seemed drawn to a quite different concept of values and relationships. In these stories, the white-skinned and God-fearing Puritan was invariably a lost and doomed figure in the dark and inhospitable wilderness—a prisoner of mythically powerful dark-skinned savages (sometimes referred to as "black men" in Puritan narratives)—and was compelled to stoically submit to the twin sufferings of wilderness captivity: first, physical suffering from hardship, privation, and, sometimes, torture; then the deeper psychic suffering from having to undergo both Indian "marriage" and Indian "communion."

Thus, the woods and forests of early New England were the original "heart of darkness" for the Anglo-Saxon sensibility, where white men and women, isolated by accident or force from white society, were compelled by the fabulous potency of the dark-skinned savage to betray not only the Christian God but the Christian marriage bed. In time, of course, as both the frontier and the Indians moved westward and spilled across the Plains States, the Puritan captivity narratives were replaced by more up-to-date American literary genres, such as the numerous Daniel Boone stories. But the hypnotically powerful theme of Anglo-Saxon punishment in the wilderness didn't so much vanish as reappear in another place and in another context: the nineteenth-century narratives of English intruders into Africa, the Middle East, and India. In the writings of Sir Richard Burton, to take an early example, or of T. E. Lawrence, to take a later example (to say nothing of Kipling, Conrad, and the adventures of Lady Hester Stanhope in between), we have the same idealization, as it were, of humiliation and chastisement, the same powerful *frissons* by the white man in the presence of the inevitably potent and darker-



"Otis, shout at that man to pull himself together."

skinned natives—all those "manly Turks" and "cruel, splendid sheikhs," and so forth, who dot English and American fiction up to this day.

Today, in fact, we have "Shogun": first, a widely popular novel by James Clavell (an Englishman, naturalized an American) and, more recently, a widely popular—or, at least, widely watched—NBC television series (with Clavell as executive producer, Eric Bercovici as producer and screenwriter, and Jerry London as director). I have heard "Shogun" the novel described fondly in various ways—as an adventure story or a historical novel of feudal Japan—but what it seemed to be more than anything else was a reworking of the theme of Anglo-Saxon captivity in the inhospitable wilderness. Its interior structure, at any rate, was a fairly simple one that stuck close to the classic genre: a seventeenth-century seafarer, John Blackthorne, journeys "upriver," as it were, and becomes lost, and intrudes into the "wilderness" of feudal Japan. There he is humiliated and chastised by the mythically powerful yellow-skinned Japanese, whom he soon comes to respect for their manly ways and stern code of manners. Later, he is more or less compelled to betray his English wife and children back home and submit to Japanese "marriage" in the form of a romance with Lady Mariko, and to Japanese "communion" in the form of espousal of the samurai code. Naturally, the novel purported to be about many other matters: the rivalries and alliances between various Japanese warlords, who are constantly jockeying for position in the absence of a national military leader, or Shogun (the title thus refers to a character who doesn't ever appear); periodic machinations on the part of the wily Jesuits; Blackthorne's love affair with Lady Mariko; and so forth. On a superficial level, Clavell's enormous book was a hodgepodge of royal princes, musketeers, scheming cardinals, and alarums and excursions, such as Alexander Dumas might have concocted—and if this were all there was to it one doubts whether any more people would have read it than normally read Dumas these days. But the energy of "Shogun" the novel was somewhere else: not exactly out of sight but not in the overblown and rather confusing sweep of historical pageantry, either. The book's energy—and a considerable energy there was, to account for those millions of readers—lay close to its

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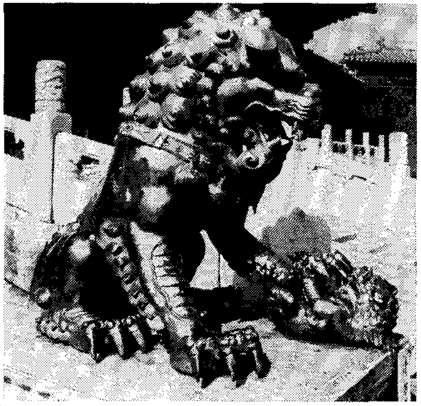

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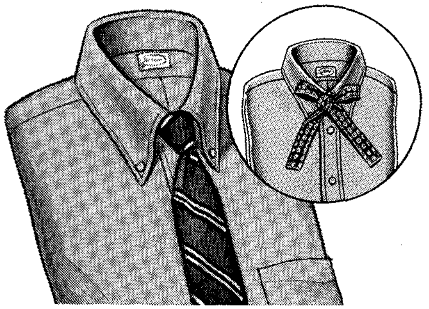

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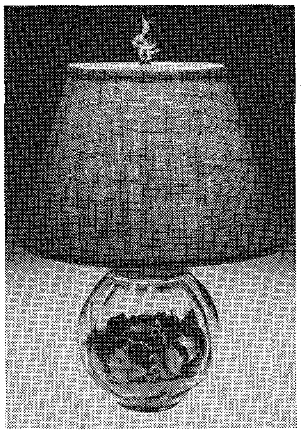

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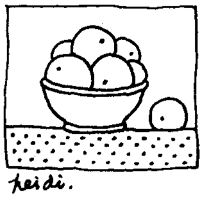
opening scenes: in the captivity of our pale-skinned Blackthorne and in his romantic attachment not so much to Lady Mariko as to the idealized and powerful samurai.

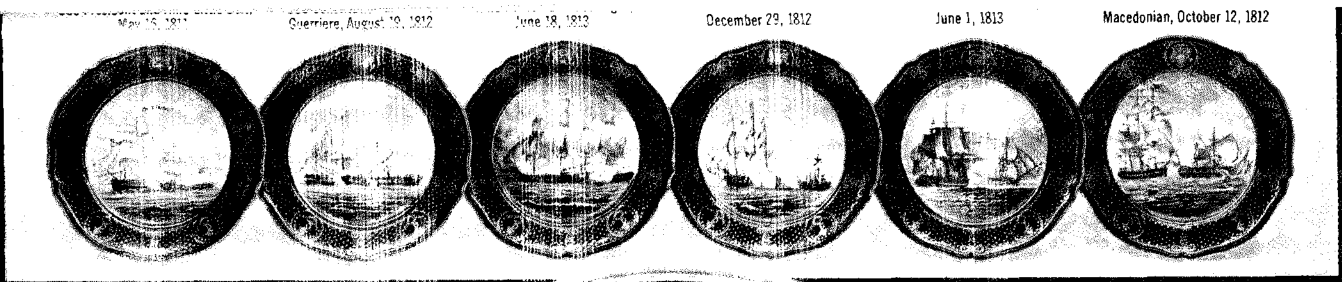
The book, in fact, was another in the long line of Anglo-American raptures over a dark-skinned superrace. Clavell's Japanese were, almost to a man, immensely strong, beautifully conditioned, splendidly cruel, and yet possessed of an instinctive sense of justice and fair play. In the novel, not only were heads lopped from necks at an awesome rate but the blows were always clean, swift, and true. Clearly, there were no feeble wrists or rusty swords in feudal Japan. And no bad sports among the samurai, for not only did the samurai commit *seppuku* (suicide) with a frequency that makes one wonder how the Japanese had any population problem at all by the twentieth century but they did so each time with unimpeachable dignity, courage, and, of course, that same manual dexterity. In other words, while the surface of the narrative frothed along merrily and interminably with the comings and goings of Lords Yabu, Toranaga, Ishido, etc., and their henchmen, the novel's real drive proceeded from Blackthorne's captivity fantasy: the time-honored white man's descent into the fascinating world of spectacular punishment (one of Blackthorne's crew is boiled alive, by numerous immersions over a space of many pages), bitter humiliation (a samurai pees on the stoic Blackthorne's prostrate back), alienation, and isolation, with, at all times, an idealization of his manly captors.

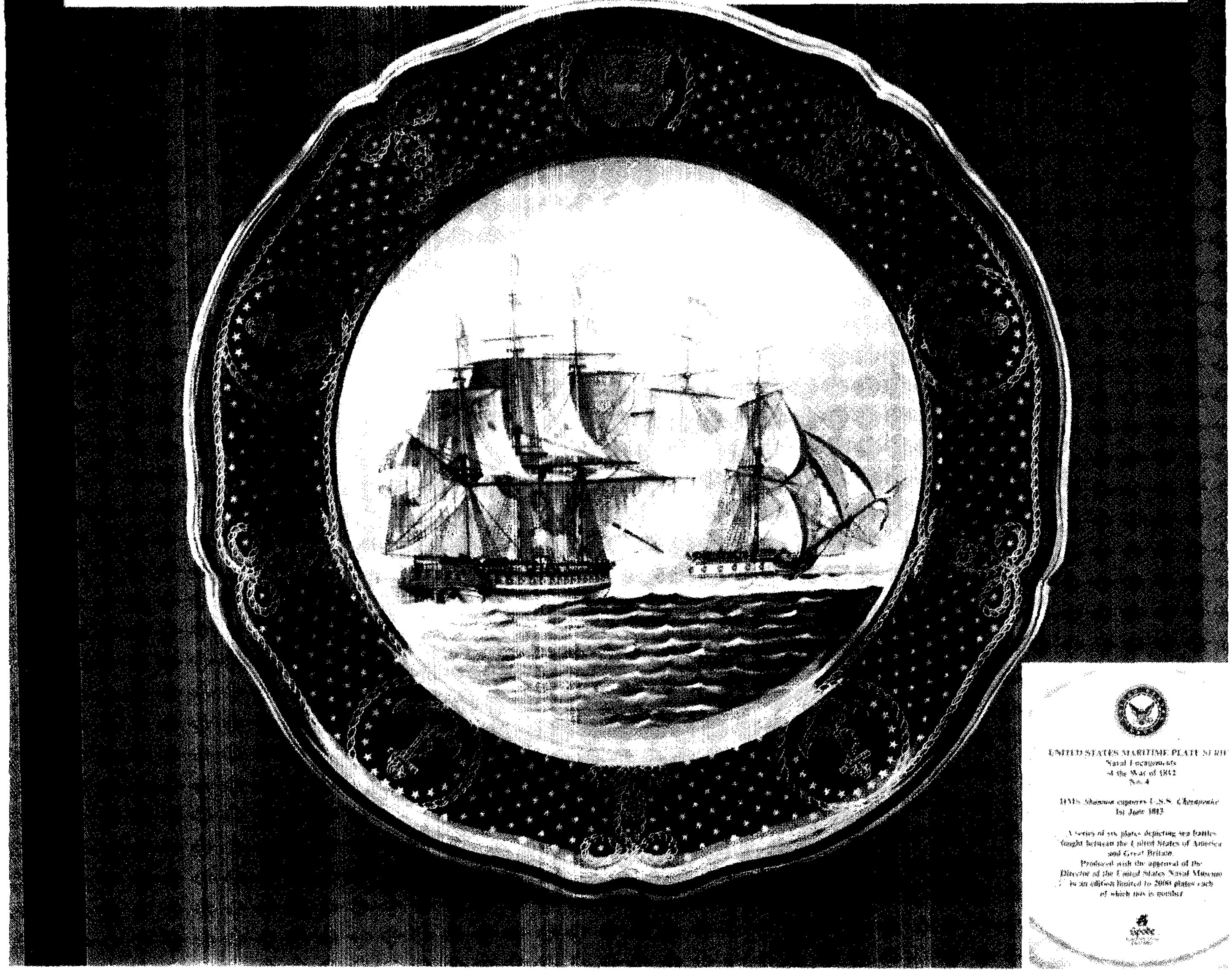
This is the old-fashioned Puritan literary dream that powered "Shogun" the novel and accounted for its special hold on readers. What accounts, I think, for the much looser hold of NBC's "Shogun" on its viewers is that the television team chose to blunt or blur the captivity theme when it transferred the novel to the screen. Granted, NBC's "Shogun" has been an enormous success, at least in terms of ratings. It is the most costly television production ever made, and its promotional budget was commensurately extravagant. NBC even managed to badger certain educational associations so that "Shogun" material might be introduced into school classrooms—Feudal Japanese Night in Soc. Sci. 102, so to speak. Still, my guess is that NBC's vast, ambitious, and often finely made production somehow missed its target—not in numbers but in effect. Many of the people I spoke with who had watched the series seemed confused and vaguely disappointed. Even sympathetic viewers spoke of too many characters and a bewildering narrative. The plot of television's "Shogun" was in fact somewhat less confusing than the novel, but I think it was perceived as a cumbersome chronicle-play by much of its audience for the reason that this quasi-historical superstructure was what mainly remained of the novel when it was transferred to the screen.



"Shogun" in television terms was more than ever a story of feuding barons—Lord This against Lord That, junior warlord against senior warlord—though *who* was against *whom* seemed sometimes neither very clear nor even important. Every so often, the clever, elegantly costumed Jesuits would troop on and then troop off—to be forgotten in the march of partly authentic and partly fabricated Japanese history until they were summoned once again into their robes. Lady Mariko was now a major character—she, too, being elegantly costumed—with scant mention of Blackthorne's wife at home, and thus scant sense of his betrayal, and, indeed, with Blackthorne and Mariko's romance having the aspect less of an Englishman's "going native" than of a romantic interlude between D'Artagnan and Milady de Winter. On NBC's "Shogun," virtually everyone was elegantly costumed, the exception being Blackthorne's crew, who were picturesquely folkish during the few moments that they appeared. Where the novel had concentrated, in its crude and boyishly clever way, on pain and cruelty and perpetual head-loppings, television's "Shogun" became an epic of elaborate and expensive wardrobe changes.

In many ways, the production was quite beautiful. Rarely in a television series—even in such an ambitious one as "Roots"—has there been a comparable amplitude of graceful cinematography. This is not to say that new visual ground was broken in "Shogun" but that TV's normally skimpy visual menu of monotonous long shots, Ping-Pong closeups, and haphazard composition was here sumptuously expanded to include a whole variety of cleverly conceived panoramas, overheads, subtle tracking shots, and well-punctuated





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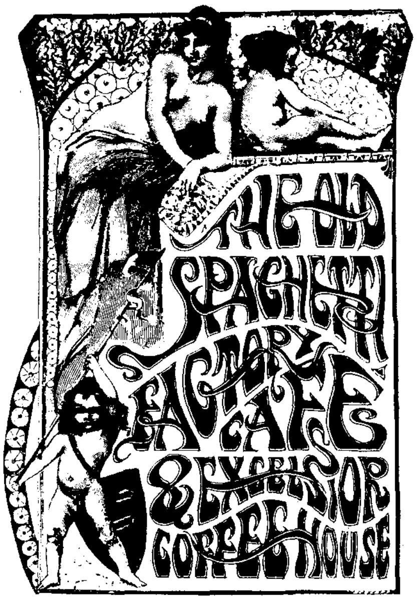
closeups. Unfortunately, the point of all these expensive camera settings and of Andrew Laszlo's elegant cinematography often seemed to miss the mark. Clavell, after all, had written a captivity story from which he was now filming a historical drama, but Laszlo (doubtless with Clavell's approval) was photographing, for the most part, a series of mid-cult "artistic" tableaux. The more the camera struggled to show us the lords, ladies, priests, and so forth, properly presented in their silks and brocades, the more the production had the look of one of those Time-Life picture books about alien cultures ("Time-Life Books Visits Seventeenth-Century Japan"). Granted that it would have been less appealing to sponsors and to high-school principals if the production had translated to the screen some of the shuddery horridness of the novel: Blackthorne's sense of captivity and doom in the wilderness of Japan, with its ghastly prisoner pits, and ever-present cruelty, and all those evil, slicing blades. This, of course, was itself no more than fantasy (not unlike the still present European reverie of gangsters running wild on the streets of Chicago), but it was the fantasy that Clavell had written. It was what his book was about, and was what had caused so many millions to buy it and turn the pages. In its place, "Shogun" on television provided moment after moment (after moment) of solemn, beautifully composed images of inaction. And such solemnity, too! There were evidently no jokes in seventeenth-century Japan—Japanese humor and subtlety having been presumably all used up by Lady Murasaki's "Tale of Genji" in the eleventh century.

Naturally, not all the violence had vanished from the story. There was an occasional head-lopping and now and then a bit of *seppuku*. But the spirit of the violence was different: no more schoolboy *frissons*, no more stench. We were in the presence not so much of art as of art design. Gone, too, was the strange interior drive of Clavell's novel, for though the book was a somewhat muddled and unwieldy affair, it had at its center Blackthorne's captivity. In the novel, when Blackthorne and his crew sail through the terrible storm and virtually crash into Japan in the darkness there is no doubt in the reader's mind that the Englishman has been swept over the rim of some mysterious and alien chasm. He is not only lost in the wilderness, with its cruel and manly savages, but stuck there. In the novel, true to its captivity heritage, Blackthorne makes only token attempts to get free and sail out of there. For all its comings and goings, and marches and countermarches, the spirit of the novel is not really picaresque at all. It is preoccupied with a man stuck in a hard, dark place. But on television that feeling of being caught and stuck is quickly dissipated as Blackthorne becomes part of the ongoing costume drama. Clavell originally wanted either Albert Finney or Sean Connery for the part but, according to the program notes, after settling for Richard Chamberlain, found him altogether excellent. A loyal producer, one imagines, would say no less about his star—certainly not in public, on the début of this most costly television production of the ages. It seemed to me that Chamberlain handled his role perfectly well. Admittedly, there was a bit too much Southern California in his voice, and his face (though bearded) lacked a certain weathering. Still, we are not talking about his playing Lear. If there was an askewness in Chamberlain's Blackthorne, it had less to do with Chamberlain's deficiencies as an actor, I thought, than with screenwriter Eric Bercovici's conception of the part. Bercovici is one of the better television screenwriter-adapters; his mini-series "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," a few years back, was full of sharply drawn characters and nice details—much better as a television film than the John Ehrlichman novel it was loosely based on. But this time it seemed as if he had been overwhelmed by the pretentious, "historical" side of Clavell's book. If Blackthorne appeared to lack energy on the screen, it was because the television adapters—in the service of television culture—had turned Blackthorne's original energy as a captive into the energy of a tour guide.

Ironically, the one instance where the television team (as if it were remembering what it had given up in its adaptation) tried to shore up the almost dismantled captivity story—namely, the decision to have the Japanese characters speak only Japanese, without English subtitles—was the one aspect for which "Shogun" has been most publicly criticized. One can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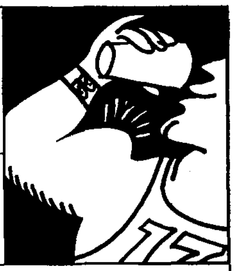
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hardly blame the critics. There is a difference, after all, between Blackthorne's feeling alienated and isolated by the language of his captors and the viewers' feeling alienated and isolated by not knowing what is going on. Hemingwayesque pidgin translation ("Little daughter, let us drink to bravery and death, and chew us a piece of the gum of Mr. Wrigley") probably no longer works well, if it ever did, but there is probably, also, a general rule worth following, to the effect that anything in English works better for an audience that speaks English than anything in Japanese—and, doubtless, vice versa. Still, one can see what the television adapters were trying to do with their Japanese dialogue: to create a wilderness of language around Blackthorne; a surrounding thicket of strange, impenetrable sounds. It was not a frivolous experiment but a misguided one, for if you put a substantial element of your dramatic dialogue into a language the audience doesn't understand, you're indicating that there's *nothing in* that dialogue you want them to understand. In the end, I think that it was in this one crucial matter of want and wanting that "Shogun" let down its huge audience, and also the jolly and fascinating schoolboy novel that it was drawn from. It turned out that NBC's "Shogun" didn't *want* anything from us—not even an understanding of what was being said much of the time. And although the main Japanese character, Lord Toranaga, wanted to be Shogun, the story is really Blackthorne's, and he didn't *want* anything himself—at least, not very much: neither to escape, as a picaresque character might, nor to experience the terrors of the wilderness, as the hero of a captivity narrative would (neither Christian communion nor Indian marriage). Our television Blackthorne was not so much lost as a fish out of water—an English dilettante in Samurai Country. At any rate, the heart of darkness was beating somewhere else.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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But final approval of the policy did not go without objections Monday night from three parents who wanted more assurance included in the policy they would be contacted before capital punishment is inflicted on their children.—*Claremore* (*Okla.*) *Progress*.

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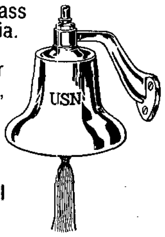

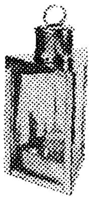

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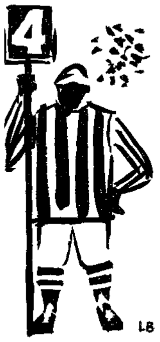
FOOTBALL

Playing with Fire



THE Ivy Leaguers, though they continue to distill their own brand of football, a sport nearly untouched by the passage of time, are permitting the intrusion of more visitors into the monasteries than ever before. This autumn, play- ıg out a ten-match curriculum in- tead of the conventional nine, they ill be accommodating unfamiliar uests and upon occasion ruing the ay, or at least the afternoon thereof. Vitness Bucknell, rarely visible in hese parts, which went over to rovidence last Saturday, with no bet- er college credits than a defeat of lippery Rock, at 25–6, and a whop- ing defeat *by* Connecticut, at 38–7. rown, one of the best denizens of he Ivy League, dropped the match, at 8–20. The same weekend, Colgate, evastatingly familiar to Ivy Leaguers, opped off Cornell, at 38–20—a fine riumph for the Dunlap trompe-l'oeil rand of football practiced at Colgate nd a shocker for the Blackman rawn-and-brain brand of football racticed at Cornell. Columbia, at ome to an old friend, Lafayette, did stonish everyone, including itself, by oming out ahead, at 6–0, largely, it s suspected, because of Cabrera, a unning back who had already done ather well against Harvard the week- nd before. Lehigh, an old friend and eighbor of Pennsylvania, came into hiladelphia on Friday night and nocked off its friend at 35–6. Dart- nouth's old friend and closest neigh- or, New Hampshire, which had ropped three meets in a row this fall, vent over to Hanover and decisively ut away Dartmouth, at 24–7. Har- ard, its complex machinery balking ow and again, managed Holy Cross, nother acquaintance, though barely: 14–13. Yale, entertaining a most live- y and agile Connecticut, once again ook it in tow, at 20–10. Princeton, osing in New Brunswick to Rutgers, t 44–13, said farewell, and perma- ently, to an acquaintance of over a undred years' standing. (Princeton vill, by the bye, be saying what nearly veryone wishes will be only a tempo- ary farewell to Colgate later this all.) The count for the weekend, in which the League met only Outer World opponents: League 3, O.W. 5. This weekend, Army, which hasn't tackled an Ivy League runner in years, will be at home to Harvard, and Yale will be at home to Air Force—and for the first time ever. And soon enough Yale will be in Boston, at six in the evening (is that really necessary?), to play Boston College, a large and competent body of men whose luck has not been outstanding of late: no one expected it to down Pittsburgh, but its being upended at 20–9 by Villanova last weekend makes one wonder.

No need to wonder about Yale luck, which last season devised the freakish pass play that at nearly the final minute enabled Yale to save the match with Cornell and, to boot, to save the League championship for Yale. Outrun and outthrown, and sometimes outwitted, by Connecticut, which had downed with ease three of its class of opponents this fall, Yale on Saturday employed individual exploits on the offense and an untiring defense. But for a poor snap from center on a fourth-down punt, Connecticut, despite all its bright ideas and its brilliant execution of them, would have garnered only three points for its afternoon's work. Swietzer, the Connecticut quarter, has come along astonishingly since last fall; in motion and manner he is a complete pro-style operator—swift, confident, a clever faker, and an ardent runner as well as a pleasure to the eye. Diana, the Yale tailback, no longer last year's invalid, on defense switches to punt returner—a great deal to ask of any performer in nowadays football. But the payoff was there on Saturday: his sprint with a snaffled punt for seventy-seven yards was enough to do in Connecticut. Harvard luck was on hand as well: the placement kick that would have tied the match was bobbled by Holy Cross, and the pass that would have beaten Harvard at practically the last second went to a perceptive Harvard man. Cuccia, the quondam quarter, was again flanker for Harvard, and punt returner as well. An improving Buckley at quarter and the improving Callinan and Connors as runners and a bedevilling gadfly Cuccia as utility are not, however, matters of Harvard luck. No, indeed.

—J. W. L.

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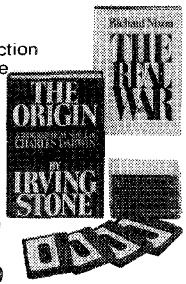


BOOKS

Smuggled Out

"DRYLONGSO" (Random House; $12.95), by John Langston Gwaltney, an anthropologist at Syracuse University, contains forty-two interviews done in the Northeastern United States in the early seventies with members of what Gwaltney, who is himself black, calls "core black culture"—that is, with people who are "drylongso," or ordinary. (The derivation of the word "drylongso" is *not* explained.) Some of the interviews are a few hundred words long, and some are many thousands of words. Some are almost aphoristic, and some are windy and wandering. Those interviewed include domestic workers, a blind man, a wino, an X-ray technician, a factory worker, teachers, a restaurant owner, housewives, retired people, a truck driver, a short-order cook. They reflect every condition of the human spirit—the lame, the joyous, the dispirited, the brave, the bitter, the wise, the funny, the malevolent, the cool. Their ages range from the mid-teens to near ninety, and they are, with few exceptions, straight, even square, people. Hatred—startling, foursquare hatred—binds many of them together. Here are some of their voices:

> It is a terrible thing to say of a group of people, but the existence of white people has meant for many of us that it is sometimes hard to tell whether life is more to be desired than death.

> My grandmother used to say that blackfolks are like a well-cooked dish of rice—every grain is standing for itself. Now, white people are like jello or mashed potatoes. You can't tell where one stop and the other start.

> White prejudice completely reverses the truth! It was the slaves and their children who had to be devious, subtle and complicated. Masters and their children . . . had to be simple people. If you can *make* people do things, you don't have to persuade or trick them into doing what you want them to do.

> The simplest black man I've ever met was firmly convinced that he knew more than the wisest white man who ever lived. He sees the feet of clay and is convinced that the whole body is the same.

Very little of their anger melts into self-pity. There are countless calm self-examinations, many verging o an easy, swinging wisdom:

> Every reasonable black person think that most white people do not mean hir well. Every reasonable black person know that many other black people cannot affor to treat him fairly. Most black people be lieve that most other human beings wi seek their own advantage at the expense c other people. We do not really think it ha much to do with the justice of a situatio People will do what profits them. W think white people are the most unprinc pled folks in the world, but everybod bears watching.

> Most black people don't accept first in pressions. We are a very suspicious people

> Now, I have told you what you know a the most important thing about us: we ar very private people.

> Black people seem to me to be mor natural. . . . We can look at each other an somehow we will know that we are goin to do something together at about th same time. We move the same. We thin the same and we don't have to spell thing out like white people do.

The range of voices in "Dry longso" is wide and dramatic. Yul Moses speaks in Biblical tones an rhythms:

> White men have dug a pit for the bod and the mind. Their greed pinched th faces of my brothers and sisters, and whe I was twenty I had not one left to me They have given a child a beast's portio and meted out a child's portion to the gray haired! They have robbed the poor an then come shamefaced to beg for that tha their fathers missed! Their iniquities ar past all reckoning, and when time shall b no more one roach will be accounted mor worthy than all of them!

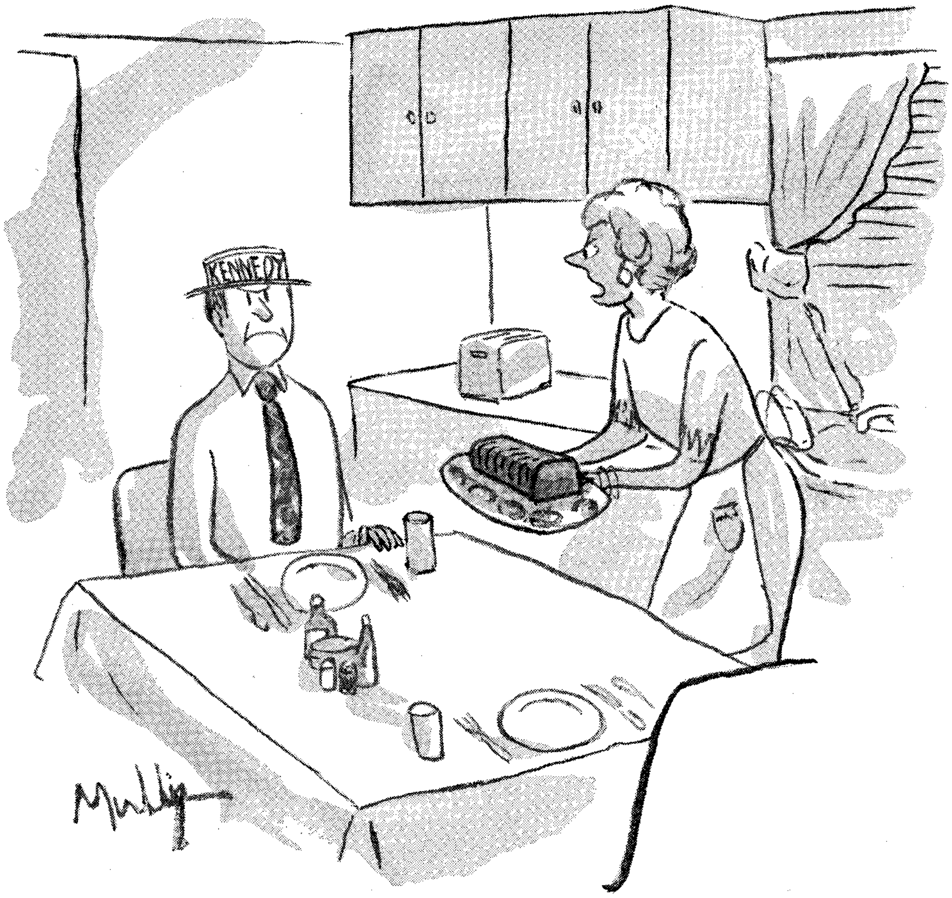
Old Velma Cunningham, born i Alabama, speaks back-country:

> My father was born a slave, and he tol me and he said that one time the bukr [white] preachuhs . . . said the moon wa goin' to trickle away into blood. Now, o this night that the moon was suppose' t come down in blood, all these whitefolk was standin' out in the road by they bi houses waitin' . . . But the blackfolk warn't worryin' about that foolishness be cause they elduhs had done tol' them tha the moon wasn't gon' do nothin' no bukr preachuh . . . thought it was gon' do.

And Gordon Etheridge speaks fron the streets:

> I has but one difficulty in this world an that is the lack of bucks! Money, honey That is my hang-up! If I had money would have it made! I could tell whitefolk and spooks to lovingly embrace my rust hind parts! But without money I have t go through some changes, Jack!

> You understand I ain't got nothing bu



"If Teddy can kiss and make up, why can't you?"

time an' I lie so often that it is a pleasure to be able to tell the truth.

A central, collective voice slowly emerges from "Drylongso." It is quiet and has great dignity, and what it says might be paraphrased this way: We are just as good as the white man, who still treats us like slaves. But we have survived for so long we shall continue to survive, until finally our cool, humor, intelligence, independence, and imagination bring us into the open, out from under the weakness of the white man. We know that when this happens there is a chance we will be just as wanting as the white man. But we do not think so.

The parts of this collective voice speak with considerable eloquence:

> The rightness of anything is in the first step you take in building it.
>
> People can tell you the truth and make it have the same effect as a lie. People can tell you a lie and have it affect you like the truth.
>
> The worship of God is marred by evil, so the adoration of Satan must be marred by good.
>
> It is the business of the people who are standing on those dead generations to place the feet of their children on their heads, just as their fathers gave them their heads to stand upon.
>
> When we have as much power as they have now, we will have to be the kind of people they are now. Our real hearts will be the treasure of our power. We will fear losing that treasure more than we will fear the loss of our self-respect or the good opinion of heaven itself! We will curse ourselves for being the kinds of people we will have to be to be powerful, but we will not surrender it.
>
> Our people and white people do agree on one thing—both of them see heaven as an essentially segregated place.

"Drylongso" has had to be smuggled out of black America and into white America. All the names in the book, Gwaltney's excepted, are fictitious, and even the locations have been fudged. We listen to unknown voices speaking to us from unknown places. Otherwise—dismayingly—most of Gwaltney's subjects would not have divulged their secret hearts.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TIME OF THE DOVES, by Mercè Rodoreda, translated from the Catalan by David H. Rosenthal (Taplinger; $8.95). The story of a woman's survival in Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War. The early days of her marriage, before

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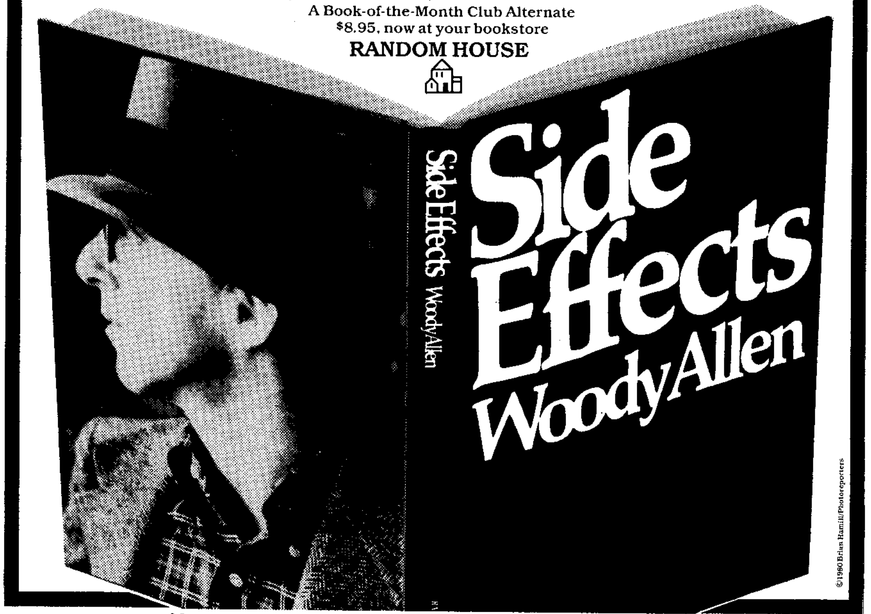

Many of these writings first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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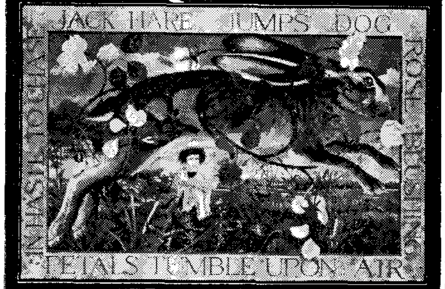

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the war begins, are happy, if hectic: the sun shines on busy, colorful shops and markets and on the young couple as they snack at cafés on vermouth and baby octopus and roar around the countryside on a motorcycle. But the husband soon becomes obsessed by a desire to raise doves, and his project slowly gets out of hand. As doves take over first the roof and then one of the rooms of their apartment, the feathery fantasy grows dark and ugly, and the wife—by now a mother of two—finds herself going crazy with the birds' cooing and stench. These troubles are nothing, however, compared to what the war brings: the husband is killed at the front, and she and the children, after selling everything they own, begin to starve. They survive, however, through the intercession of a generous grocer, but even after the war the woman is in a state of shock for months, unable to give voice to her grief. This is an impressive work by a Catalan writer who published five novels in the nineteen-thirties; as an exile from Franco's Spain, she went through a long fallow period before writing this book, in 1962. In a useful introduction, the translator mentions that it is now in its seventeenth edition in Spain. This is its first appearance in the United States, and Mr. Rosenthal's fine translation makes its arrival doubly welcome.

NOTE: "Side Effects," a collection of stories by Woody Allen, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House ($8.95). . . . "The State of Ireland: A Novella & Seventeen Stories," by Benedict Kiely, has been published by Godine ($14.95). Many of these stories, too, originally were printed in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENT, by Leonard Silk and Mark Silk (Basic Books; $13.95). Leonard (father) writes about economics for the *Times*, and Mark (son) teaches history at Harvard—two institutions that, the authors agree, belong to our country's Establishment, which (they also agree) exists, although many of its members are slow to admit its reality. The Silks think that the source of the Establishment was nineteenth-century Massachusetts Unitarianism, a religious outlook

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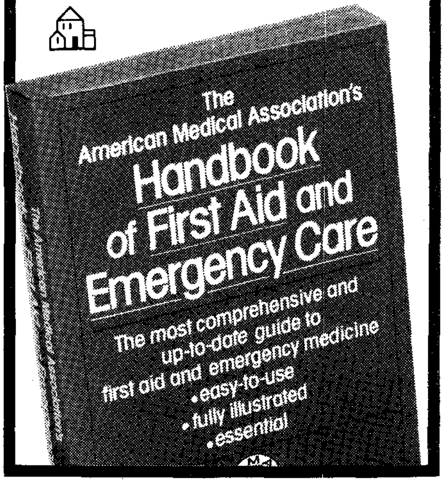
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that stressed learning, reform, and public service, and that permeated members of the learned professions and the financial community wherever New England ideals reached—the Old Northwest, for instance. Manufacturers, by contrast, have often remained aloof from this doctrine and have frequently shared the populist resentment, bordering on paranoia, of the Establishment. The authors demonstrate that the Establishment is open to talent, and is not a hereditary élite, but they are not uncritical of it: success imposes its constraints, and they find that the Establishment has sometimes been overcivil and underimaginative.

The Lioness and the Little One: The Liaison of George Sand and Frédéric Chopin, by William G. Atwood (Columbia; $16.95). An astute and readable account of a romance that seemed, in its time (1838-47) and ever since, more like an impossible interview than like a great love. He was an elegant, reserved bachelor, wholly dedicated to music; she was an ebullient grass widow with children, property, dependents, a literary career, and a pile of other involvements, such as politics. But the attraction of opposites was undeniable. Since Mme. Sand was the more voluble, we know more about her feelings than about his. Their relationship was only briefly blissful, and seems to have depended largely on climate. One winter, in Majorca, was rainy; other winters, in Paris, were snowy; and summers in the country at Nohant were muggy. Chopin, who was tubercular, grew sick and cranky. Mme. Sand expressed her irritation in the novel "Lucrezia Floriani," which contrasted a spoiled male and an outgoing female—a message Chopin did not understand until after they had separated. Mr. Atwood introduces us to their crowded world—they knew everybody who was anybody in the arts—while stressing how much they produced in the years they spent together.

◆

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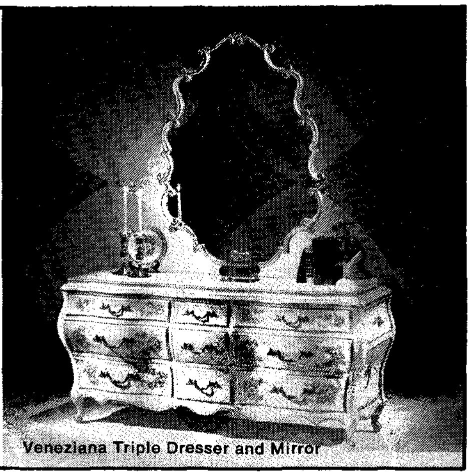

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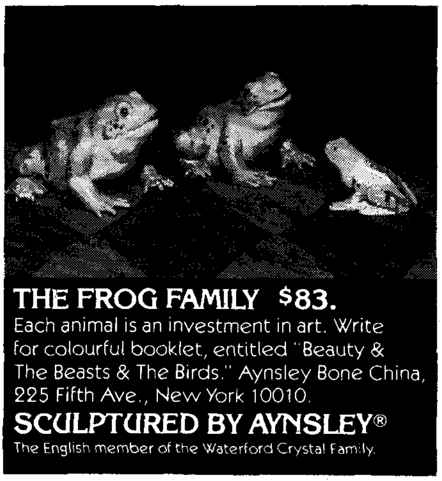

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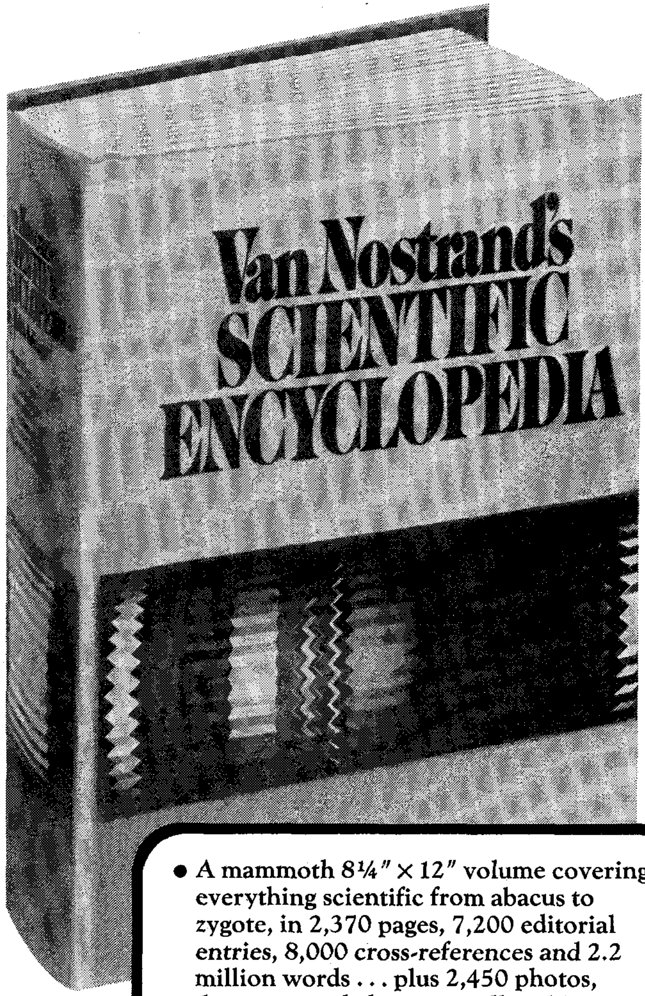

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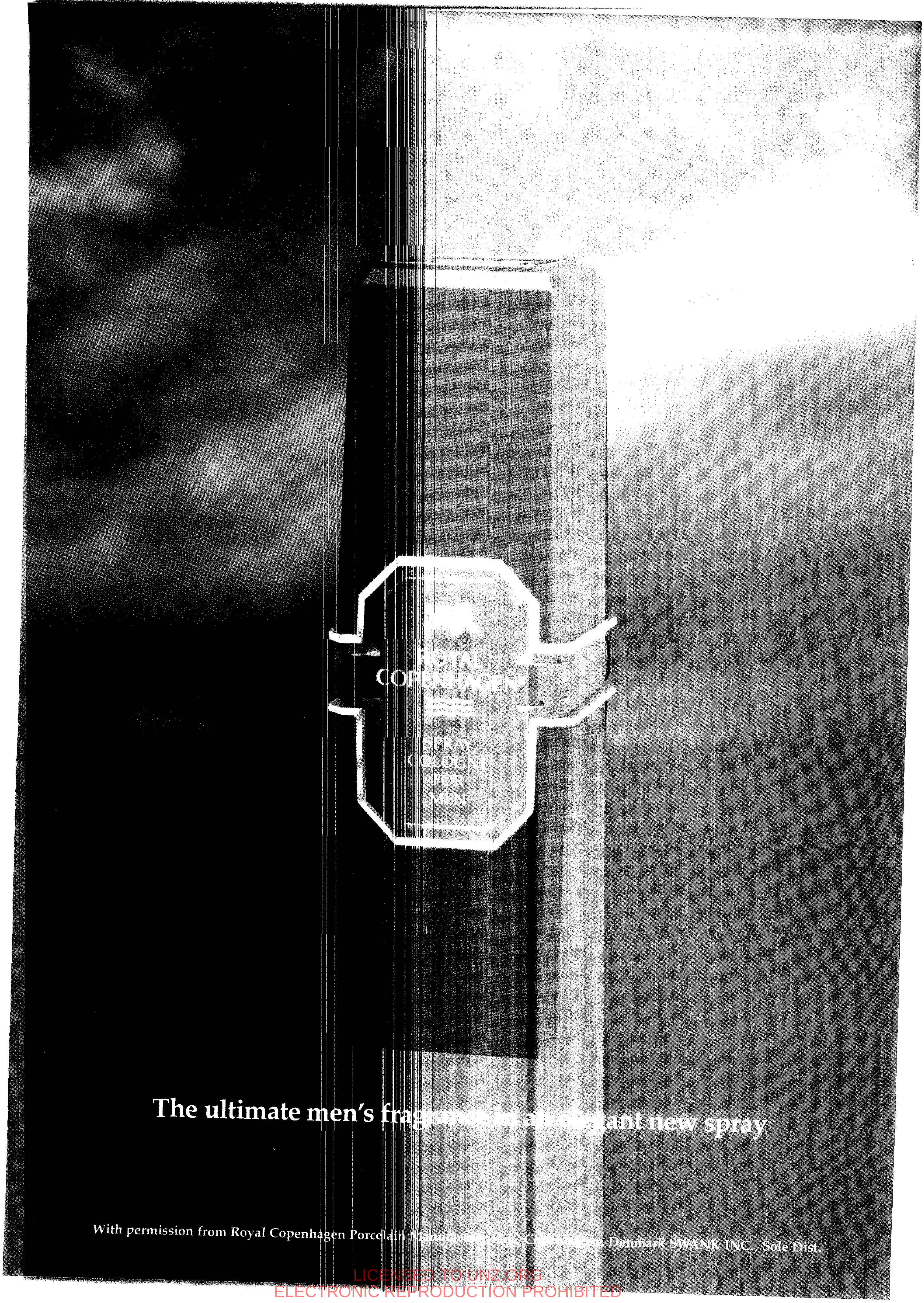
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